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MARCH,

(✓)
1892.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

I M M O R T A L I T Y.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. LYON,

MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, ROXBURY.

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IMMORTALITY.

"Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must be hereafter."—Rev. iv. 1.

THIS was in a vision. The apostle John saw the door of heaven opened, and a voice as of a trumpet said, "Come up hither, and I will show thee the things which must be hereafter." But why should the voice ask the apostle to come *up*? Why could not the things be shown to him where he was?

then Because the great facts of religion cannot be shown to everybody as the stars can. Every one can see the stars, whether he be savage or sage. They address the eye of the body. But ~~as~~ facts appeal to the intellect or to the soul, they reach a smaller part of humanity. The great truths of science cannot be explained to the child or to the unthinking man. Some of them can be understood only by minds specially trained. A professor of mathematics undertook the other evening to explain to me the theory of the fourth dimension. I could not ~~take it in~~. *understand* That a box might have not only height, breadth, and length, but another and perhaps still another measurement, was beyond my comprehension. But mathematicians understand it easily. There are facts in biology which can be grasped only by minds which have accustomed themselves through years of study in the science of animal life to that kind of knowledge.

Still more is this true of matters in the world of spirit. As things material require eyes to see them, and things intellectual require a mind, so things spiritual require a

soul. It is possible to believe a religious doctrine with the mind without any action of the spirit at all. A man may believe Calvinism or Methodism or Unitarianism with his intellect, as he believes there is such a place as Iceland or such a river as the Congo, without caring very much whether it is true or not. But the saints and heroes who made those creeds or discovered those truths believed them with their hearts and souls. They saw something in them which stirred their wills and won their loyalty. Calvinism or Methodism or Unitarianism gave to such men a power that refreshed the world, while they often have no effect worth mentioning upon their shallow descendants. A man may believe that there is a God without loving Him, and that Christ was the Son of God without following Him, because there is nothing in his soul that responds to the spiritual qualities which belong to God and to Christ.

It is the same with the belief in the things that must be hereafter. A man may believe that life goes on beyond the grave without seeing anything more in it than a simple extension of time. It is living a million years instead of threescore and ten. But if that is all he sees, he certainly has no adequate idea of immortality. It is as if a savage who lived near the source of the Amazon, being told that the river ran on nearly four thousand miles, were to think of it as continuing to be the same narrow, shallow stream that it is where he sees it. What does he know of the magnificent sweep of that mighty flood as it deepens and widens out to the Atlantic, as its scenery changes and its solitude is replaced by commerce and cities? So is a man who thinks of eternal life as merely an everlasting stretch of the same kind of life as most people live here on the earth. No wonder that many people do not care whether they awake to another life or not. What is the use of gaping through any more acts of a stupid drama, they

might say, or toiling through any more miles of dry and clogging sand? And what wonder that so many should believe that there is no more life, since they think of life only as it is here? So far as we can see, the life of the body runs out like the sand in the hour-glass, and there is no proof that it can be turned back. So there grows up a solid body of scepticism about a matter which seems of vital importance. There can be no doubt that there is less belief in the future life now than there used to be. This is due partly to the fact that it makes less difference to many whether there is a hereafter or not. There is less social oppression and less bodily discomfort than there has been. Heaven, like the stars, is seen best in the dark, and there is less darkness of a physical kind on the earth than there ever was before. Partly the doubt is due to the attention paid to physical science, which gives matter an importance it never had before, and puts the spiritual facts of life in the shade. But very largely it is due to the loss of the old kind of faith, which rested on the authority of the Church or of the Bible. Neither the Church nor the Bible has the same weight with thinking people which it once had, nor—which is worse—the same weight with unthinking people. Those who do not think deeply have thrown off the yoke of authority and have not begun to put themselves under the guidance of reason. They are like our slaves when first emancipated. They have not learned to take care of themselves. It is of the very nature of all authority to weaken the inner powers, and the churches which have forced their adherents to believe in a future life on pain of being damned when they get it if they do not believe in it before they get it, have kept them from going up to that height of spiritual apprehension where alone the things of the spirit can be seen. But the voice still says to us all, “Come up hither, and I will show thee the things that must be hereafter.” In other

words, whoever would believe in a life to come must mount to the high places of the life that now is.

The mount of vision whence heaven is to be seen has, so to speak, four sides. There are four essentials to a right belief in the hereafter.

The first is *seriousness*. No man can have a full and helpful belief in immortality who does not approach the question with a deep sense of what is involved in it. Whether life ends at the grave or whether it goes on an eternal way beyond is not a matter to be discussed in an after-dinner speech, or by a frivolous evening-company. Any one who feels deeply on the subject has a right to refuse to talk of it unless those with whom he talks show some serious interest in it. Those were rough words of the Master, but they have their application, — “Neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you.” For, to say nothing of the fact that the strongest arguments for the hereafter are those which come out of the deepest and most solemn longings of the soul, the affections and interests which are wrapped up in this faith are too sacred to be bandied about in light and cynical conversation. Whether the heroes who die in defeat are to receive any reward, whether the inequalities of this life are to be levelled up, whether we are to see our dead again, whether the longing after perfection is to be satisfied, whether the costly experience we get too late for use here is to be of any use at all, — these are serious questions. They go down to the very springs of our best living. If the answer is “No,” it is hard to see how virtue can recover from the shock, which way faith can turn for her resting-place. Answer them “Yes,” and it seems as if all defeat had hope in it, all sorrow had faith in it, and all self-sacrifice, heroism, patient working and waiting, were not unreasonable. The question is not on a level with the tariff, or the

open polar sea, or the future fate of a party. It belongs to the solemn fundamental questions of life, and the voice commands every one who asks it to come up to the height of seriousness.

The second side of this mount of vision is *thought* — earnest, deep reflection. The probability is that no amount of thought can settle the question. A double mystery is involved: not only what we shall be, but what we are now. What we shall be is a mystery. Life without a body, without physical surroundings, perhaps without any conditions of space, any here or there, is as completely out of the range of our reasoning as a world where two and two make five would be out of range of our arithmetics. And who knows what we are now? One school of thought tells us that we have no souls, that what we think to be souls are merely curious activities or products of our bodies; and another school of thought tells us that we have no bodies, that they and all the material world that seems to stretch around us are our own inferences from impressions made upon our minds, we know not how. All we know, it is said, is that we are minds; all we are sure of is the thoughts we have. But the mystery goes deeper yet. If we are only bodies, we are parts of the material world, little atoms in the universe where stars and suns are the large wheels. If we are souls, are we then parts of a spiritual universe? Is what we call our free will, after all, a little wave on a mighty ocean, a little twig on a mighty tree? Is there any dividing line between man and God? Are we at our deepest joined to God, as the twig is joined to the tree and the wave to the ocean? These are the questions that come to our thoughtful moments, and show us that there is no answer. Why, then, think about them? Because it is only by taking thought that we know there is an insoluble mystery, and a mystery that sobers and steadies the

soul that sees it. Your dapper sophomore who has taken his first plunge into philosophy, your shallow reader who has bought a cheap volume of cheap atheism at the railway newsdealer's, your village ~~sage~~ ^{may} who discourses at the grocery on a winter evening, ~~have~~ easily decide against immortality. But the great men of science who have seen more deeply into the world of matter, and the great philosophers who have spent their lives exploring the world of spirit, know a great deal less. They have been far enough to know at least that it is *not* certain that we shall not live hereafter. No man has a right to pronounce judgment on so tremendous a question without having thought deeply and long about it. No subject ought to be farther away from that pride of mind which does not like to seem ignorant of anything, and considers it beneath a man to confess that he does not know.

So the voice calls us to come up to the height of serious thought, if we are to know what must be hereafter.

The third side of the mount of vision is *personal experience*. No one has a right to say much about the future life who has not seen this life end for some one he cares a great deal for. Experience is a great enlightener. Scarcely anything proves to be what it seemed likely to be when we only theorized about it. Sometimes it is less, sometimes more, than we hoped or feared, but seldom just what we expected. Above all is this true of death. Even when longest expected, the death of those we love is always unprepared for, and in fact impossible to prepare for. It is only when it has happened that we can realize what it involved, how irresistible, how irrevocable, how final it is. It is only when we have actually seen the light fade out of the eyes that have loved to look into ours, only when we have actually felt that coldest thing in the world, the chill of death, creep into the hand that has loved to clasp ours, that we can feel that rebellion

against sense which ends in faith above sense. For then we realize how terrible a thing death is, if it be that end of all which it seems to be; and, what is more, it is then that we feel how terrible a thing *life* is, if it can end so. Death is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument against immortality. We may be silenced by the theoretical proofs that reason brings against the hope of a future life. We may be almost convinced by arguments brought from this or that bit of science or philosophy. But when we stand by a death-bed or by the grave, and are told that this is the end of the love and the longing, the goodness and the energy, which made life so noble or so sweet, we say to ourselves that one of two things must be true: either death or life is not what it seems to be — death is not so terrible, or life is not so valuable.

It may be a spiritual weakness in me, but I cannot bring myself to the position which some take—that virtue carries its reward in itself, that the consciousness of having lived well is compensation enough. It is true that no deed is perfect which is done merely for the sake of the happiness which it will earn, here or hereafter, and that to live well for the sake of any other reward than the good we can do to others and to the cause of God is below our best aim; yet when we see others die unrewarded and even suffering for the good they have done, we feel a harrowing sense of injustice. Whatever we may be willing to give up for ourselves, we do demand that others who have done well at sacrifice to themselves shall in some way reach the happiness they deserve at last. There is an Eastern story of a poor man who had done the king a service, and had received a small coin in return. He stood hesitating, when the king said sharply, "What! Is it not enough, Ali?" "It is enough for Ali to receive," said the man, "but not enough for the king to give." That God should seem ungrateful to His servants is a horrible

thing to believe. Carlyle asks with fine scorn why any man should expect to be happy. The answer is, Because man did not come into this world by his own wish, and, having been obliged to live, he has a right to expect God to smile upon him, if he lives as God directs him to live. If somewhere, sometime, goodness does not bring happiness, God is not just. Ultimate happiness is the debt the Almighty owes to the humanity He has created. Or, to put it into modern phraseology, since happiness is the result of harmony with environment, then obedience to the higher law of God, adjustment to the spiritual life of the universe, should bring comfort to the soul, as conformity with physical laws brings comfort to the body. But our nature and our circumstances are so complicated that this harmony does not bring its due result here. The good often suffer, the wicked often prosper. There is but one way of reconciling this with the goodness of God, and that is to say that this life is but the first chapter of a long story, and that before *finis* is written, if it ever is written, the plot will unravel in peace and satisfaction.

This is our strong feeling always when we *think* of death, but it is never so strong as when we *look* on death, and when the stern fact of death impresses itself more and more clearly as the days go on. Then only do we realize that which is most dreadful in death, if it be really the end — its finality, the helpless, hopeless bar which it brings down both to all further life and to all further aid or love from us. When I hear any one arguing that the dead live no more, my first thought is to wonder how much death really means to him, whether he really understands what he is talking about. For it is one of the many tokens of God's love to us that He has so made us that we do not naturally think of death till it comes. The old theology lies under a heavy responsibility for the unnatural misery it has brought upon human life by

forcing the thought of death so constantly upon the mind. "Suppose you should die to-night!" "Are you fit to die?" "Prepare to meet thy God!" and the like, used to stir up all that was morbid in men's natures till death cast its shadow back even upon the buoyancy and hopefulness of youth. Most of that is over now, and the natural tendency to ignore death has returned. It has come to be looked upon more and more generally as an episode in the immortal life, not as the end of a mortal life. This is well; but their very release from the fear of death has made it easier for sceptical minds to deny life after it, and it becomes necessary to bring them face to face with death in its reality before giving their arguments much weight.

The fourth side of the mount of vision is *character*. The more we live in and for material things, the harder it will be for us to believe in a life that dispenses with matter. The more we live in the spirit, the easier it will be to believe in a spiritual life when the life that is bound to the earth comes to an end. There is no greater mistake than to speak of immortality as the reward or consequence of goodness. It is like speaking of durability as the effect of granite. Durability is a quality of granite. It lives *in* granite, not after it. And immortality is a quality, not a consequence of goodness. Eternal life is in us *now*, in proportion as we are unselfish, as we believe in invisible things, as we love what is outside of self, as we care for things which are spiritual. We are all two-sided, double-natured. By one nature we are allied to the visible world and love material things. That is well, if it does not go too far. But by the other nature we are akin to the Infinite Soul that lives in the world, the Invisible Spirit that dwells in the visible universe, immortal, eternal. In proportion as we feel that life in us we are immortal and can believe in immortality. Death never touches love,

integrity, faith. We all feel this, and we show that we feel it when we find comfort in whatever of goodness we can find in the lives that have gone from us. I do not find that people in bereavement talk as much about life or reunion hereafter as might be expected, but they do find comfort in the thought that the life here was a good one. No money, no worldly success, no personal beauty, will so comfort those we shall leave behind us as the good we have done, the respect we have earned, the sweetness and nobleness that were in our souls. The reason is that while the life to come is too vague a thing to be imagined in detail, men feel sure that immortal qualities on earth are the pledge of immortal life in heaven. These are the treasures laid up in heaven which neither moth nor rust, neither death nor the ruin of the universe, can corrupt or take away.

“Come up hither,” says the voice always. “~~Get up on~~ ^{mount to} the heights of life, seriousness, thoughtfulness, experience, spirituality, — and then I can show thee the things that must be hereafter.”

JULY,

1892.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

FOR THEIR SAKES.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. LYON,

MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, ROXBURY.

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FOR THEIR SAKES.

"For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified." — JOHN, xvii. 19.

AMONG the many changes which have come over the modern conception of Christianity, no one is more striking or more fruitful than the change in the idea of what constitutes salvation. The old idea of salvation restricted it to a part of the race, the Calvinist to the elect, the Catholic to those in accord with the church. Salvation itself was narrow and selfish. It meant to save one's own soul. The appeal of the revivalist was to the fear of danger to one's self. The salvation attained was such as one could enjoy alone, and it was even taught that the saved would rejoice in the torments of the damned. It is this prominence of self-interest in religion that must bear much of the responsibility for the small good which religion has done the race, and for the dry, narrow, unlovely type of character which has had the favor of the churches.

This is not real Christianity. Jesus taught that we must deny ourselves, that he who wills to save his life should lose it, while he himself was the most self-forgetful of souls. Paul at his highest sang of the love that was greater than all knowledge and all faith. When the great English advocate of anti-slavery, asked by a revivalist, "But how about your own soul, sir?" answered, "*My* soul? I forgot I had a soul when I saw those poor negroes!" he returned across the centuries to the generous and broad love of the Christ.

...This is the growing modern spirit. The old conception

of a Christian as one who rejoices in the tokens of his own rescue from hell, or who devotes himself to the study of his spiritual condition, or who "enjoys religion" as he would a peach, revelling in prayer, praise, or meditation, as in a sort of private betrothal with God, is falling fast into disfavor. Neither religion nor money should be a private possession. The great question is to be no longer "How is *your* soul? Are *you* saved? If you should die to-night what would become of *you*?" The motive which moves men to that spiritual vitality which is salvation is less the danger to themselves than the danger which they share with others. The salvation which men aim at is not a privilege which they may attain alone, but a fulness of life into which they may, and often must, carry others. They sanctify themselves for others' sakes, not merely for their own.

There are two comparatively new motives which unite with self-interest to make men care for goodness, — the thought of solidarity and the thought of heredity. By solidarity we mean the fact that the human race or any integral part of it is so closely bound together that what affects one affects all, and that each one advances in any direction more or less in proportion as all advance along the same line. Heredity means, that as all men are bound together in the present, so they are bound in lines through past, present, and future, — that what one does is to some extent the result of what some one in his line of descent did before him, and is the cause of what some one in that line will do after him. In either case, no man lives or dies to himself alone, but bears the welfare of others also in his hands. Solidarity includes the ties that bind men sideways, heredity those that bind them forward and backward. In the building of a ship, some timbers, like the keel, run fore and aft, binding the vessel from stem to stern, while others run athwart the ship, binding it from

side to side. So the two great principles bind the race into one solid, interdependent mass.

Out of these two principles men are drawing every day stronger and stronger motives for doing good.

There was never a time in the history of the world when men were more interested in their fellows than to-day. Of the two great principles of Christianity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, one at least, the brotherhood of man, is growing stronger with a mighty rapidity. The difference between the sympathy which one nation now feels with the calamities of another, and the old jealousy and hostility which kept even neighboring cities of the ancient world glaring and snarling at each other, is one of the most beautiful sights in history. The Greek and Roman peoples were heroic, but not sympathetic. They could fight, but not feel. The modern world can fight as never men fought before; but when war is over they can beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks for the very enemies they strove to overcome. Such a sight as we have seen this winter, of a ship loaded with flour from Minneapolis for the starving Russian peasants, could never have been seen before Christ, nor for centuries after him. As a stove filling with heat radiates it farther and farther, so the human heart, accumulating Christian love, sends out its sympathies into more and more remote quarters.

But we do not need to go so far to find examples. Every city is full of sweet charities. The man who never gives to those less fortunate than himself, who has no interest in any of the efforts to bring help to the sick, insane, crippled, or shiftless, is a man out of the increasing current of modern life. I take down my "Directory of the Charitable and Beneficent Organizations of Boston," and I find that in this city of 400,000 inhabitants there are 820 societies banded together to do good. And they are not

merely groups of well-meaning people drawn together by vague ideas of doing good to somebody, somehow. The philanthropist of to-day is often a student of what he undertakes, a careful investigator of social phenomena. Charity is becoming a science. The head is leading the heart, while the heart is rousing the head.

To these organizations of charity ought to be added the movements for social reorganization, nationalism, socialism, and the like, and for measures of reform, as the agitation for woman suffrage or for the single tax. They all start out of a sense of responsibility for those who seem not to have a fair chance in the world. They all strive to pour the oil of love and justice between the classes that now chafe against each other, sometimes so that the friction threatens to set the framework of society on fire. They are all evidences of the growing consciousness that every man is his brother's keeper.

Now, to a certain extent it may be that men are moved to do their good works out of self-interest. It may be that they see that what is for the interest of the poor is for the interest of the rich. It may be that some care for better tenement-houses and for stricter sanitary laws because pestilence in the North End means pestilence in the Back Bay. It may be that some have enlisted against the sweaters because they dread contagion from the clothing made in the filthy homes of the poor. It may be that they are interested in social questions because they dread a social revolution which shall bring down their high fortunes with a crash. But even this is an advance in knowledge and in practical philanthropy, if not in the love of the heart. It is a distinct step in wisdom to see that we are all bound together in one salvation and one condemnation, and that whether one member suffer all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored all the members rejoice with it. And the time will come when

this insight into the solidarity of the race will bring forth greater fruits than these, when not only different parts of the same city or even of the same country, but different parts of the world, different nations, as diverse in language and customs as they are distant in space, shall be bound together in the consciousness of a common interest, when it shall be seen that the freest intercourse and interchange of ideas, inventions, commodities, and citizens make the common riches of all. The brotherhood of mankind is not a dream. It is the jealousies and divisions of mankind that are the dreams. The awaking to Christian love and fraternity may be slow, perhaps must be slow; but it shall come as surely as a common level comes to the oceans and to the bays. Self-interest will bring it, if not the heart and conscience.

But he would be a wrong-headed cynic who should maintain that nothing but an enlightened self-interest is at work in this new perception of the solidarity of the race, or the community. We all know better. There is far more of genuine Christian love and longing for justice. It is not that men are finding out that they cannot be saved alone, that vice and ignorance are contagious. It is that they *will* not be saved alone. There is growing in men a fierce disgust for the willingness to enjoy anything so long as others lack it, or to be where knowledge and virtue are a second nature so long as others are in a stream that carries them away from all that is good and true. The miser of his privileges is getting to be as disreputable as the miser of his gold. A warmer and wider sympathy fills the hearts of men. And this is their salvation. It is no mere studying of their souls to find the signs of their own election, no mere hope of heaven or fear of hell for themselves, but a growing wish that the community, the nation, the race, shall advance together and climb together to whatever is possible for human life.

Then there is the other method of salvation which we call heredity. Men have always recognized this to some extent. The old doctrine has passed into a proverb, "Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children even to the third and fourth generation." Those who brought the blind man to Jesus said, "Master, who did sin, this man or his father, that he was born blind?" But it is only in modern days that the principle has been seen clearly and studied accurately.

Most persons think of heredity only on its dark side. They see the suffering that comes upon children from the misdeeds of their parents, the crime that springs to light in one generation out of blood corrupted in a generation past, and they cry out against a seeming divine injustice that makes the innocent suffer because of the guilty. They forget that all we have is the result of heredity. But for the power which man has to transmit his inward gain and growth to those who spring from him, we should still be savages. Heredity is the world's savings bank. It takes whatever is the net result of any human life, of its struggles and aspirations, and holds it for the heirs of that life. We may not understand the process of selection, why one trait and not another should be chosen for transmission, but the bare fact that the world grows wiser and better shows that more wisdom and goodness are handed down than folly and sin. Nay, far back before there *was* any human life we see the kindly savings bank at work. What we call evolution could never have accomplished anything but for that firm grasp of heredity which takes every valuable variation and holds it when the plant or animal that gained it has disappeared, — holds it in trust for its successor to receive and in its turn to improve. All the struggles of the vegetable and animal world against cold, heat, beasts of prey, or any hostile influence, all struggles of the higher tribe against the lower, all achieve-

ments of the human mind, heart, or soul would have been of mere temporary value but for that silent companion who takes out of dead life the principle of growth, and keeps it for the next life to begin upon. What the probate law is to men's property, the law of heredity is to men's character. It secures their legacies to the proper heirs.

But our point now is the motive which this principle gives to human goodness. The more it is understood, the more it is seen at work, the stronger influence it must leave

Can there be any worse punishment of a man's early misdeeds than to see their effects cropping out in his children? As life goes on, it centres more and more in the new lives which have come from the old ones. If the parents have failed in life, they look for another trial, as it were, in their children. They are willing to labor and economize to extremes that their children may have the privileges and opportunities, the want of which stunted their own lives. The man who has been profligate, the woman who has been frivolous, settle down into self-sacrifice beautiful to see, and pour all their souls into the young careers that are beginning as theirs end.

But what is this that creeps out in spite of all care and labor? Some twist in the grain, some weakness in the will, some flaw in the disposition, comes to the front with appalling distinctness and power. It baffles training as cross-grain catches the plane or a flaw in the steel nullifies the polish. Where did it come from? Alas! the father, the mother, know too well. It is that old self, that past self which they thought buried forever beneath the ashes of a burnt-out life, and the conventionalities which middle years or growing age have heaped upon it. But here it is, alive again, with all the vigor of youth, with all the momentum of a second generation, and, it may be, without that balancing power of caution or timidity or respect to others'

opinion which concealed if it did not nullify the fault when it started in themselves. So, unchecked and unbalanced, it bursts out in the young life, and defies control, education, influence, prayers, and tears, as a house on fire resists the pails of water thrown upon it.

Can there be any keener punishment of early wrongdoing than this? Suppose the wrong-doer could look forward and see this result, coming not upon himself, but upon those he is to love better than himself, — would it make no difference to his conduct? Though he shrink not at the thought of a crippled and enfeebled life for himself, would he not tremble at the thought of what would come upon innocent young souls who should be the heirs of his life? Surely the principle of heredity, well understood and graven upon our minds, would be worth all laws and public opinions together.

Or, turn the law over upon its other side. What sweeter recompense for early struggles against temptation, what stronger motive for a pure, healthy, conscientious life could there be than the thought of struggling and living for those we love better than ourselves? Whatever is beautiful in the young life is made doubly beautiful by being the renewal of the love, and purity, and sweetness, and patience in a life already dear and perhaps dead. "I buried my wife years ago," says some sad-faced man, "and I thought that life had nothing left for me to care for. But since my daughter and my son have been growing up I see her life coming out in their lives as I see her features coming out in their faces." And as we see the children of our old friends growing into manhood or womanhood, is there anything more lovely than to see what we valued in them springing up like the new wheat in the faces and souls of their children? It is a visible immortality. It is that future life which George Eliot sung of in words that shall have the immortality they sing of :

“O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their presence.”

We must not forget that immortality which the soul inherits for itself, that boundless possibility of life and growth and service which opens beyond the grave. But that seems often too vague and distant to serve as a practical motive to all. Here, however, is a future life that cannot be doubted. Here are rewards as sweet as heaven, and penalties as bitter as hell. Here is the working of a moral government too plain for any sceptic to doubt, too exact and certain for any carelessness to overlook.

So here we have two motives that grow stronger as the generations pass, and as the souls of men grow more sensitive.

One bids us sanctify ourselves for the sake of those who are around us. It tells us that we are centres of bane or of blessing, and that whatever we achieve for ourselves, good or evil, is contagious to those about us. The motive to a good life which comes from self-interest, or that higher motive which longs for personal goodness for its own sake, is reinforced by the finer motive that comes from the sense of responsibility for those around us. A young man some years ago was about to be executed upon the gallows. When he was granted time for a few words he said, “O that my influence might die with me!” To have ruined himself was bad enough, but even at the foot of the gallows the thought of others whom he had misled or tainted came with a sting. And we may think, with all due humility, as those who have given only what they have received, of those whom we have helped by the very struggles and resolutions which have helped ourselves, or at least may see in the atmosphere of influence which surrounds the good lives whom we see about us, the double

motive for living as best we can,—of sanctifying ourselves for the sake of those who live within the circle of our responsibility.

And one's heart yearns over those in youthful years, yet old enough to look at life as a whole, that they may feel the power of that other motive, of that loving foresight that casts its bread upon the waters to find it again after many days, that fights the good fight to-day for the sake of those who are to inherit the fruits of the battle in years to come,—that they may sanctify themselves for their sakes. Surely in the visions of those who are beginning to feel the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood may well come the far-off glimpse of those who are to draw their souls as well as their bodies from them, and the resolve to be true to what is best for their sakes.

O young man, O young woman, you whose powers are yet fresh and whose life is yet yours to make, take care of yourself not merely for yourself, but for those for whose welfare you may some day be responsible. For this is the moral use of the great law of heredity, that it comes hand in hand with the law of your own nature to entreat you to live as God would have you to live. Hand in hand your own future lives and the lives which are to come from you beg you to sanctify yourself for their sakes, that they also may be sanctified.

JANUARY,

1893.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE BIBLE.

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. LYON,

MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, ROXBURY.

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THE CHILDHOOD OF THE BIBLE.

“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

“For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know, even as I am known.”
— 1 COR. xiii. 11, 12.

In these words we see Paul's attitude towards his own past, present, and future thought. He is respectful toward his past, faithful to his present, and hopeful toward his future. He is not ashamed that when he was a child, he spake as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child. He does not condemn or despise himself for what he has outgrown. It was part of his childhood, not only unavoidable in itself, but the necessary preparation for the wisdom of manhood. Nor does he overrate the wisdom of manhood. Greater wisdom is to come; much of what he now believes is to be done away; many mistakes are to be found out and put aside; much that is vague is to be made clear. At best, he sees only in a mirror, — such mirrors as they had in his day, when there was no glass, but only polished metal that soon grew dim. But as time goes on he shall see truth, not in misty reflections, but face to face, and shall know as God knows him, — that is, perfectly. Nor again, because he is sure that he will know more some day, is he careless or contemptuous of what he thinks he knows now. He is true to the truth as he sees it, for so only can he avail himself of the real truth hidden under the error. There is no surer way to find out the error than to put it in

practice. The belief that never comes into contact with the facts of life and the world is neither proved nor disproved.

Respect for the past, fidelity to the present, hope for the future, this was the attitude of Paul.

In other words, Paul was a believer in the growth, in the development, of religious thought.

There are two parties in the world on the question of how things come to be as they are, — the party of direct creation and the party of development. The party of direct creation is the older party by far. Nearly all our religious language is on its side. Its motto is: "He spake, and it was done." All this great variety of creation which we see — plants, animals, men — were made by a fiat of the Almighty, each class by itself. God is like a potter who makes to-day a vase, to-morrow a cup, the next day a plate, as it pleases him. The vase has no connection with the cup, nor the plate with either. So God made a rose, then an oak, afterwards a fish, a reptile, a bird, an ape, and finally a man. Each is separate from the other, each proceeds directly from the Divine Maker's hand, and there is no inherent reason why any one should not have been created at any other place in the series.

The other party sees more than an accident or a divine capriciousness in the order of creation. The plan is clear in its outline, and its methods are on the whole comprehensible. Creation is a growth, not a collection, and all its parts, however useless, however grotesque, however imperfect they may seem now, had value as parts of the preparation for what was to come. There is no man who has such respect for, such appreciation of, everything that has been, as he who sees in it not merely a fact of the past, but a necessity to the present. To the special creationist a great deal of creation must seem like the work

of an apprentice, — spoiled jobs thrown aside, experiments and sketches made to try the maker's hand, or give him a little practice.

It is a mere truism that to-day the evolutionist has carried the day everywhere where reason has been allowed to settle the question. In physical science, there is no longer any serious opposition, and in most other fields of the intellect, in history, especially, the methods of evolution are adopted.

Last of all to yield has been religion. It *ought* to be the last. Nothing is more unjust than the scoffs at the slowness of religion to take in new truth. The greater a man's sense of responsibility the more cautious and conservative he will be. You have no right to expect the Chief Justice of the United States to give judgment merely upon evidence which seems to you enough to act upon in your own concerns. He holds the majesty of the law and the welfare of the country in his hands, and he must be fully satisfied before he can give decision. Neither have you a right to expect religion to change its long-cherished views of the world and of God's dealing with it, on what seems elsewhere to be fairly good evidence. It holds the eternal welfare of men in its keeping. Nothing less than overwhelming testimony ought to force it to tamper with the foundations of the world's faith. Still, conservatism has its limits. The great battle which is now going on in the religious world is to determine whether and how far the principles of evolution shall be applied to sacred history. It is a battle which does not draw the attention of men as it deserves. Most of its powder is smokeless. Now and then some such event as the Andover case, or the trial of Dr. Briggs or of Dr. Smith, calls the eyes of men its way; but these are but small matters compared to the general movement. They are only corks on the great tide, only planks which the swelling current of new truth

has floated off from some lumber yard along its banks. The real battle is going on in the studies of patient scholars, in the arm-chairs of those who read their books, in the churches where the new ideas are slowly filtering down from preachers who but half know what they are doing, to congregations who do not suspect it at all. Wonderful is the way in which a new idea makes its way over the world. It is like the coming of spring, very slowly at first, only here and there felt in the most sheltered nooks, then creeping gradually over the face of the earth, till some morning the busy world awakes, and lo! all is green, and the dead leaves and dry sticks of last year are hidden from sight and forgotten as if they had never been. So grows a new view of life and the world, — first, where God has set here and there a nature delicately susceptible to new truth, then spreading from them to appreciative readers or hearers, then with rapid increase among the more and then the less thoughtful, until, lo! before we realize that anything great is taking place, the whole world has changed its color.

So it has been with the new idea of the Bible. We know the old idea, — it is still the idea of many, — that the Book is infallibly true from beginning to end, a direct revelation from God in every part, and that to doubt or disbelieve any part is to set up human reason impiously against the divine omniscience. To doubt anything in it is to doubt the whole. We must take all or nothing.

We know what the result has been upon many minds. They have answered, "Very well, it shall be as you say, 'All or nothing.' It cannot be all, so let it be nothing;" and they have flung the Bible down and stamped upon it with their scorn and contempt, and left it there among the exploded follies and dethroned tyrants of the human race. There is more of this revolt than is expressed.

There are multitudes of men who are silent out of respect to the feelings of others, or out of regard to the interests of a higher religion, but who can hardly conceal their amusement or their scorn at the idea of treating the old Hebrew ideas of the world, of God, and of human life, as directly given by the Almighty.

Between these two bitter enemies, — the defender of a dying theology, and the champion of growing common-sense, — steps the new thought of the Bible. As a human being grows from childhood through youth to manhood, so grows the human race from a childlike to a manlike conception of religious things. The race is summed up in every individual. And as the child holds childlike ideas of God, of human life, and of the world, which are done away by deepening reason and widening experience, so the race in its earlier ages held ideas of God, of human life, and of the world which pass away and are transformed by the new wisdom which the generations accumulate. The Bible is the record of this growing religious knowledge, from the very childlike ideas of Genesis to the last word of a new hope in Revelation. And our attitude towards it ought to be the attitude of Paul towards his own life, — respect for the views of childhood as fitting for the time to which they came; fidelity to the views which are ours in the manhood of Christianity, and hope for that growing wisdom and faith which Jesus himself foretold when he went away.

In the Old Testament we see the childhood of the world. It speaks as a child, thinks as a child, understands as a child. There is something almost pathetically sweet and pure in the religious ideas of a child. He is very curious about this world, and the God who made it; asks hard questions about it, and if he gets no answers, makes some for himself. His ideas about the thunder, about the sky, about death, about prayer, are

very amusing sometimes; but they are almost always touching in their sense of the nearness of God, in their confidence that He can do everything, and will do everything that a good person asks for. God is to him not much more than a remarkable man. He has no idea of law, and believes a miracle as easily as anything else. In fact, miracles, like fairy stories, and tales of giants, and wonderful beasts, are rather more to his taste than plain facts.

Now open your Bible and see how like this simple and fresh religion of the child is the religion of its early men.¹ Mark, first, that it never claims infallibility for itself. It opens with "In the beginning," as the child's story with "Once upon a time," and goes on with naive gravity to tell us all about how the world was made, and how the first man behaved, and what God did to him. Here is God saying, "Let there be earth, seas, grass, plants and trees, sun, moon, and stars, creeping things, fowls of the air, beasts of the field, and at last man. And it was so." Impossible for *us* to believe, but how natural for the childhood of the world! Then we have Adam and Eve living in the garden, God coming down to walk there in the cool of the day and not being able to find them; the wonderful tree of knowledge; the serpent that could talk; God repenting that he made man, and drowning everybody but one family; then they come out of the ark and sacrifice, and God smells the sweet savor of the roasting meat, and is so pleased that he says he will never send another flood. And so we read on through the stories of Moses, and Joshua, and Elisha, and Jonah; the fetching of water out of a rock by smiting it with a rod; the stopping of

¹ A little boy in my parish said to his mother, "I suppose God must be very strong. He could stop an express train, couldn't he? And does he ride on the clouds?" The Psalmist said, "He maketh the clouds his chariot," and the Book of Joshua that He "stopped the sun and moon."

the sun and moon till the Israelites could finish their victory; the axe-head swimming in the water; the whale swallowing the prophet, and throwing him up on land. I see nothing ridiculous in all this. I like to read it. I think it appeals to what is good in me. It seems to me as if some thoughtful, pious child, who had been brooding over what he saw about him, had finally spelled out these ideas from the mystery that enwraps us all. It seems to me most natural that the early men, far back in the childhood of the race, should have expressed themselves in these dear old Scripture stories.

It is very true that there are some things in these stories that we should leave out if we were to tell them to-day. They are sometimes not only absurd to the cold reason, but indelicate to our Western reserve. But this is not for the sake of the indelicacy. The Scripture never smacks its lips or leers with its eyes like that mythology of the Greeks, which even Plato would shut out of his ideal Republic. It tells its details with that simplicity which may embarrass others, but never itself, and which is but another proof of the innocence of childhood. No one who has not read the primitive Scriptures of other religions can realize how noble is the line of our religious descent.

So if we read the Old Testament as the pious brooding of the childhood of our ancestors upon the problems of religion, we shall find it charming and even helpful to our own day. We may even wonder that it came so much nearer to the truth in its idea of the order of creation than any other account of its time. But when some grave and reverend professor of divinity seriously asks me to receive these stories as veritable sober truth, — demands that I accept these views of God, of creation, of the beginning of man, in place of the views which Jesus gives me of God, which the long thought of the ages

gives me of the world and humanity, — I hardly know whether to be pitiful or indignant. I think I should answer him in the words of Paul, “Sir, when the world was a child, it spake as a child, it thought as a child, it understood as a child, but when it became a man it put away childish things.” It knows not very much *nov*. It sees in its poor mirror dimly. But there are some things it has outgrown. Do not, I beg of you for the Bible’s own sake, — do not try to get these sweet fairy tales of the world’s infancy adopted as the science and religion of the world’s manhood.

It seems to me that it is not irreverent to liken the Bible to the journal which the loving mother keeps, and in which she puts down the doings and sayings of her child from his birth onward. It is not lowering the idea of revelation to say that such a journal would be the record of the revelations which God makes to that little mind as it opens to receive them. How beautiful it is to see the senses gradually take notice of the world about them, and later to hear the comments which the growing thought makes upon that world. If the boy could only keep up that journal himself, and record the thoughts which mark the opening of his mind and soul all the way on to manhood, it would not be far from wrong to call that journal the Bible, the book, of that man’s life. For that is what the great Bible is to us; it is the record of the ripening mind of the race, as represented in that wonderful nation which called itself, not unfitly, “The Chosen People.” No one can read it intelligently without seeing in it the history of the development of religious thought, inspired everywhere, infallible nowhere, — inspired because that unfolding life of the soul comes from the infinite life as the power that swells the tree comes from the great earth underneath, but not infallible, because in this life nothing can be perfect.

Trace any one idea through the Bible, and see how interesting the Bible becomes. Take the idea of God, as I have said. How childlike and simple the first idea of God in the Bible is! Man is made in his image; that is, man is an image of God. God has a body like man, senses, parts, motions, like man. It was not at all strange that after he had worked six days he should have to rest on the seventh, or that he should walk in the garden of Eden at the cool of the day, that he should not know where Adam was and have to call out for him, that he should smell the savor of Noah's sacrifice, that Moses should actually see his hinder parts as God covered him with his hand in the cleft of the rock, that he should speak to Abram and should wrestle with Jacob. But mark how the idea of God now grows. Very soon he is no longer visible, no longer comes down to walk the earth. But Jehovah is only one of many gods. Every nation has its own, and each nation as it goes into battle calls upon its own god to help it. If a man goes out of his own country into another, he goes into the realm of another god as well as of another king. "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God," said Ruth to Naomi, as she followed her into her foreign dwelling-place. Then gradually comes the idea that Jehovah is the most powerful of all the gods in the world, and at last the full conviction that he was the only God.

But this God was a God far off, coming to the Temple in the Holy of Holies, dictating certain arbitrary things for men to do, far away from the common life, — stern, cold, serene, and unrelentingly just. Then comes the Master with the good news of a God who is not only a King, but a Father, whose life is in our lives, of whom we are born, and in whom we ever live; no longer seen, but always to be felt; no longer body, but spirit. So the religion of man grows into its own manhood.

So we might trace the parallel growth of the idea of the worship which God requires, — first the sacrifice of bulls and goats, then the obedience of ceremonial law, then at last the obedience of the whole life and the liturgy of daily charity and purity.

So we might trace the growth of the idea of how God rewards or punishes human conduct. The Old Testament idea is very clear, — that God gives health, long life, plenty of children, riches, and the favor of men to those who obey Him, and that sickness, poverty, childlessness, and sorrow are the sure signs of sin. Then comes the keen-sighted writer of the Book of Job, one of the foremost thinkers of the world, and shows that a man's outward condition or estate is no result or sign of his character; and then the downfall of Israel, God's own people, and the triumph of the heathen come in to confound the old theory still further. The mystery deepens in the life of Jesus. Here we have the Son of God, though righteous, none the less bowed down with sorrows and acquainted with grief. But the deepening mystery grows brighter as he brings immortality to light, and extends the sphere of reward or punishment to eternity.

In this light the Bible is to be read, and in this light it will be inspiring and lovable. But alas for the pains lost, the scholarship misspent, in trying to show that the Bible never contradicts itself, that God never takes back in one part what he gives in another! On such dreadful mistakes of the preacher do the Ingersolls flourish, and in them the halls full of coarse listeners find food for inextinguishable laughter. Make the Bible a mere collection of texts, all equally inspired, and it becomes the scene of civil war. The Old Testament grapples with the New, the priest with the prophet, Samuel's barbarity with the mercy of Jesus, and the trivial precepts of the Law with the large and lofty spirit of

the Gospel. The question is not what we would *like* to have true, but what *is* true, and there is no greater impiety than to try to serve the Lord by blinding one's eyes to the new truth which he sends us.

It is in Jesus, not in the Bible, that we find the leadership of the world of religion. The truth as it is in Jesus did not find its full expression even in the New Testament. There is a broader and a richer Christianity in the poets and thinkers of to-day than in those disciples who, honest and earnest as they were, preached a gospel they but little understood. The Spirit which Jesus promised to lead us with all truth is at His work to-day. When people tell us that they find the poems of Tennyson or the prophecies of Carlyle more interesting than the New Testament, it must not shock us. Without Jesus Tennyson and Carlyle could never have been. In them the seed sown by the Master is blossoming and bearing fruit. But not even Jesus could have been but for that preparation which God made for him far back when men were as children, and when they thought and spoke as children. All religious history is one story, and he who sneers at its beginnings is not worthy to read its end.

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1894.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD.

BY

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MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH, ROXBURY.

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PARTNERSHIP WITH GOD.

"The man who is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts."—ZECH.,
xiii : 7.

ONE of the fairest sights in the world is a ship under full sail in a steady wind. As you see her from the deck of an ocean steamer, she seems the embodiment of grace, joy, and liberty. While every turn of the screw shakes the enormous hull on which you voyage, and makes you feel that every foot of advance costs a struggle, the beautiful ship over there goes on without visible effort, rising and falling upon the swell and playing with the waves around her bow as if sailing were the most natural thing in the world. Her curving canvas betrays no pressure, but seems bent for mere beauty's sake, so that the rounded surfaces may catch the sunshine and make changes of light and shadow. Long after the fair stranger has dropped below the horizon behind, she haunts the memory like the vision of a spirit.

But, when you think over that graceful motion, you find that it is due to two things,—the winds of God and the sails of man. The breeze was not a thing of human make, nor can it be controlled by human power. Man may use it, he may sometimes even foretell it, but he can neither bring it nor prevent it.

Yet in vain does the wind blow upon the ship unless man meets it with skilful preparation of his own. God does His part, but only His. Man must plant and pick the flax, spin and weave it, rear the mast, run out the spar, and bend the sail. Then God, while none the less

fulfilling the larger purpose for which the wind was sent out, becomes the partner of man, takes his little craft in tow, as it were, behind His infinite plan, and brings it rejoicing on its way. "Behold the man who is my fellow," saith the Lord of the winds, "This voyage we will work out together."

But, as you think still longer about the fair ship and her progress, you see that she is a type of human life. In every successful and happy life God and man are partners. No man lives by or from himself, and God cannot or will not make a man successful unless he puts his hand out to clasp the outstretched hand of the Almighty.

Take, for example, the life of a farmer. It is a beautiful sight to see the corn growing day by day, the tender blades getting higher and darker, and putting out the spindle and the full corn in the ear. God is at work there. The silence, the ease, the order, are marks of divine power and wisdom. The soil is God's, with all the elements that go to make the corn through the wonderful processes of the divine chemistry. The sunshine, the ever-freshening air, the rains, the changing seasons,—all are His, and no man can control them. But all these make no corn by themselves. The same soil was there centuries ago, essentially the same sunshine, air and rain. But there was no corn there. Man must do his part. He must break up the soil, prepare the seed, tend the growing plants, or all the bounty of the divine providence is useless.

So it is with all the forces that are doing God's will in the universe. They do not serve man's special wants until they receive man's special care. Electricity has played about men's heads ever since there were heads, but it carried no messages and propelled no cars, till man labored with brain and hand to become the fellow of the Lord in its management.

Or, turn to man's mental life. Knowledge is the mastery of facts and their relations. But it is God who made the facts and set them in those relations. It is God who gave the human mind. But how many centuries, what ages-long, man had to live before he could train his mind to know the works of God. Our physical science belongs almost to this century, but the things which science deals with, have existed for a practical eternity. And this knowledge has not come down from the skies like a meteoric stone, but has been the result of a toil and self-sacrifice as great as religion itself has often demanded. One must read the life of a great scientist, like Darwin, to know what labor of brain and body must go into the partnership with God before there can be any dividend. "Its dogged as does it," Darwin used to say, quoting some village wiseacre, "It's dogged as does it," and nothing but dogged persistence could have so wrestled with the Angel of Truth and made him tell so much that he had kept secret so long.

Or if we turn to what is more familiar to most of us, to mercantile or industrial life, we find that though two or more men may make a firm, there is always a silent partner that must be taken in, too,—no less a partner than the Lord of Hosts. The things which are sold are made of stuff that God created, manufactured in accordance with laws which God established, and must be sold in agreement with laws of trade which God laid down in nature and human nature before the first loom was set or the first shop was opened. What is called luck is simply unconscious or involuntary conformity with the laws of God. What is called legitimate success is the result of careful study and industrious following of conditions which cannot be made but must be complied with. If business were the hap-hazard thing it often seems to be, or if man were the only agency at work in it, the sci-

ence of political economy would be impossible. But we are daily discovering how orderly and sure and unavoidable are the great laws that govern the movement of money and all that money represents, how certain human laws are to do mischief if they contravene the divine law. "Go to," says the legislator, "let us now regulate things." But he might as well put a trap door over the mouth of Vesuvius, though he bind it down with iron bands such as were never known for strength, as well might he dam up the Mississippi, though with such masonry as the world never saw for solidity. Even if he stop Vesuvius, he shakes Italy with the earthquake, and even if he check the river, he floods whole states with the back-water. It is a bad matter to sever partnership with the Almighty, and try to carry on the business alone. The great laws of God roll on their sublime way, and the bewildered legislator wakes to find himself by the side of the track, with the thunder of the passing train in his ears, and the broken sticks and tangled strings of his little machine lying useless by his side.

And even in those higher reaches of the human mind which we call genius or inspiration, there must be a partnership of man and God. Here we are liable to think of God as doing everything. A genius is supposed to be one to whom God gives success ready made. It would indeed be folly to ignore the fact that genius is given of God. All cannot be Shakespeares or Newtons, or even Edisons, or Rothschilds, by any amount of labor or ambition. Without the gift of God, these men could never have become what they were. Sometimes we hear thoughtless people say that because we believe Jesus to be human we therefore say he is "a mere man." But it would be a very blind and ignorant view of Jesus, or view which all history contradicts, that would require that mysterious fact which we call in secular realms,

genius, and in sacred realms, inspiration. If we define miracle as the effect of a law which we do not understand, Jesus is a miracle. All extraordinary men are miracles. They are the result of God's power and wisdom working up through the network of ordinary and understood laws, and doing what human wisdom could not foresee or human power accomplish.

But here again, man must enter the partnership. The divine breezes of inspiration blow, but man must set his sails of industry in mind and body, or the breezes blow in vain. When a great man dies, we search his biography to find the secret of his success. The thing we most wish to know we never can find, or cannot transfer. An aroma of genius floats up from the pages. We feel the greatness, but our lungs cannot draw it in and transmute it into life of our own. The great man could not transmit it even to his own sons. It is uncommunicable and dies with him. But we are always surprised and daunted to find how large a sum of his own toil and pain he paid into the partnership with God. The early rising and late sleeping, the unremitting labor between, the constant strain of concentration and contriving,—this is the thread that is twisted in with God-given genius. Without the genius the work would not have borne such fruit. It would have been ill-spent and wasted in great part. But without the labor the genius would have been useless, like an electric-carbon without the oily, hard-working dynamo back there in the dingy house.

Now let us go up another step,—into the region of life where character is made. Here still we find God and man in partnership. Leaving out circumstances and heredity, because it is hard to separate here the divine and the human, there are two great forces in the formation of character,—the strength of God and the will of man. We say that if a man exercises, he grows strong. But that is

not an exact way of stating the case. Rather let us say that when man makes room for it, God pours strength in. When a man expands his lungs, God's air fills them. The will is man's, the strength is God's. When a man works his right arm, he opens a new capacity for strength, and the strength comes. The will is man's, but the strength comes out of the food, the water, the air, which God has made, and man could only prepare and take.

So it is with the moral part of human nature. The young man, coming to the age when the dignity of life first dawns upon his mind and the responsibility of life first weighs upon his conscience, grapples with the temptations that so easily beset him. At once he finds himself growing stronger. The second fight is sooner over. But the new strength is not created out of nothing, nor does it come from any human source. It comes out of the great moral resources of God, as the new muscle comes out of the great physical world. In the making of all character, God and man are partners,—God silent, unseen, unknown, except to the thoughtful, but indispensable.

All this is very clear, and the result of every day's experience. But there is a side of it which is not so well understood. You hear men say sometimes, "Yes, it is all very well to preach that trouble makes men better, and all that, but mine has made me worse. It has broken my courage, soured my temper, and darkened my whole life."

Now there may be some truth in this protest against the optimism that says that all trouble strengthens. For just as carrying heavy burdens on one's back strengthens one up to a certain weight, but beyond that strains and breaks one down,—so there may be a point beyond which, if adversity is carried, the will may be broken and the life receive a strain from which ordinary

human strength cannot easily recover. The back is not always fitted to the burden in physical life, and it may be the same with our inner life. There are some tragedies which it seems as if God made men play, sorrows which could not have been borne better than they were; burdens which it seems *must* have crushed him upon whom they fell. It is not for us to say in any case, where life has been made bitter and intolerable, just when will ended and destiny began. As Whittier says:

“ It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events.
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances,
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembreth we are dust.”

The more one knows of the mystery of human life, the less ready he is to judge unnecessarily, the more ready to pity.

And yet we must not forget that there *is* a point up to which the will is free and strong,—whatever be true beyond that point. Whether adversity shall make or mar, is not all a matter of fate or chance. It lies in the resistance of a man's own strength, in the power of his own determination, in the firmness of his own character. To polish a stone, two things are necessary—a grinding power and a resisting power. You cannot polish pumice stone. It grinds away and crumbles. But the same wheel will polish marble or granite. The difference lies not in the power applied, but in the firmness of texture which the stone presents. The man who complains that trouble spoiled him, looked to see God do all the polishing. He seemed to think he had no part to play in the matter,—

no bravery to summon up, no patience to hold himself firm against the wheel, no determination to keep himself together, so that he shall not be worn away. He let himself crumble like a bit of pumice stone,—while his neighbor, under no less pressure, grew bright and strong.

But exactly the same thing is true of prosperity and privileges. We sometimes think, when we are in trouble or have a hard time in general, that if God would only let the sunshine of good fortune fall upon us, we should be much better and more useful. But a great deal depends on what sort of a thing it is on which the sunshine falls. When it comes out bright and warm in the spring, everything that is alive rejoices and takes on new life. But if the sun's heat falls on anything that is dead, or upon a stagnant pool, it makes it worse than before, a mass of corruption and a breeder of pestilence. There are some people whom prosperity quickens in every good power and work. They are not only happier themselves, but they make everybody else glad with them. But there are others to whom sudden good fortune is only an opportunity to make greater mistakes than ever, and they improve their chance with great energy, skill, and success. There is often no sadder spectacle in social life than that of men and women whom a wholesome adversity has at least kept out of sight, if not out of mischief, suddenly thrown into the temptations of ease, idleness, and indulgence, without the character to resist them. The goodness of man must co-operate with the goodness of God, if good fortune is to be a blessing.

In this co-operation we have the union of two things which, if they are genuine, must always go together, though in false or incomplete forms they are often separated,—religion and morality. In its purest and simplest form, religion is the recognition of a Supreme Power working for and with man. Morality is the performance of the

human side of the partnership. A man is moral when he forces some lower part of him to keep its place at the bidding of some higher ideal. He is religious when he is conscious that the impulse to do this, and the power to do it with, and the new strength that comes after it, comes not from himself but from above, and is grateful and humble in consequence. Without this morality man is not only bad but weak; without this religion, the most moral life is narrow, low-roofed, solitary, cold, and destitute of outlook. Look at the man who is moral without being religious in this true sense. He does his duty by his fellow man, but there seems to be a lack of life in him. He does his duty with difficulty. It seems heavy and hard. The reason is that he is rowing, not sailing. He is pulling the oars of his will against the stream of passion and selfishness and influence, instead of setting the sail of his faith also, to catch the great trade-winds of God. He is alone and separate, a solitary figure in his boat under the high heavens and amid the wide landscape. He feels no relationship between his duty and the life of the universe, no kinship between his soul and the soul of the great world about him.

But let the little world within him expand and open, let him feel that God touches it on every side, nay, that in some strange way God's soul and his soul are one, that the impulse which drives him toward the right and true is one with the great current of God's purpose that sets irresistably through the universe towards some divine, far-off event, that love and gravitation, fidelity and cohesion, joy and light, energy and electricity, are one or in line with each other,—let him feel this kinship and co-operation with God,—and life lifts and glows, expands and grows strong.

On the other hand religion without morality is weak, fantastic, and either useless or injurious. To rely

upon God without feeling that man has a part to do, is to gild laziness into religion. Whether it be called faith, or reliance upon luck, or lying still and murmuring drowsily that it will all come out right,—the religion that does not take duty as its partner, is a poor thing. “God helps those who help themselves.” When Theodore Parker found on his pulpit one Sunday morning a request for the prayers of the congregation for the deliverance of Anthony Burns from prison, he said, “I am not disposed to ask God to do our work.” Prayer requires faith to avail, but a prayer that is all faith and no will, gets no higher than the roof, and the inside at that. Jesus believed in the power of God, but none the less he went to the cross himself. He did his part and then he was sure God would do His.

I have said that God’s will and man’s will must enter into partnership. This implies that there are two wills. But sometimes, in our deeper moments, we have a holy suspicion that they are one. A mystery lies under our souls. As one looks down into the clear salt water and sees beautiful sea weeds, broad, rich-bladed kelp, or strange, branching plants, apparently floating free, but knows that they are rooted down in the darkness into the great solid globe, so our souls, that seem to be disconnected and floating entities, we suspect to be rooted down out of sight into the infinite soul. What Jesus said of himself, he said for all faithful human spirits. The Old Testament said grandly, “The man who is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts.” The New Testament says sublimely, “I and my Father are one.”

JANUARY,

1895.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY

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TRANSLATING THE NEW TESTAMENT.

“Understandest thou what thou readest?”—ACTS VIII: 30.

THERE was never in the history of the world a time when men so insisted upon understanding whatever they are told to believe as they do today. External authority of all kinds is passing away. The authority of the officer of state is coming to be an authority that is first given him by the people. All government should be, it is more and more claimed, not only *for* the people, but *from* the people. The absolute monarch is becoming a thing of the past.

Still more is this true of authority in religion. The age of faith was the age of blind obedience, and faith today insists on tearing the bandage from her eyes. She will no longer consent to be guided from behind by the touch of a priest's hand upon her shoulders. She will not have the sacred books read to her only by minister or commentator. Faith demands to read for herself, and to understand what she reads.

To understand the Bible, it was first necessary to translate it into a living tongue. It had been locked up in a dead language. It was read by the priests from a Latin version which no one in the congregation understood. It had to be translated out of the original Hebrew and Greek, not into another foreign tongue, but into a tongue “understood of the people.” The story of the English version is one of the noblest stories in all history. What it cost to give to the Anglo-

Saxon race that English Bible that now is sold so cheap and by many *held* so cheap, seems to us in these days of freedom almost incredible.

But the language of the English translation has become itself almost a dead language. Just because it is so familiar to us, we cannot understand it. This seems a paradox, but I think we all know that it is true. If the Lord's Prayer should appear for the first time in tomorrow morning's paper, we should understand it a great deal better than we do now. The very fact that we were taught it when we were children and could not comprehend it, and have been repeating it ever since, as it were, absent-mindedly, has made it almost a sealed book to us. The same is true of the beatitudes and the parables and other familiar passages. Our minds glide over them like a boy skating over a frozen spring. So there is very great good in reading now and then an entirely new translation that breaks up the smooth ice and lets us feel the living truth that has been glazed over by too great familiarity.

The Revised Version never did this except here and there in a word or a phrase. It was a failure, though it was extremely well done. It gives the meaning as perfectly as the English language can give it, under the limitation which it set upon itself of departing as little as possible from the familiar version. But it fell between two stools. It changed enough of the old language to make timid and conservative readers uneasy, and therefore has never been adopted in the churches, not even in the Church of England, under whose auspices it was made; and it did not change the old language enough to satisfy those readers who needed to have the meaning set free from the bondage of too familiar phraseology, and to have fresh language to keep the attention of the reader awake and to bring out

the power and beauty of the thought of the Master or the Apostles. Whoever wishes this, and is willing to dispense with traditional phraseology and even with literalness of translation, should take such versions as that of Dr. Noyes for the Gospels, and that of Conybeare and Howson for the Epistles. They may not sound as musically in our ears, but they will penetrate deeper into our minds, and we can then come back to the music of the old version with head and heart a little more awake.

So, if we are to understand what we read in the Bible, we must first translate it from the dead languages of old, and then re-translate it from the dead language of today.

But what I wish to emphasize now is another kind of translation. I do not know how I can characterize it as a whole better than to call it a translation from the material figure to the spiritual fact.

For instance, there is the word *heaven*, so often used in the Bible. It means that part of the universe, as men once conceived the universe, which is *heaved* or *heaven* up over the earth. It was thought that the earth was flat like a floor, and the sky a dome resting upon it like a glass bell upon a mantle-piece. Over this dome, and the stars which were placed in it, was the dwelling of God. "Our Father who art in Heaven," whatever it may have meant to Jesus himself, meant to many of his hearers, "Our Father who dwellest in the sky." All through the Old Testament God is spoken of as living in the literal heaven. He speaks from the sky; he comes down from the sky to see what men are doing. The meaning of incense and of burnt sacrifice was that the smoke and the fragrance went up to heaven where God could receive it. When men prayed, they lifted their hands or their eyes toward the sky. When Elijah was taken to God, said the old story, he went in a fiery

chariot to heaven, and when Jesus rejoined his Father in the story of the ascension, he went up till a cloud received him out of the sight of the spectators.

Now what are we to do with all this? We cannot take it literally. Whatever be the consequence, we can never again think of a literal heaven heaved up over us. When Copernicus taught us the truth about the earth and the sun and the stars, when Galileo told us that the earth revolved upon its axis, they did away forever with all meaning to the words "up" and "down" as applied to the revolutions of earth and sky. Even as I speak, what was "up" when my sentence began is no longer directly up when my sentence ends. What was "up" twelve hours ago is now directly "down." Where then *is* heaven? Is it a great shell around the whole universe, enclosing the sun, moon, and stars? We cannot find any such shell. Every generation penetrates farther and farther into the thicket of stars and nebulae, but it never strikes against any wall of jasper. There is only another and another layer of star-sprinkled space. If there be a place where God dwells and to which the souls of the dead fly like the larks, no one knows where to look for it.

What then? Shall we give up these sweet old phrases about "Our Father who is in heaven," "the heavenly life," "going up to heaven," and the like? Not if we are wise. We should lose their higher meaning. We must keep them because they still express spiritual facts, which could not be expressed so easily in any other way. We may still lift our eyes and our hands towards heaven when we pray or when we think deeply if we like, because the symbol helps the reality. But we must translate the old language into new meaning. We have rendered such words as *high*, *lofty*, *deep*, into names of spiritual things. When we

speak of a high-minded man we do not mean that his mind is to be measured in feet like a high building, nor do we mean by a deep thought that it stretches downward like a well. We mean that the mind of a certain man is free from the bad motives which move his fellows, as a bird in the high air is free from the atmospheric currents or the noxious vapors that play about the surface of the earth, and we mean that the thought of another man goes below the superficial traditions and prejudices of men to new truth, as the miner goes down through the worthless and hard-trodden soil to the undiscovered gold that veins the earth beneath. There is what Swedenborg called a "correspondence" between certain physical things and certain mental or spiritual states, which makes the thing suggest the thought or feeling. High and low, deep and shallow, broad and narrow, have both a physical and spiritual meaning. The physical came first, when men thought little or nothing about spiritual things, and when they did begin to think of the life of the soul, they had no other words to express it than those which belonged to corresponding outward things. They translated those words into a new spiritual language and so they remain today.

Heaven, then, what is it? It was the highest thing that the primitive man knew in the world of matter. It must be translated so as to mean the highest condition we know of in the world of spirit. Heaven is the perfect spiritual life, the utmost conceivable goodness and wisdom, as well as power. "Our Father who art in heaven" means "Our Father who dwells in the perfect love, justice, and knowledge." It means the perfect God. And just as we know that what seems to us the heavens above us is not an impassable shell, but opens out into immeasurable depths of space, gemmed with innumerable beautiful stars, so we know that the utmost idea

we can form of the Divine goodness is not the real limit of the Divine nature, but that beyond our utmost imagination there stretches on and on, depths of love and tenderness immense, unspeakable, inconceivable. This is what is meant *for us* in that majestic vision of the prophet Isaiah, when the seraphim hide their faces with their wings, and cry "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Hosts." "Holy" indeed in the sense that a human life may be holy, but "holy" in a deeper, unfathomable sense which is veiled from the imagination of mortals.

The Heaven of our translation is not a place, but a condition. To go to heaven means not to fly up, like angels in the old paintings, to a sky that is not there, but to enter a pure, loving, sacrificing life. The heavenly life, as we call it, is not life away from the earth. It may be life on the earth, in the world, but not of the world. It must be life as free from taint of the earth as the upper air is free from the odors of the sewer, and as far from entanglement in selfishness or malice toward others, as the cloud flying through upper air is far from tree-tops and chimneys.

If there are those who cannot translate the material symbol into the spiritual equivalent, the symbol may do them no harm. It might if reasoned about too much, but it is hardly worth while to begin too soon, for instance, to break up the little child's faith in a God up there above the stars, or in that heavenly floor where God's footfall makes the thunder, and the stars themselves, as I used to think, are the holes where the heavenly glory shines through, like sunlight through the nail-holes in the roof. So long as there goes with the material symbol in the child's mind or in the child-like mind, some vague sense of spiritual superiority in this physical loftiness and separation, the translation has begun. First must always come the natural, and afterwards

that which is spiritual, in the race and in the individual. But when the material idea has been found to be false, and the old taunt is flung at the faithful, "Where is now thy God," we must not try to defend the material fact, as the priests did against Galileo, stultifying themselves through all time, but quickly translate the fact into a symbol, the material into the spiritual. However the old natural fact may have been held in days primeval by half awakened minds, to the thought of our time and in the full light of the modern day, it shall be the translated and transfigured symbol of the spiritual life.

Let me give another illustration of this translation. Take the phrase "Son of God," as applied to Jesus. You know how literally that is held by many still. You know all that is implied in the story of the birth from the Virgin. Poetry and painting have made it a beautiful story. In all literature, there is nothing more lovely than that scene of the angel with the white lilies in his hand, kneeling before the pure young maiden of Nazareth, and telling her that sweetest secret that was ever whispered to mortal ears.—"The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee; therefore that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." No wonder that the great artists vied with each other in painting the face and the attitude of one who should have both the innocence of the maiden and the tender joy of a mother. So long as it is kept in the region of poetry, why should science or the hard realities of our mental life intrude into it?

But you know that the story is not kept in the region of poetry. It has been insisted upon as literal occurrence. It has been marred and polluted by hands laid upon it in the attempt to defend it as a material fact. It has been torn out of the element of the imagination, like

a beautiful jelly-fish from the sea where alone it can live, and placed, dry and stiff, in a museum of creeds. On this story, considered as literal, theologians have tried to build a dogma about Christ's nature that makes him different from all other men. O the wars and persecutions that have sprung out of that innocent bit of poetry,—the schisms in the Church, the scorn of the thinking world outside of the Church!

And out of this story has come, as perhaps it went into the story at first, an idea of the ordinary human birth which casts a stain and an insult upon every home in the world. You know what these nunneries and these monasteries imply,—that the maiden is purer than the mother, that the woman who shuts herself up to a useless life in the cloister, and wilfully leaves in idleness a great and sweet part of the life which God had made possible for her, is more to be praised than the woman who fulfils the law of God and takes upon herself the sacrifices and the pains of motherhood that the race of God's children may continue to work out His glory! Let us say nothing of the dreadful results which this flouting of human nature has led to, in the vileness which festered in those unnatural ways of living. Let us speak only of those men and women who have in all sincerity shown a zeal and a power worthy of a more useful cause. How selfish is the life that leaves the world to struggle on without the guidance and the influence which such strong and lofty natures could have given it, that concerns itself only with saving its own soul! It seems the very reverse of the life of the Master, which was spent out among men, in public places, and face to face with the temptations as well as the needs of the great world. And as for purity, real purity, which is not mere negative innocence, but positive holiness, there is more of it in a single home where human nature has frankly lived itself out under right

conditions, and where it has borne its beautiful fruits in the mutual trust and charity of father and mother, and in the love, respect, and obedience of children to their parents, and in the manifold web of helpfulness, self-forgetfulness, and affection which is woven between brothers and sisters,—more real purity in a single home than in a whole nunnery of frustrated life.

What shall we do, then? Shall we cut this sweet old story adrift, and let it float down the stream of time into the ocean of oblivion? Shall we give up entirely the phrase “Son of God,” as applied to Jesus? I believe the results of such mere negation as that would be worse than to take the story and the phrase literally. For whether the old story be true or not, as a story, it at least expressed the idea that the character of Jesus came from God, from a source higher than mere human life; and the title “Son of God” at least voices the thought that the new holiness that comes into mankind from time to time, is more than a happy combination of human accidents, more than a re-arrangement of qualities that belonged to humanity before, that all new strength and fineness of soul come from the infinite Soul that fills the universe. It seems to me that the dogma that claims Jesus to be the Son of God in a literal sense is really truer, more spiritual than the blunt assertion that he was a “mere man,” as that phrase is commonly understood. For to say that Jesus was a “mere man” keeps our idea of humanity flat, barren, and without connection with the universal life, cuts it off from supply from the infinite reservoirs, and leaves it solitary and isolated like a rock on the plain, and not growing like a tree from the inexhaustible soil beneath and the illimitable air and sunshine. Son of God Jesus was. He did receive in his very conception the divine life which should grow with his growth and live in all his life.

But we must translate the phrase "Son of God" from the old physical relationship to the relationship which is of the soul. Jesus did so when he said "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the sons of God." To be a son of God is to have the life of God in us. Whether it came by inheritance or by direct inspiration, the life of God in us makes us children of his. "God is love, and he that loveth is born of God." There is a sense in which everything is of God, for there is nothing which is not filled with His life. But he only is a child of God who has not merely the life, but the spiritual life of God in him. The reformer who has the stern justice of the Almighty burning in his heart; the philanthropist whose heart is soft with the divine tenderness toward the weak; the scholar who loves truth and seeks it with all his might because truth is but another name for the divine reality; they are all sons of God. And if we speak of Jesus as the Son of God, it is not because he came into being in any other way than as every other child has come, since the first mother held her first born in her arms and marvelled at the wonder of it all, not because God was concerned in his physical advent in a way that is not true of every boy that enters mortality,—but because Jesus, more than any other man, has seemed to represent the divine life, to have come most directly and freshly from the heaven of the perfect spirit to the needs and wants of mankind.

It would be easy to carry this principle into other phrases. "Sent from God" does not mean that God turned upon his great white throne and said to one of the celestial court, "Go and do this." We must translate the phrase from the language of Oriental court life to the language of the spiritual life. That man is sent from God, into whose soul the divine life presses up till the man obeys, and goes wherever that pressure points

the way. As the plant follows the sunlight in the spring, as the bird follows the summer southward in the fall, so the soul sent from God follows the impulse which God sends into it.

This translation of the material into the spiritual, of the lower into the higher, is the healthiest and steadiest way for religion to grow. It has never grown best by revolution, but by evolution. A plant blossoms, not by destroying the bud, but by developing from it the more delicate and beautiful flower that lies hidden in it. And our ideas of God and of immortality grow best, not by denial, but by fulfilment. Jesus said that he had come not to destroy but to fulfil the Law, and that not one jot or one tittle of the Law should pass away till all should be fulfilled. The Law kept its hold upon men so long because there was something in it that satisfied the men of that day, and when at last something better was needed, it came not from another nation or another code of laws, but in and through one who had been nourished in and born from the very bosom of that Law. And if Liberal Christianity is to have any vital hold upon the lives of men it must be, not by denying the creeds which have satisfied so many noble men in generations past, but by translating them as symbols of a larger and freer truth.

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1895.

SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS,

BY

REV. WILLIAM H. LYON,

MINISTER OF ALL SOULS' CHURCH ROXBURY.

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BEFORE ABRAHAM WAS.

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am."

—JOHN viii: 58.

There is something majestic in these words that arrests the attention of the most casual reader. Either they are random boasting, or they convey a sense of wonderful dignity. Think for a moment who Abraham was. He was the founder of the race to which Jesus and his hearers belonged. But he was more than a mere ancestor of the body. All the glory of the Jews as the Chosen People had come through him. Because he had not been disobedient unto the heavenly vision, because he had come out of his native land to follow that Jehovah who had revealed himself to him, because he had stood every test of his faith, even to willingness to sacrifice his only son, God had selected his descendants to be a great and peculiar nation,—guarded and guided as they grew, and destined at last to give the law to the whole world. All that this proud nation had or hoped for they owed to Abraham, and all their pride was summed up in the one boast,—“We have Abraham to our father.”

And now this man, this carpenter, this native of Galilee, where the pure race of Abraham had been defiled by captivity and by intermarriage with the Gentiles,—this man was saying “Abraham rejoiced to see (my) day.” And when the bewildered Jews asked him how he, a man in the prime of life, could have seen Abraham who had lived two thousand years ago, he answered calmly, but with solemn emphasis, “*Verily, verily*, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I am.” No wonder that the Jews took up stones to cast at him. It was not only blasphemy, but it was wanton insult.

He escaped, but if he had been killed on the spot, he would not have been the only prophet who had been slain for words which the future took for its watch-words. The blasphemy of to-day has often become the religion of the morrow, and this "hard saying" about the Abraham of two thousand years before has become the truth of two thousand years after. That which seemed the wanton boast of a day of Messianic delusion has come to be one of the most sacred mysteries of an age of thought. The majestic dignity of those words arrests, as I have said, the attention of the most casual reader, but as he stops and looks down into them, he sees there depth below depth of meaning,—discerns the prophecy of some of the grandest truths concerning human nature which we of to-day are beginning to discover and to understand.

Look at it closely and you see something very strange in the wording. Jesus did not say, "Before Abraham was, I *was*," but "Before Abraham was, I *am*." The present tense is the tense of eternity. To God, there is no past or future. All is an eternal *now*. Time does not exist for Him. "A thousand years are in (His) sight but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." That which is to us, looking back or forward, the age—long process of evolution, lies open to His eye as a present fact, as our long day's journey is seen all together from the top of the mountain. We can never say of Him, that He was or that He will be, but that He *is*.

So when Jesus said, "Before Abraham was, I *am*," he referred to something divine and eternal in him. He thought of himself not as an individual, but as a part of a universal whole, not as living merely in the year 34, but as sharing in a life which is above time, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

The first part of this thought, the first layer, as it were, which we come to with our ordinary understanding, and the easiest to comprehend, is that Jesus considered his life as a part of the eternal *purpose* of God, "Before Abraham was, I am" in the mind of God. As God looked upon the plan of creation mirrored in His serene purpose, as the sky is mirrored in a calm sea, He beheld the gradual development of life, the advent of humanity, its struggles and its stumblings and its climbings, and in the fulness of time He saw the Christ coming to lead men forward faster and straighter. He saw the suffering and the martyrdom of the Christ, and the part that he should play in the history of mankind. Not only before *Abraham* was, but before *anything* was outside of His own mind, the Christ was present to God's thought and was a part of the eternal plan of human development. And so when Jesus wished to say that he was no mere accident of that time, no mere drop flung into the air by the dashing of chance waves of circumstance against each other, he expressed himself in terms not of time, but of eternity. He lifted his life out of the present, and set it in its place in the divine universal purpose.

So far Jesus said nothing of himself that is not said elsewhere of others. Paul lived always in the conviction that his work, too, was a part of God's eternal purpose, and that all his converts had come to him, not by any eloquence of his, but by the decree of God before all time. "He hath chosen us in Christ," he said to the Ephesians, "before the foundation of the world." And he wrote to his young friend, Timothy, "God hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began, but is now made manifest." All through the

Bible runs ~~this~~ iron thread of a divine eternal purpose on which events that seem fortuitous are arranged in order from the beginning like the beads of a rosary.

"If I were not certain," said Bismarck at the climax of his success, "that all my doings were regulated by the hand of Providence, I would resign at once and go back to my farm." The idea of a Chosen People, fore-ordained to a glorious destiny, is the thread that runs through the Old Testament, and when the long Bible history culminates in Jesus and in the proclamation of Jesus to the world by Paul, the thought of being in the divine mind through all eternity grows deeper and more solemn. There is no great life, there is no great movement in all history, that has not felt more or less clearly that it was not a sudden accident, but a part of the purpose of God conceived before time began. Our Puritan forefathers derived their theory of life from the Old Testament idea of a Chosen People and from Paul's conviction of an individual election, and that which made the Huguenot and the Hollander and the English Roundhead so mighty against Church and King, was this sense of a divine election and guidance. John Fiske said of the Puritans: "We cannot fail to discern the value of that sacred enthusiasm which led them to regard themselves as chosen soldiers of Christ, and it was (this) spirit that hurled the tyrant from his throne at Whitehall, and prepared the way for the emancipation of modern Europe. No spirit less intense, no spirit nurtured in the contemplation of things terrestrial, could ever have done it."

And the great *thinkers*, as well as the great doers, penetrating down through the tangled thicket of human motive and purpose, have almost every one come upon a root running underground from which the acts that seem separate from each other, have really sprung up. Hard

as it is for them to reconcile it with free will, and unwilling as many of them are to give up that liberty of choice, without which it seems there can be no distinction of good and evil in human life, and, in fact, determined *not* to surrender that which makes them men, still they hold the two in mysterious union, in one hand destiny, and in the other hand freedom. So did Paul, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is *God* that worketh in you to will and to do of His own good pleasure."

And I believe that this eternal element in human life is more or less plain to us humbler people. The older we grow, the deeper we can see into life, and the more of it we can look back upon, the more we are impressed with a sense of being in the grasp of a power that is not ourselves. We can see it plainly in the lives of the great men of history. We can discern behind them, as they make war, or frame laws, or build up states, or write books, the shadow of a hand that directs them. Sometimes we feel that same hand upon our own shoulders. We are conscious of being used for some purpose that we do not understand. Life turns out for us so very different from what we had planned, our misfortunes have done such strange and wonderful service for us, that we say to ourselves, as Jacob said to himself, as he woke out of his dream, "Surely God is in this place though I knew it not." And most of all, as we find ourselves fixed by our peculiar capacity in some place in the social organism which we had not chosen, and never would have chosen for ourselves, and realize that we were foreordained to that kind of work by the mind and the temperament that were born in us, —then there rises in us the vision of an eternal plan for mankind; in which every one of us has his place marked out for him, and down beneath all the accidents and

mistakes to which we have given the credit, or on which we have laid the blame of our life as it is, we catch the gleam of the eternal element in our transient lives, the purpose of God which was before Abraham, and before time itself began. Some call it fate, and settle themselves to bear it with grim philosophy. Others see in it the hand of God, and take it, and hold it fast, and let it lead them wherever it will, and find it growing warmer and softer to the last.

When any man reaches that point in his spiritual growth, he begins to share in the serene dignity which he feels in these words of Jesus. That he, even he, however small his place in the world may be, however little the effect of his life may seem,—that even he was in the divine mind before the world was or time began, that in that great plan of universal development which lay unrolled before God's eye, there was a spot where he was to be placed and set to do his little part in the eternal purpose,—that is a thought which must bring a steadying sense of dignity and a cooling shade of peace into any man's soul. He sees that he is not alone in the world, that he is not stumbling along in the dark, that he is not an accident scattered with other accidents along the stream of time, like vessels over the ocean, each propelled by its own steam, or sailing by chance and local breezes, but borne along with them on a tide that set in far below the horizon behind and tends far below the horizon ahead, and bears all ships alike on its broad, sure, and mighty current.

This is the first idea which we come upon, as we sink the shaft of interpretation into these profound words of Jesus—"Before Abraham was, I am." He felt that before time began he was in the divine mind.

But deeper down than this we come upon a mystery yet grander, that the divine mind was *in Him*. Not

only did God work around him, giving him his capacities and fixing him in his place in history, but God worked in him, an eternal element in his every thought and feeling. This is, indeed, a mystery. We can understand how God works upon us, using us by overmastering power and wisdom for his own ends. We do that with things in our own life. We do it even with other persons. Sometimes with selfish intent, outwitting and compelling, but sometimes with loving intent, as with children or with the sick or the insane or even the unwise and inexperienced, we lead or force others out of their own purpose into ours. We can understand, then, how God can use us in the same way.

But how if God does not over-master or guide our thought and feeling from without, but from within? How if it were *Himself* thinking and feeling in us and through us? How if we were not merely strung upon the iron thread of the divine purpose, but are parts of that very thread?

We have begun to be familiar with the idea of God in nature. We cannot fully understand it, but we believe that divine life lives in every blade of grass and every star that twinkles and every tide that swings; we are convinced that the whole universe of matter throbs with divine vitality; and we are beginning to suspect that the old distinction between matter and spirit is a false distinction, and that matter is but a phase, or manifestation to the senses, of some higher unity that includes them both.

But does the divine life that fills the world of nature flow around the human soul, as the river flows around a rock in the river-bed? Is a human life a stone dropped into this stream of divine activity, impervious, independent, isolated, a thing apart? Has this stream nothing to do with a human life but to roll it along and leave

it in this place or that place, on the bank or in the eddies or breasting the full current? In one sense, yes. We cannot help feeling that the human will is the one independent thing in the universe, the one power that even Omnipotence cannot compel, the one spot that even Omnipotence cannot invade. But, even in the face of seeming contradiction, I think we suspect sometimes, that, while in one sense, the free human will is a rock in the stream of this divine will, impenetrable and uncontrollable,—yet in another sense, the human will is a wave *of* that stream. Our will, our thought, our feeling, our longing are the divine power making its way through us toward the divine purpose. Kepler said, “I think God’s thoughts after Him.” It ~~was a grand~~ saying. But what if Kepler’s thought ~~were~~ God’s own thought looking out upon the world, and recognizing its own eternal order there? It seems a contradiction,—this assertion of the Infinite in the finite, of the Eternal in the mortal, yet I believe it is true,—and not only true, but the deepest truth that man has yet suspected. It is Omniscience that manifests itself in man’s stumbling and wandering thought. It is Omnipotence that is at work in man’s feeble and inconsistent will. Man’s longing is the disguise under which the eternal tendency is flowing onward, and all the love, the indignation over wrong, the determination to see justice done, the pity for the unfortunate, the rosy satisfaction in having done the right, all these which we call human feeling, are the divine life in human circumstances, breaking up into variegated forms,—as the white light of the sun breaks into the tints of the rainbow where it touches the atmosphere of the earth.

This is the thought that runs all through the gospel of John. The other three gospels look upon Jesus as a divinely *appointed* being, but John sees him as a divine-

ly *inhabited* being. The "Golden Proem," as those first few verses are called, sets the lofty pitch. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God, * * and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The scholars tell us that this is the Alexandrian philosophy invading and diluting the pure gospel. It may be. But it may be that John had caught up some of the finer thought of Jesus, which the other disciples did not understand. John, like Mary, "kept all these sayings in his heart," meditated upon them, and at last gave them to the world, perhaps himself, perhaps through some loved disciple of his own. Some living place there must have been where the Alexandrian graft could be set. But what matters it who said it? We are coming to see that it is true; that it shadows forth some mystical unity between the divine and the human. Seven great councils wrangled over the mystery and left it unsolved. To this day the divine and the human in Christ have stood facing each other like the two great halves of a sculptured arch, that had to be left apart for want of strength to bring them together. They had to wait until the progress of thought had taught us to know better what God is and what man is. God was too distant and strange, and man was too mean and weak for any hope of making them meet in one. But since then God has come nearer to us. Science has lifted matter into a dignity of its own, has redeemed it from the insults of the theologian,—has shown that it is all alive with divine life, and that God is not in heaven alone, but in the commonest haunts of humanity. And, on the other side, the science of mind has been burrowing down through the phenomena of human nature, and has found there traces of the same divine life that flows through physical nature. The modern love of nature is deep answering unto deep, the life of God in

the soul recognizing the life of God in the world. And history, looking away from the individual to the action of masses and generations, shows again how God has worked through the thinking of men, while the discovery of laws that control the seemingly capricious life of human societies, brings us face to face with the divine life in the race as a whole.

So man and God seem less strangers than they were of old. The mystery of the unity of the divine and the human in Christ, though it is still a mystery, is seen to be no more mysterious than the union of the divine and the human in every child of God. The ancient words glow with a familiar, though still a sacred meaning. The consciousness of Jesus is taken out of the hands of the theologian and is set, warm and living, into the souls of humble people. They recognize in it their own deepest experience. "Before Abraham was, I am," said the Master for us all. "I and the Father are one," was said of every true child of God. "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love,—not ours only, but His love—is perfected in us." And as God loves in our love, so He thinks in our thought, and reaches forward in our hope, and lays hold on hidden realities in our faith. Our longing and our ambition and our determination are the pressure of His onflowing life against the limits of time and mortality.

And now, if the thought of God directing us and using us gave us a sense of dignity, what shall we say of this thought of God dwelling in us, living in our life? Surely it ought to be a joy and a consecration beyond words. It has been in the world a long time. Chosen souls have been allowed a glimpse of it now and then. The Psalmist saw for a moment that he whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwelleth in the humble and contrite spirit, and it flamed up, as we have

seen, in the Christian faith. But it fell into the hands of clumsy and near-sighted theologians, who disgusted the world and bewildered themselves with their fumbings. To-day it begins again to whisper its strange music, and once more we hear it faintly. It is going to be the religion of the future. No more absentee gods and no more worship with artificial ceremonies! Ours shall be the God that lives in us, and the worship of Him shall be the purifying and ordering of the daily life to be fit for His indwelling. So the God that hides Himself shall reveal Himself more and more in us. Huxley says, with all the soberness of one who feels that he deals with solid facts, that we need only sharper ears to hear Nature's most delicate workings. The rush of the sap through the trees, he says, would sound like a mill-race, if our hearing were not so dull. But if our souls were delicate and sensitive enough, we should hear a finer current than that which fills the trees. We should hear that stream of divine life that pours through our thoughts and wills, and carries us on in all our yearnings and strivings. Some have heard it, and called it the divine voice. Of old, it seemed to come from lightnings and winds or from the heavens above. The ear never can tell the direction of sound at first. But as the inward ear grows keen, it perceives that the divine voice comes from no source without, but from within, from the deeper self. So spake the old Puritan Johnson in his quaint book, "The Wonder-working Providence:"

"God standeth not as an idle spectator beholding his people's truth and their enemies' rage, but as an actor in all actions, having also the ordering of every weapon in its first produce, guiding every shaft that flies, leading each bullet to his place of settling, and weapon to the wound it makes."

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SERMONS TO ALL SOULS.

AUTHORITY.

BY

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AUTHORITY.

"And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching; for he taught as one having authority, and not as their scribes."

MATTHEW VII: 28, 29.

According to Matthew it was the Sermon on the Mount that astonished the multitude. According to Mark and Luke, it was his first sermon, at Capernaum. In either case, or perhaps we might say in both cases, we have the record of what was a common feeling among the people whenever Jesus spoke, a sense of peculiar power, that drew their attention, as the scribes, the ordinary expounders of the Law, could not draw it.

What was the reason? Wherein lay this new and strange power of Jesus?

It did not lie always or necessarily in the originality of what he said. The Sermon on the Mount was by no means entirely new. It seems new to us because the New Testament is the only piece of literature of that day that most of us have ever read. We are apt to forget that there was a great deal thought and said, and, to some extent, written in Jesus' time upon matters of religion. The Jews were a people as interested in such things as our people are in matters of politics. When Jesus came the whole country was in a ferment of excitement about the coming Messiah and the kingdom of God, even more excited than we are at the time of a national election. There were men who were listened to eagerly by the people. Their sayings were treasured up and became common as household words.

Few of us know even their names now. We have scarcely heard of the great rabbis, Hillel and Schammai, or the great rebel whom multitudes thought was the expected Messiah, Judas, the Galilean. Even such a man as Gamaliel is barely known to us as the teacher of Paul, and Philo of Alexandria, though he had a powerful influence upon early Christianity, especially through the fourth Gospel, is to most of us but a name, if he is even that. And yet these men were men of power in their day, and their words were as familiar in the ears of the nation as the words of great political orators or writers are familiar to our people in times of political excitement. They were familiar to the young Jesus as he brooded in Nazareth, and they formed part of the material of his education. Some of his sayings which are most famous came from these thinkers of the day. The Golden Rule was uttered in a negative form, but with the same substance, by Hillel, before Jesus spoke it. "What is hateful to thyself, do not to thy neighbor." And again, while Jesus said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," Hillel had said before him: "Judge not thy neighbor till thou art in his place." And a great deal that Jesus said about the Messiah and the kingdom of God, though it seems novel and strange to us, was but the common talk of his day. Then there was a remarkable sect called the Essenes, who had withdrawn from city life and taken up their abode in the wilderness, many of whose precepts are strikingly like many of those in the Sermon on the Mount.

But part of the literature of that day we are familiar with,—what we now call the Old Testament, but which was then the *only* Testament, the only Scriptures which were considered sacred. This was almost the sole book of the people. It was the only book which the children ever hadot read, and the intensity with which it was

taught by every parent and learned by every child, has no parallel among us to-day. The young Jesus, like every other Jewish boy, had it at his tongue's end, and it was impossible that when he came to teach, he should not incorporate the best of the old wisdom with his own utterances. Few of us who have not studied the matter closely are aware how much of the doctrine of Jesus came directly out of the Psalms and the Prophets, or was directly suggested by them. We know how much he quoted, but we do not always know how much, whether he quoted it or not, was transplanted from the old teaching into the new. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," is the eleventh verse of the thirty-seventh Psalm. That heart-broken cry on the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" is the first verse of the twenty-second Psalm. The parable of the Lord of the Vineyard is a paraphrase of the first part of the fifth chapter of Isaiah, and that very figure of the house founded upon a rock, with which Jesus closed the teaching which so astonished the people, was perhaps suggested by some verses of Ezekiel. So we might go on with a longer list. Probably there are some parallels which are now beyond discovery.

This is not to say that Jesus brought no new words to the world,—far from it,—but only to say that it was not this originality that roused the attention of the multitude. Even if it could be proved that almost all that Jesus said had been said before him, that would only bring out the peculiar power of Jesus the more plainly. For the question would rise at once, what is the reason that these things, when they were first said, had so little influence upon the world, while this single personage took them into his hands and made them thunderbolts? To say a thing first may only mean that the sayer lived first, had the first chance to say it. But to make that saying a

power all around the world indicates a personal force that is no accident of time, but comes up from the heart of the universe. If Hillel, and long before him, Confucius, uttered the Golden Rule, why was it of no use till Jesus made it the central law of a mighty civilization? A child may discover the veins of gold in a ledge, but it takes a man to see what it is worth and to mint it into coin for a world's trade.

No, it was not merely what Jesus said, though it was that which stirred the religiously *blasé* hearts of the Jews who heard him. There was something in the way he said it that drove it home. Can we see clearly enough across the centuries to discover what this was? Can we hear that voice plainly enough through the Babel of theologies to distinguish what was the tone that vibrated in it, and that woke such strange and stirring echoes in the souls of its hearers?

I. The people of that day described that tone as a tone of authority, and not the tone of the scribes.

And yet the tone of the scribes was a tone of authority. The scribes were professional expounders and guardians of the Law. Originally they were what the printers of our time are, those who multiplied copies of the books of the day. It was a long and slow work to copy the sacred writings upon parchment rolls, and it gave employment to a distinct class of workmen. But because the writings were sacred, because they were of divine dictation, they must be copied very carefully, and some one must see that there were no mistakes. For a single mistake would be transmitted from copy to copy down the generations, and so in time the divine word would become diluted and distorted beyond recognition. So the scribes became the guardians of the Law, as well as its copyists, and from the guardians became the expounders of it to the people, who had no learning, or

time to get learning. So what the lawyers are to us who cannot unravel the tangled skein of statute and precedent, or even what the judge is who pronounces the final interpretation of the law, that the scribes became to the people of Israel. And probably, since the dawn of civilization, there has never had charge of the religion of a nation a set of minds so narrow, so material in their ideas of revelation, as these scribes were. When St. Paul said, "The letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive," he probably had in his mind the scribes whom he knew so well. To them the letter was everything. They exercised the utmost precaution to keep the letter from being injured. They counted the words, even the letters, in the Law, forward and backward. They fixed upon the middle word and the middle letter, and every manuscript copy had to be counted over with these and still more absurd precautions. And, having got the letter, they insisted upon the most literal application of it. And, not content with the application of it as it stood, they insisted on carrying out their inference from it into yet further detail, till the good ship could hardly sail for barnacles. Around petty laws they gathered still pettier traditions, till Jesus cried out with impatience, "Ye make the commandment of God of none effect by your traditions." At last religion became for the Jewish people, not a broad and generous trust in God and an earnest desire to live in a godly spirit, but an inconceivably complicated system of artificial observances, which kept the true son of Israel ever upon the rack lest he was doing something he ought not to have done or leaving undone something he ought to have done. No one who has not looked into the matter, can fully understand that tremendous outburst of wrath and contempt from Jesus upon the scribes and Pharisees, who took tithes of peppermint and anise and cummin,

but forgot the weightier matters of the Law, justice and mercy and faith. And yet, just because the Law was so complicated, the scribes spoke with authority about it, for any man who had not given his life to it, was at their mercy.

What did the people mean, then, when they said to each other that this man spake with authority, and not as the scribes? What could be more authoritative than the scribes?

II. Neither was it the miracles of Jesus that so impressed the multitude. In this Sermon on the Mount which they had just heard there is nothing miraculous, and there is no claim to any power of doing miracles. What impressed the people was a strange tone and manner, not any outward mighty work.

Setting aside the question whether any of the so-called miracles were actually done or not, the fact is historical that they had no effect on those that are said to have seen them. The one nation over whom Jesus had almost no power, was the Jews, before whom he is said to have done his mighty works. Even his disciples forsook him and fled at the last, and his own mother, who ought to have known all about the annunciation, the angelic choir, the shepherds and the mysterious star in the East, did not believe in him, though she clung to him with a mother's natural love. The one land where Christianity took no root, was the land which was the reputed scene of wonderful deeds that ought to have converted the most sceptical. The fact is, the power to work miracles, that is, the power to make the laws of nature deviate from their ordinary course, is no proof whatever of the possession of divine truth, no credential whatever of a message from God. It proves only what it shows, a certain degree of power over the forces of nature. If, as our fathers believed, the earth has been, ever since the fall of

Adam, in the power of Satan, and if thence came the seeming disorder and difficulties in it, the thorns and thistles, that followed the first sin, for instance, then to have power over it would prove rather that one came from Satan than from God. However that may be, no amount of command over material forces proves supernatural insight into spiritual truth. It goes no farther than to show that the performer of miracles has power enough over material forces to punish those who do not do what he tells them to do. When Cortez burst into Mexico with his fire-arms and his mail-clad horses and his power of foretelling eclipses, he seemed to them to be a worker of miracles, yet he was not a bearer of divine messages, but of destruction and corruption to an innocent and child-like people. No belief in miracles has ever availed to make man better, but only to cow their spirits and to deaden their reason and their will. So it came to pass that the Christianity that conquered the world came through Paul, who never had seen Jesus and who claimed him as the embodiment of ideas, not as the doer of miracles, and that the religion of Christ spread over lands which never had seen any mighty works, and which surrendered, not to any report of them, but to the living ideas which the name of Christ represented.

No, the authority of Jesus did not rest upon any miraculous power. Here was a man talking to men and enthraling them by something strange and powerful in his tone.

III. Can you explain that tone, then, by saying that he came from God? How did he come from God? Did the Almighty turn to him, as a king turns to a prince who stands by him at the court, and tell him to go down to earth, be born of a woman, subject himself to the weakness of infancy, the ignorance of youth, and

the anxieties of manhood, in order that he might reveal some new truth to men? That needs only to be stated to show its absurdity. And even if it could be done, what more would such a messenger be than another scribe? If one be merely the bearer only of a message, what difference does it make whether it be a message written of old or a message repeated to-day? It might be a truer message to-day than yesterday, larger, better adapted to the time, but he who bore it would still be but an interpreter of another's words, the teller of what would to-morrow be as cold and dead as the message of yesterday is to-day. Yet that is what many have seen in the gospels, only another Testament, only another list of rules, only another dictated and unchangeable set of texts.

And so we have had another set of scribes, earnest but narrow, scanning the letter with the microscopes of petty learning, balancing text against text, jot against jot, and tittle against tittle, till they have succeeded in making the Bible one of the least interesting books in the world to the multitude, a book to be laid upon centre tables, but as cold as the marble top on which it lies, and as seldom opened as the funereal parlor in which it slumbers.

But Jesus was not the speaker of divinely-framed sentences, not the bearer of a message to be anxiously preserved and microscopically studied. If he had been, God would not have left his words in the chaos of uncertainty in which they have floated down to us. He was the embodiment of a great life, and it was the life in him that spoke through his eyes and his tones and his gestures to the entranced multitude. There is no way of explaining that power except by the vague phrases with which we try to explain the mysterious power of other great presences. We call it personal magnetism, which

means only that the personality has attractive power like magnetism, which we knew before, and which is the very thing to be explained. It defies explanation. We can analyze the rays of the sun. We can separate them into chemical, light-giving, and heat-giving rays. We can spread them out into spectra, and make them tell us what vaporized metals have sent them forth. But who can analyze the power of personality? We feel it in very common life. One man will bluster and blaspheme and throw himself about, and his subordinates will care no more about him than if he were the crackling of the northern lights. But another man, like frail John Wesley, will walk quietly up to a mob and speak to it in cool and even tones,—and it will change to a flock of lambs. Who can say why? Whoever went to hear the late David Swing in Chicago saw a most disappointing man to look upon,—a face, not only plain, but, at first sight, not refined, a voice that would have made the fortune of a comedian, gestures that were sometimes not only so awkward, but so ludicrous, that they would have drawn the seriousness out of less lofty utterances, eyes that were almost constantly fixed upon his manuscript,—as little apparent outfit for a popular speaker as could be conceived. Yet every seat in the vast hall was taken, and he held the minds of all his hearers as a skilful chariot-driver holds his horses. When Napoleon came into the presence of the French Directory who had sent for him, the shrewd and worldly Lièges turned to his colleagues and said to them, aside, “Gentleman, this man is to be our master.” How did he know it? Napoleon was far younger than they. He was not physically stronger. He was not better armed. What was that mysterious power that shone out from him, not only upon the excitable French soldiers, but upon cool-headed

statesmen, and made them obey him or at least fear him? We can only call it. "personal power."

But what is personal power? It is the higher, finer, more internal power that dwells in the universe, coming up into human life, as the physical forces pour up into great trees or mighty storms or raging volcanoes. Not without law, but by laws which we cannot understand, the higher, intellectual, moral, spiritual forces of the divine life wait for the fulness of time to manifest themselves in the arena of human life. Sometimes those divine forces embody themselves in the quiet and regular growth of a whole people as they are embodying themselves to-day in a nation powerful and rapidly growing in the finer life, but almost entirely destitute of great men,—the people of the United States. Sometimes they manifest themselves in individuals far ahead of their time, seemingly out of connection with the conditions of their generation, but known forever after as great men, geniuses, masters in their several ranges of life. Men like Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Luther, Napoleon, Lincoln, are men that seem fresh from the fountains of the divine life and purpose. They have all been men who have felt, so far as they have thought about themselves at all, that they did not understand themselves, that they were in the hands of a mighty power behind them. Napoleon called himself a Man of Destiny, and we can see at this distance that God used him to put an end to much rubbish and feudal *débris*, and to lead in a new day, for France, for Europe, and for the world. Bismarck believes firmly that he has been an instrument in the hands of a higher power in all that he has done. Skobelev, the brave and chivalric Russian general, always went into battle with the sense of being in the hands of Almighty God. Great men are great, not by any invention or toil of their own, but by the gift of God, and the strange

power that gleams from their eyes and explodes from their wills, is in a very true sense the power of God, acting in them. Mixed with much human weakness and error it may be, tampered with, diluted, and often misused, yet God has his way with his lieutenants, and the world is never the same when they are gone as when they came.

Now, if I speak of Jesus in so close connection with the great men of history, it is not because I do not set a great space between them, but because, however distant he may be in the loftiness of his character, in the dignity of his work, in the effect he has had upon the world, and, most of all, in the perfect transparency with which the purpose of God shone through him, stained and distorted by no self-will or selfish designs,—he yet is, like great men, the instrument of God, the channel of the divine life into the world. To some degree, as we have seen, he was a blossoming out of the Jewish life, the fruit of the best that was in psalmist and prophets. He drew into himself the finest juices of the stem on which he grew. He could not have been what he was, had not Isaiah and Daniel, Maccabee and Essene been what they were. When God makes a rose, he does not make it in the air or on the top of a ledge, but out of the life of a rose bush. But as the rose has something which the bush had not, a color, a fragrance, a texture all its own, so Jesus, blooming on the stem of Israel, had a spiritual delicacy and power which never had been before. That was God's gift to him, and through him to the world. And as the rose is its own witness and draws attention by its own splendor and sweetness, because the new life of God has entered the world just there, so what men called the authority of Jesus, was the shining through him of the new truth and light which God had chosen to make manifest to the world then and there. Indeed,

it was not the authority of the scribes. They had no life of their own, but were merely the keepers of an herbarium whose flowers once had bloomed, and of a museum whose fossils once had walked. It was the authority of the truth that comes, not through the eyes that read another's books, but through the soul to whom God has given to see and think and feel for itself.

The truth is its own authority. It can be only presented to the world, and such as are ready for it know it and receive it. Such as are not ready for it cannot receive it, though it comes attended with miracles that turn the world upside down and the heavens inside out. Still the truth would remain outside of their souls, a dogma, a ceremony, an institution to be worshipped, but not a seed of life to be lived. It is sad to think how few even of that multitude who felt the mystery of the bearing of Jesus, ever knew what it meant, or were any better for feeling it than for seeing some strange meteor shoot among the quiet stars. But it is good to think how many who never looked upon the face of Jesus or heard his voice, have felt that tone of authority in his words as they have read them, and, not by any gaping at miracles but by the sensitiveness of their souls, have felt their hearts burn within them as they have talked with him by the way.

A TRIBUTE
TO
LEWIS GLOVER PRAY

BY
REV. W. H. LYON.

48
LEWIS GLOVER PRAY.

An Address

IN THE
MOUNT PLEASANT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH,
ROXBURY.

BY
REV. W. H. LYON.

BOSTON.

1882.

ADDRESS

AT THE FUNERAL OF LEWIS G. PRAY, OCTOBER 11, 1882.

WHILE the multitude outside are greeting their Chief Magistrate with the clangor of brass and the tramp of military feet, we are assembled here in silence and separation to do honor to the memory of a good man. We offer here no *ex officio* homage; we bring the unfeigned and unforced admiration of our hearts to natural virtue and grace of character.

I shrink from the task of speaking for you what you think and feel about the life that has just closed; not because there is so little that is pleasant to say; not, as so often happens, because there is any thing unpleasant to say, over which I must glide gently while knowing that my hearers all have it in mind, — most certainly not for these reasons; for if I should speak unreservedly what I think about this serene and gentle life, I am afraid I should seem to have no power of discrimination, so high and unbroken my

praise must be, — no, but because it has been given me to know our friend only in the twilight of his life, when the shining character had already begun to go below the horizon, and when I could only judge from his subdued brightness and feebler strength what he had been in his morning and his noonday. I wish that some old and tried friend, who had known by constant companionship the grace and strength of his character, could speak to you out of his experience. But I know how few of those friends have been able to keep up with him in his long march, and how few can stand by him, now that he has fainted in his path. So I take up the trust which the family has placed before me, glad that it is allowed me to say something about a character which I loved and revered, though I know how far short of the reality my picture must fall.

In thinking of our friend's life, the first thing that strikes us is its *length*. It is especially striking when we place it by the side of our national history, for he was an old man in a young country. He was born in 1793, when the constitution of the United States was only five years old, and Washington had just entered upon his second presidential term. That is a time which seems practically as far off to this gen-

eration as the days of Queen Elizabeth. He was eighty-nine years of age last August, and his life thus stretched over more than one third of the whole period since the first white man landed on our shores. He has seen the population of the country grow from four to fifty million, and Boston increase from a town of twenty thousand to a city of three hundred and fifty thousand. He was already a man of business when the War of 1812 ended, and he was already an old man when the Civil War began. What was more to him is that he lived to see the education in the public schools of the city, for which he did so much, become celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic, and the denomination at whose birth he assisted become an acknowledged and respected power in the religious world.

A long life, and yet as *happy* as it was long. Centuries ago a sacred writer of the time said that "the days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow." The days of his years were more than threescore years and ten by nearly another score, and yet they brought neither labor nor sorrow. He had retired from business at an early age, with means enough to keep the fear of

want at a comfortable distance, so that his declining years were not saddened by those material pressures which are hardest then to bear; and, though never a strong man, he had health enough to enable him to be busy through most of his years. In fact, it might be said that it was not by reason of strength that he reached his fourscore years and nine, but rather by reason of weakness, for he early learned that valuable lesson,—to know his limits, and, by taking care of what strength he had, he lived longer than perhaps would have been possible for a stronger and rasher man, though it is a question whether even his wisdom could have kept him in health without the watchful and unremitting care of one of the most faithful of wives. But, surrounded by her love and by the affection and respect of those who have lived with him so many years, he passed a life so uniformly happy that he often said in his last days, what I am afraid few of us could say with such truth, that, if he could, he would be willing to live his whole life all over again without changing an hour. It seems to me that in an age where so much is said about life not being worth living, when speculative pessimism has reached the dignity of a philosophy, the testimony which comes to us out of a life so long and so truly

wise ought to show us how much the profit of life depends upon our own conduct and management. The following poem, to me the sweetest he ever wrote, well expresses the calm happiness of his life : —

ECHOES FROM A SICK CHAMBER.

Brief time ago — it seems the briefest time ago —
 That I began my journey here ;
 And now to go — it seems as if the time to go
 Was near, — oh, how exceeding near !

Life hath been sweet — to me it hath been very sweet —
 In vital progress, joy, and love ;
 But not complete ; to none, to none, complete :
 The perfect only is above.

To come not mine, — the will to come not mine, —
 But His, the greatest, wisest, best ;
 To go not thine, O soul ! the will to go not thine ;
 Then wait, and bow to His behest.

I waiting stood — but yesterday I waiting stood —
 Upon the very brink of Time ;
 And Death's dark flood — between me rolled but Death's
 dark flood,
 And Heaven's Elysian, fragrant clime.

And still I wait—since He has spared, I calmly wait—
For Him to set my spirit free ;
Then pass the gate, if so I may, the golden gate,
Where souls redeemed shall happy be.

And yet it would be wrong to infer that because this life was happy it was therefore idle or self-centred. Our friend was not happy because he had tried to be happy, but rather because he forgot himself in caring for others. It was not the life of Ecclesiastes, who found the world vanity, after "whatsoever his eyes desired, he kept not from them," but the life of the gospel, in which "he that loseth his life shall find it." From the very beginning of his independent life he was interested in enterprises outside his private concern. He held political trusts at a time when the connection between public office and public service was more easily to be traced than it seems to be to-day. He was one of the committee who drafted and secured the charter of this city, and may therefore be truly called, in the old Roman phrase, a Father of the City. He did valuable service in the School Committee, in the Common Council, and the Legislature of the State. But his happiest activity was in religious affairs. When the Congregational body divided into the Trinitarian

and Unitarian parties, he threw his presence and influence on the side of the latter, and never lost the keenest interest in its welfare. He was one of the original incorporators of the Twelfth Congregational Society, of which Dr. Barrett was so long the pastor, and for thirty-three years was the superintendent of its Sunday School. In the American Unitarian Association, he was a member of the executive committee. Of the Unitarian Sunday School Society he was the treasurer for nineteen years, and its chief agent for seven. He threw himself heart and soul into this work. He loved children, and children loved him. I have been surprised to find, by chance remarks made to me during my short stay in Roxbury, how many men and women are now living among us who remember and appreciate Mr. Pray as their teacher or superintendent in the Sunday School. He could never do enough for the spiritual welfare of the young. He published, in 1833, the first book of hymns, if I mistake not, which was issued in New England for Sunday Schools. He wrote a history of Sunday Schools from their foundation ; and the last literary work of his life was a hymn for the anniversary of the Children's Mission last April. This was the work upon which he seemed to have looked back

with most satisfaction, as I think this little poem which was found among his papers will show.

MY MONUMENT.

A spot of earth but six feet long,
With grass-green sods all cover'd o'er,
Border'd with sweetest flow'rs along :
What, this, and nothing more ?

If some fond soul, by friendship mov'd,
Should seek the spot thus chosen here,
And yearn to show how much he lov'd,
Just let him drop a tear.

If urg'd the wish to mark the spot
By marble, stone, or cenotaph,
Then be it humble as his lot,
And this the epitaph :

He liv'd,—he lov'd,—he wrought,—he died,
Inspired and led by Christian rule ;
To mend the world in faith he tried,
And loved the Sunday School.

I have not exhausted the list of his activities: I did not mean to do so. But I think I have named enough to show that his life was not only *long*, but *broad*. It overflowed the banks of a merely busi-

ness and self-interested career, and refreshed and stimulated the wide fields of interest which stretched through the community on both sides of him. Business life in these days of the division of labor tends to become narrow. It is of necessity confined to the strait path of specialties. All the more, then, does it need to have some broader interests, some wider fields, in which the mind and heart can play, as we used to play in the large meadows when we got out of the confined schoolroom. This freedom and breadth of interest our brother certainly had. For, besides these public activities which I have named, he had a never-failing source of interest in literature. When the day's business was over, and the store had been closed and left behind, then he ran to pen and paper, as to old friends from whom only dire necessity could have parted him, and wrote often far into the night. He was especially fond of poetry, mostly of a religious cast, but some of a lyric turn, which he collected and had printed for private distribution in two volumes. Besides these and the works on the Sunday School which I have mentioned, he wrote, by request, a history of the Twelfth Congregational Church, and a memoir of its pastor, Dr. Barrett. In all, I count nine volumes

which have come from his pen. As he said in the preface to one of them, they "occupied and beguiled many a leisure hour, in sickness and in health," and fed and satisfied those higher parts of his nature which a life of mere business must have starved.

And over all this life there was poured a sweet serenity. It was a *calm* life. It was not a life of vehement struggle, either without or within. As to his outward life, his path led through green pastures and by still waters. As to material prosperity, the prayer of Agur was answered to him very early. He had neither poverty nor riches, but the food that was convenient for him; neither so much as to make him devote his life to money-getting, nor so little as to deprive him of the foundation of an easy life or the luxury of doing good to others. The fierce struggle which ill-success forces upon many men was mercifully spared to one who had no fitness for it. His political honors were such as came naturally to him. He did not enter the arena and strive for them. His literary work gave outlet to his tastes, and gratified his circle of friends, without carrying him into the troubled and troubling atmosphere of fame. His labor in religious affairs was such as he loved, and was not such as to carry him into controversy or con-

flict. So his outward life was upon the whole a peaceful one. And it was the outgrowth of a peaceful life within. His character was rather gentle than vehement; it was not made up of hot passions and struggling ambitions in constant warfare with strong impulses to good. His religious life was not born to him, as in so many cases, like that of John Bunyan, with fierce travail and pain. It was the natural development of his inner life. And his whole moral career seems to have been a quiet growth, from the blade to the ear, and from the ear to the full and very sweet corn in the ear. His influence in the world came, as Dr. Bellows said of Dr. Channing, not by blows but by pressure. In fact, I think he was of the gentle and spiritual class, of which Dr. Channing was the type of his day. Like him, our brother was shielded from the rough storms of the outward world; and, like him, loved gentle and spiritual ways of dealing with his fellow-men. His life was like a smooth-gliding river; and in looking over his poems I find a little translation from an inscription over a French fountain, which probably struck his fancy because it so agreed with his life.

“Forever fresh, abundant, clear,
A calm descent my movements sway;
So, friend of nature, have no fear,
Whose days thus gently glide away.”

We may crown the thought of our brother by saying that his was a *good* life. I do not mean by this merely that it was a life that conformed to outward rules of goodness, but that it was a life which was good from an inward principle. He had a nature which was as sensitive to the distinctions of right and wrong as the photographic plate to the variations of light and shadow, and he bent to the light and from the darkness as instinctively as a plant. This was so marked in him at an early age that his father thought of educating him for the ministry, but was discouraged by an old clergyman to whom he applied for advice, and who told him that the profession was too full already. I doubt if it was, or is yet, too full of such men as he; but it is a fair question whether the world has lost or gained by the decision. That natural sensitiveness to moral distinctions and spiritual truths, and that natural love for the moral and spiritual natures of other people, which was so deep in him, would have made the best foundation for a true ministry. But, on the

other hand, the world gained what it needs fully as much as an earnest minister, if not more, a man who carried the spirit of a true ministry out into the every-day life of every-day people,—a spirit that was perhaps all the more effective because it could seem professional. Men suspect, and rightly suspect, a character that is made where the temptations of common life are absent, and where all the traditions and circumstances conspire to keep it outwardly unspotted. They are likely to respect a life which is good, not apart from the turmoil and snares of business life, but in the midst of and in spite of them. And no one can overestimate the support which such a man can give to a church—one who is not interested merely in keeping the financial and social foundations strong, but who sympathizes and helps in the work of building that spiritual superstructure which is the church, and without which there is no church, however abundant the money or lively the social organization. And if I were to sum up any impression of his life in a single phrase, that phrase would be this: He was a lay-minister. There are lay-preachers, who stand at the street corners or in public halls and gather men about them to hear their words. But this man did

“not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard up in the streets.” He was a lay-minister—one who, out of a spiritual life of his own, stimulated and nourished the spiritual life of others. He loved the beauty and the playfulness of children, but underneath their pretty ways, he saw the budding soul, and loved that most of all. He loved the companionship and the interests of his fellow-men ; but, beneath their social and business life, he saw the undercurrent of spiritual life, and this life he tried to quicken. This is true Christian ministry.

And now what shall I say to those who mourn the departure of this life? Not much, for this is not the place for such words. Not much, for the life is more than any eulogy, and its own unsyllabled story brings more comfort than any spoken exhortation.

Two things, however, are clear. First, that we may well be thankful for the life that has been. That it was so long, so happy, so active, so serene, so naturally good, is a boon for which no amount of gratitude can be enough. We cannot tell why old age and death should come at all ; but, as the limits of human possibility are now set by the Infinite Wisdom, comparing his life with the short and

unsatisfactory lives which have come and gone while he has run his serene course, we may well rest content. For no old age could have been more beautiful, no more willing and trustful death could have crowned his long years. If there be any who doubt whether the faith which he lived by was a faith to die by, they have here their answer.

And as you may well be thankful for the past, so you may well be trustful for the future. Such lives do not die. There is no argument for a future life like a pure and aspiring life here. Its path was always upward. It has not changed because the cloud of death has hid it from your sight. It is upward still. In some new form it is absorbed already in some new activity.

“Yes, in some far shining sphere
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live,
 Prompt, unwearied, as here.”

FROM A SERMON ON
"THE LESSONS OF DEATH."

DELIVERED OCTOBER 15, 1882.

THERE are two lives, which have reached their earthly limit during the year, from which, I am sure, we are all glad to learn a lesson. I shall speak only of one point in each.

That long life, which turned the corner of its ninth decade as if it were determined to reach the end of its century, but which so soon got tired and gave up its purpose, interested me more by its breadth than by its length. For length of life is a question of body, but breadth is a question of mind. Remembering how interested she * was, not only in those practical affairs which claimed her attention as a wife and mother, but in literature; how she joined with her sons in their college studies, and to the very last

*Mrs. Margaret Wiley, sister of Mrs. Pray, who died June 11, 1882, aged 91 years.

kept her interest in other languages than her own, — I feel the question rising to my mind whether there is not a suggestion here which younger lives may follow to-day. I know that the duties of the household are many and absorbing, and I would not have any woman forget that a narrow life of duty is nobler than the broadest life of accomplishments, if that is all. But still the question rises out of that silent life, whether there is any woman's life in these more favored days which cannot be made broader and richer than it is, cannot have interests apart from the routine of work, which shall refresh and cultivate the mind, and take it out of that narrow range of trivial gossip and personal adornment which is so often the only alternative to work? This is a grand age for women to live in, and if any of those who knew our friend shall receive encouragement to enter any of the many opportunities which lie open before them, her life will have its reward.

I can say but this word of her, as I pass on to speak of that other long life which ended a week ago. There are many things to be said about it, and I have already said some of them. But there is one which deserves mention in this place, and I shall speak of him as what I may call the *sympathetic lay-*

man. I said last Sunday that everybody admits that the Unitarian Churches have had an influence upon the religious history of this country out of all proportion to their numbers. I may add to-day, that, while this is due in part to the noble men who have stood in its pulpits, like Channing, and Ephraim Peabody, and Dr. Bellows, it is due also to the noble men who have sat in the pews, and who have joined with the clergy in understanding the meaning and importance of the work in which they were engaged. A grand body have the Unitarian laymen been. I do not mean merely those who are known throughout the country, and some throughout the world: jurists, like Story and Shaw; poets, like Longfellow and Bryant; philanthropists, like Peter Cooper; statesmen, like John Quincy Adams; and merchants, like Amos Lawrence; but the staunch and earnest men of smaller fame, who have quietly put their shoulders to the wheel and given impetus to the liberal movement. Among these was the friend of whom I am speaking. He was one of those valuable helpers who joined the liberal church, not because they must go somewhere and found that church the nearest, not because of any social or business interest, not because it offered an opportu-

nity to become prominent in a small way,—but because they believed thoroughly in the truth and the value of Liberal Christianity. They felt the harshness and unloveliness of the old creeds. They felt the warmth and cheerfulness of the new faith. So they knew why they came to liberal churches, and they were genuine and intelligent supporters of the men who spoke to them from the pulpit. The suggestion therefore which I would draw from our friend's life is the *continued* value and need of sympathetic laymen to-day. I do not say we have none. I do not say we have any less than in earlier days. I say only that we need more.

✧ Church Music ✧

BY

REV. W. H. LYON.

CHURCH MUSIC.*

AT the beginning of the last century, the excellent Judge Sewall used to come home from church very much disheartened about the music. The struggle with nature had not left much room for art. Moreover, the Puritans had little desire for music. Some one has said that they sang in church, not because they liked to sing, but because the Scripture commanded them to sing. And even then, if we may judge from their manner of singing, they felt very much like the good Scotch woman, who was protesting against taking walks on Sunday, and was reminded that Jesus himself did so: "Yes," said she, "and I never thought any more of him for it." In England, they had broken the organs and turned out the fine choirs, and brought to this country only a few psalm tunes already melancholy and tottering with age. The Rev. Thomas Walter, of Roxbury, writing in 1721, said, "At present we are confined to 8 or 10 tunes, and in some congregations to little more than half that number." It might have been expected that our forefathers would have been economical with this scanty store; but it seems that these four or five tunes, like pebbles on the beach, had been worn into such sameness by constant motion that, during the pause when the lines were deaconed out, it was often forgotten what was the tune at the beginning, so that a congregation was liable to sing its entire *répertoire* to a single hymn. Hence the sadness of the thrifty Sewall. "I set Windsor tune; and, at the second going over, it ran into Oxford, do what I would." And again, "In the morning, I set York tune; and, in the second going over, the gallery carried it irresistibly to St. Davids, which

* I am indebted for many historical facts to F. L. Ritter, "Music in America," Charles Scribner's Sons, 1883, and J. S. Dwight, "Our Dark Age in Music," *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1882.

discouraged me very much." "Once," he says, "we sang all the ordinary tunes." This ungovernable lust for variety showed itself not only in changing the tunes sung to the same hymn, but in singing the same tune in several different ways. "Yea," said the Rev. Mr. Walter, "I myself heard (for instance) Oxford tune sung in *three* churches with as much Difference as there can possibly be between York and Oxford, or two other different tunes." Yet so dear were these few strains that it seemed as if a congregation, when it began to sing one of them, never wished to drop it, but rolled every note like a sweet morsel under the tongue. "This," said the impatient Walter, fatigues "the singer with a tedious Protraction of the Notes beyond the Compass of a Man's Breath, and the Power of his Spirit: a Fault very frequent in the Country, where I myself have twice in one Note paused to take Breath. . . . I have observed in many Cases one Man is upon this Note, while another is a Note before him, which produces something so hideous and disorderly, as is beyond Expression bad. And then, . . . much Time is taken up in shaking out Turns and Quavers; and besides no two Men in the Congregation quaver alike, or together; which sounds in the Ears of a Good Judge, like *five hundred* different tunes roared out at the same time."

It must indeed have been hard for good judges of music to go to church in those days, and the tithing-man should have been very merciful to them. The ministers, like John Cotton and the Apostle Eliot, did their best to make some improvement; but they were resisted with the utmost energy. Scripture, reason, and experience were strained to the utmost to furnish arguments against new music books or singing masters. But good sense and good taste began at last to prevail. In the second quarter of the last century, singing societies sprang up. Good singers were differentiated from the bad; and, gradually, we can trace the assembling, in some part of the meeting-houses, of knots of musical people, as we see the nucleus gathering in the mass of protoplasm. We have here the germ of the modern

choir, and I ask you to follow with me the various stages by which this tyrant of to-day climbed from humble beginnings to its present haughty height.

The *Annals of King's Chapel** contains a sarcastic reference, made about 1710, to "a few persons huddled together in one corner of the church, who sung to the praise and glory of themselves, for the entertainment and often to the weariness of the congregation." Here, we have the slight cloudiness in the protoplasm which betokens a coming development. In the year 1752, says the History of Rowley, "The parish voted that those who had learned the art of singing may have liberty to sit in the front gallery." Little did that worthy town know what it was doing! Here was the choir full formed and charged with dangerous life and independence. It was not long before the simple duty of leading the congregational singing became insipid. The choir ventured upon a hymn by itself, then upon an anthem, then upon a solo. By this time, society outside was developed enough to differentiate into professional musicians. These were soon established in the choir gallery, and began their haughty reign. The ministers, who had pleaded for choirs, now, alarmed, began to plead against them. But it was too late. Nothing could check this proud consciousness of importance. The struggle between the two ends of the church began. The first victim was the deacon, whose business it was to line out the hymn. The parish of Rowley, in an unguarded moment of the year 1785, had voted to "desire the singers, male and female, to sit in the gallery, and will allow them to sing once on each Lord's day without reading by the deacon." It was but a short time before the usurping choir resolved to extinguish that functionary altogether. Instead of waiting for him to give out the successive lines, they sang straight through to the end, and drowned out the poor man's voice. One sturdy deacon, we are told, waited patiently till they had finished, and then, putting on his spectacles again, said quietly, "Now let the people of God

* By Rev. H. W. Foote, vol. i., p. 207.

sing," etc. But, in Worcester, good Deacon Chamberlain, having in vain tried to match his single voice against the hydra-headed monster of the gallery, burst into tears, and left the church.

The triumphant choir, their appetite whetted by the blood of the deacon, next fastened their greedy eyes upon the minister. We all know the contest with that excellent concomitant of the church, and its result. The first step in the attack was to move the gallery. As the sly Greeks were conveyed into Troy in the wooden horse, so were the insidious choir, under pretence of more easily leading the musical worship of the people, conveyed to the front of the church, and thus established directly in the rear of the defenceless clergyman. From that moment, their triumph was insured. They bombarded him with anthems of most fearful and wonderful complexity, and solos that rattled with roulades and trills like a Gatling gun. They quenched his sermon with hymns of exactly opposite import, and baffled his prayers with "responses" from the latest opera. As for the congregation, they had long been put to silence. If a single hymn were allowed them, the choir rushed it through with contemptuous haste, or, suddenly lowering their tones with unexpected regard to the sentiment, left the few voices that had dared to lift themselves in the pews standing out against the stillness like brass bands at midnight, and pierced to the soul with a shame-faced sense of unwarrantable intrusion. It became plainer and plainer to watchful observers, very plain to the minister, that people were coming to church for the sake of the music, and that the idea was spreading that the way to "run" a church was to increase the appropriation for the choir, at whatever cost to any other department. Could the triumph of the choir go farther? It did go farther. It already had the old order of service under its feet. It now proceeded to invent and impose a new one, called "Vespers." This was the triumphal procession of the once humble choir, in which its old antagonists were led publicly captive. It consisted of a number of musical selections in which the talents of

the choir were displayed to the best advantage, unhampered by too nice regard for other sentiments than musical. The congregation were reduced to silence. The minister was allowed only to interpolate here and there a short passage of Scripture, or a timid little prayer, or a bit out of an old sermon,—the purpose of these interruptions being to give the attention of the congregation a rest between the musical efforts, or to keep the solos apart, as the boy in the lumber yard puts sticks between the planks as they are piled up. With the invention of the “Vesper Service,” the advance of the choir seems at present to pause. What new developments of its power may be expected—whether it will allow the minister to remain in the church or, if so, to what position it will assign him—time only can show.

Such has been the history of church music in New England. The change has been very great from the drawling psalm of the Puritan to the exquisite quartette music of our own day. But it would not be entirely unjust to describe the change in this way,—that the Puritan had good religion and poor music, while we often have good music and poor religion. I doubt if there is any sensitive man, who realizes the purpose for which churches are built, who does not often feel that the music of the professional choir, however beautiful as music, does not further that purpose very much, and often really hinders it. We need not utterly disparage it. We know well how often it has done us good. There are Vespers which are very soothing and refreshing. But, if we think of it, we shall see that there is something in the very idea and constitution of a professional choir that makes it an element of danger to a genuine religious service. *You* have come to church, it is to be hoped, to have your hearts warmed, your wills strengthened, your souls lifted to where the Holy Spirit can breathe through and through them, and make them sweet and clean. Your minister is there, because you have confidence in his personal character, in his earnestness and consecration, because his bearing has the dignity and simplicity which become one who meditates and mediates divine things. You would not

endure from him for a moment any airs of elocution, or evident acting of a part, or any vain consciousness of personal attractions or talents.

But is it quite so with your choir? They are not there because they have any special interest in your church or in moral or religious subjects, not because of any excellence of personal character or seriousness of purpose. On the contrary, they may betray by their bearing and dress the most frivolous worldliness, and they may put on the airs and affectations of the concert hall. They may have made their reputation in comic opera, and be so well known in certain rôles as to carry with them unavoidably reminders and associations utterly incongruous with the spirit of the church, however grateful we may be to them for their pleasant ministrations to our careworn minds elsewhere. Nay, it is not hard to recall cases in which men and women have stood up before congregations as their representatives in the most fervent appeals to the Holy One, and have taken the most sacred words upon their lips, whom not one of that congregation would have in his house. These are extreme cases, of course, and rare ones, yet, under the circumstances, not surprising. I intend no slight upon salaried singers in general. I have been one myself, and, were I not a minister, would be glad to be one again. But it is out of this experience that I speak, when I plead that you cannot reasonably expect that the people whom you employ merely as musicians should have any other than a musical interest in your worship. Their duty is to give music; and they will perform that duty most faithfully, because it is also a delight to them. Moreover, they will give a religious tone to what they sing, because it is a musician's business to sing with proper expression, as it is the business of an elocutionist to interpret properly what he reads. And just as a celebrated actor is said to have repeated the Lord's Prayer to an evening company with most thrilling effect, so a good soloist or quartette will render hymns or anthems sometimes so as to touch the heart. There are also singers who are truly religious, and render their music with sincere

feeling. But, after all, in the vast majority of cases, the professional choir naturally approach their music from the æsthetic side, not from the religious. And, when they have but moderate taste and skill, the incongruity which we so often feel between their music and the spirit of the place is simply the result which we ought to expect. That is why we have the operatic solo, the exciting wrestle of the quartette with an anthem too large for it, the setting of beautiful hymns to the music of Italian love songs,—as if St. Jerome and Juliet were walking up the aisle together,—and the military or dance music, to which we are hustled out of church at the end. That is why one of our Boston ministers was amazed at finding that his part of an ordination service was to be preceded by an “Ave Maria.” He could perhaps put up with an unaltered *Te Deum* or a hymn to the Trinity; but to call upon the Virgin Mary was a little too much, even for a Unitarian. But all these are not mere accidents. They are natural results of the situation. You have employed your choir as musicians, and they have given you what they call good music. It is your own fault, if you are driven to say at last with the ancient preacher: “I gat me men-singers and women-singers, . . . and behold it was all vanity and striving after wind, and there was no profit under the sun.” *

What shall we do, then, to have music worthy of the Church? First, we must have a true and clear conception of why we go to church, and then of why we should have music there. There are those who bluntly say that the Church of to-day is a feeble survival from a state of things which is rapidly passing away; that people no longer go to do their souls good, but to have “at one end of the church dignified and polished oratory, at the other sensuous and ravishing strains of music, and in the territory between unexceptionable manners and rich and stylish apparel”; † and that, if this be true, all objection to unreligious music is mere sentimentality. It cannot be denied that this is practically, though not always quite consciously, the conception

* Eccl. ii., 8, 11.

† The Century, August, 1884, p. 638.

of a church which many people have, and the conception in accordance with which many churches are managed. I shall not try to refute it, but simply say that, if it prevail, the Church is close upon its end. This is an age, whatever we may say of it in other respects, which hates shams. It may for a time amuse itself with an institution which, while pretending to deal with earnest things, is really a social club, with elegant appointments and æsthetic delights; but it cannot be long before the most sensible and sincere must ask themselves: "Why should we have this mixture of sham and reality? Let us drop the sham religion, and have our real musical and oratorical entertainment unmingled and unrestrained." I should hope it would be so. I would rather a thousand times have the world sincerely unreligious than hypocritically and amateurishly religious. If the time has come when religion is no longer a reality to us, and we are bored with appeals to our faith and conscience, let us pretend no longer, but convert our churches into concert halls and lecture rooms, and take our pleasant entertainment with a frank face.

There is another conception of the use of music in church, which is more common and more openly expressed. It is that we must have fine music, to draw people in and fill our pews. It is not for any minister to enlarge on the failure of his profession to attract large congregations. But I should like to quote the opinion of one who certainly is not prejudiced against the value of fine music in church. Mr. Eugene Thayer, the well-known organist, has said: * "We have all seen churches where for a little while attractive music seemed to augment the number of worshippers. There is not a case on record where this device did not ultimately fail. Nothing but the word of God, preached by one able and consecrated, ever did or ever will permanently fill the church." We all know what class of people are drawn in by mere displays of music. They are the "ecclesiastical tramps," who have no sense of responsibility beyond their unavoidable obligations, who use churches as they do the

public parks,—as places to stroll into on pleasant Sundays,—who rarely hire sittings, and, if they do, having no attachment to the church on the better side of their nature, soon drift away to some new attraction. The church that relies upon them is built upon the sands, and it takes a very small flood indeed to overthrow it.

That church alone can permanently prosper which is built upon the rock of fidelity to its professed purpose. This purpose we know to be not simply the instruction of the mind, but the appeal to the better emotions of the heart and soul. But there is nothing that has more power over the emotions than music. It is a threefold power. It awakens, it expresses, and it intensifies. The music of the dance awakens the desire for rhythmic motion, it frees the desire in expression, and by the very expression it deepens the joy. The music of war arouses the spirit of the coward, it gives his soul an outlet in song, and it fires him to frenzy as he rushes to battle. So there is music that awakens, expresses, and intensifies the emotions which the Church lives to cultivate,—hope, cheerfulness, repentance, resignation, awe, adoration, faith. This is the music that churches may have and ought to have. To say that all music is essentially religious is to say that all color is red or that all books are moral. Some kinds of music are as unfit for hymns as *Punch* for a Prayer-Book. There is no one who does not feel that a waltz is not appropriate for a funeral or that the “Dead March in Saul” is out of place at a pleasant evening party. And yet these are only illustrations of a general principle, which must be applied in the church, and the want of application of which causes the failure of very much of so-called sacred music to touch the better nature. It is not the time, even if I had the ability, to go into detail as to what music should be selected. But it may be said that most quartette music, though it may be very beautiful, lacks the power to touch any depths in the soul. It plays lightly about the ears, but it has not the dignity and the weight which are needed to make any deep impression. But, if any one would know practically the

power which music may have to soften and to refresh his heart, let him, on his way to his own church, step into some Catholic church; and then, with the solemn, solid tones of that organ and that choir still sounding in his ears, let him go on to where his favorite quartette are wrestling with their choice anthem, and he may possibly realize what is meant by musical frippery and moral feebleness.

There are, however, some things to be said of the manner of rendering church music which are worth considering now.

First, there is the value of congregational singing. It is a rule, to which I know no exception in the history of Christianity, that every renewal and deepening of religious life has been marked by the glad and united singing of the people themselves. Religious earnestness and singing by proxy have always flourished in inverse proportion to each other. The first Christians sang their own psalms. When the tide of Christian zeal ebbed away, the professional singers emerged again, like rocks on the flats. At the dawn of the Reformation, the reawakened hearts of the people sang like the birds at sunrise. Wiclif's Lollards were named from the word *lollen*, to sing. Bishop Jewel, speaking of the Reformation in Queen Elizabeth's day, said: "Nothing promoted it more than inviting the people to sing psalms. That was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself, not only through the city, but in the neighboring places. Sometimes, at Paul's Cross there will be six thousand people singing. This was very grievous to the Papists."* Luther's chorals and Wesley's hymns came not more from their hearts than from the general religious earnestness. The High Church awakening of this century and Mr. Moody's revival were both marked by the most natural return of congregational singing. And you may have noticed that whenever even the coolest and daintiest of Unitarians get close enough together to get warm, as in Conference or anniversary meetings, they sing as if they were trying to make up the arrears of a lifetime. Now, perhaps it is beginning at the wrong end to urge con-

* Quoted in Green's *Short History of the English People*.

gregational singing upon any churches which may not have the religious life that makes it natural; but it ought to be seen, at least, that it is the ideal church music, as it is the most sincere, hearty, and sensible. Surely, it is better to sing our own praises and thanks to God, if we can, than to do it through others. Nothing can spread the sense of fellowship in worship through a congregation so thoroughly and warmly as union in song. Nothing can lift the minister to his best so effectively as the tide of his people's singing pouring up under and around him. It is worth a great deal of labor and study to secure the unity of the spirit in the bond of song.

Shall we have a precentor to lead the congregation? Yes, if we must; but there is something awkward and unnatural about him and his bâton, something that takes away a little of the charm of an unmanaged, spontaneous congregational singing. But why can we not have a chorus choir? When I lean back in my chair in those many moments when it is so much easier to dream than to work, and look through the coals of the open fire to where my church in Spain stands waiting for me, I see my congregation standing and singing. I see the burnished pipes of the organ rising high before them; and, in the gallery in front of it, I see fifteen or twenty, or possibly thirty, of my young men and women. They are the choir. They have formed this little musical club, and they are glad to do so much toward the worship and welfare of the church. Perhaps they sing an anthem at the beginning, which they have zealously rehearsed during the week; and it has not done them the least harm to save one evening from the dance or the skating-rink for such work as this. They lead off in the responses and glorias which the order of service provides. But they are at their best when their fresh voices rise in the congregational hymn with youthful enthusiasm, kindling and encouraging the spirit of the people in the pews and making them feel, when it is over, as they themselves feel,—as if a breath of fresh air had blown through them, quickening and strengthening both body and soul.

Sometimes, the vision changes from the young men and women to the white-robed choir of boys. I hear their fresh, pure voices rising like a fountain of clear water. I recall what seemed to me the nearest to the ideal service that I ever heard, at Stopford Brooke's church in London, where the bright music of the boys swept the soul clear of its cobwebs, and left it ready for what rarely goes with a boy-choir, — a thoughtful and inspiring sermon.

But the fire goes out; and I turn around to find myself not in Spain, but in America. I look up to the gallery, and I behold still seated there the complacent quartette. They are there to stay; and, under the circumstances in many cases, I am glad they are. Theirs is not the ideal music for the church, but it has possibilities of beauty and of helpfulness which are not often developed. Moreover, there are congregations who, for various reasons, cannot or will not sing for themselves. There are reasons, too,—which, however unpleasant, must be taken into account,—why fine singing should sometimes be added to the attractions of the church. We have only to consider how to make the best of the situation.

First, it has sometimes seemed to me that the choir ought to be out of sight. If their duty were simply to lead the congregational singing, there would be strong reason for having them where they could be seen. Or, if their personality, physical or moral, were sure to aid their function, then again they ought to be kept visible. But, since they are there for their voices alone, why should they be to us anything more than voices,—*vox et præterea nihil*? Why should the peculiar dress, or the contorted face, or the noticeable manner, distract the mind, through the eye, from the musical effects that address it through the ear? I am sure the singers would usually prefer it, and there are many reasons why the judicious among the congregation would also prefer it. But I know the arguments on the other side, and offer this only as a suggestion.

Secondly, the choir, wherever they are, should be made to feel, as far as possible, that their function is as sacred **and**,

so to speak, as sacerdotal as that of the minister. Equally with him, they are the representatives and spokesmen of the congregation in its worship. They sing, as he prays, for the people in the pews. They should therefore sing as he should pray, with as full a sense as possible of the meaning of what they are doing. Perhaps it is the ministers who are to blame that their choirs do not realize this. No one is more willing than they to receive suggestions from any one who knows enough to make them, or to do anything possible to increase the efficiency of the service. Dr. Channing used to meet with his choir every week, and impress upon them the meaning of the hymns they were to sing the next Sunday. Perhaps our theological schools will not always neglect the importance of intelligent and appropriate music. But whether through the minister, or through the growth of an enlightened sentiment in the congregation or the public generally, our choirs can never do their best work for us, until they are made to feel their dignity as the musical priests of the worshipping people.

Finally, the music of our choirs should be simpler. It must express simple emotions in simple forms. It must be easily understood, and must penetrate without difficulty to the heart and soul. Those are not musical connoisseurs or even amateurs who are sitting down there in the pews. They are plain men and women, with very genuine sorrows, trials, temptations, and fatigue of spirit. They need in the music, as in the sermon, something clear, sweet, and hearty. There is nothing more dreary than the struggles of an ambitious choir with a complicated anthem, unless it be the struggles of an ambitious preacher with the relations between science and religion. If I have any soloist in my church in Spain,—it is so very far off that I cannot see distinctly,—it will be some one who will sing a hymn with the same sweet simplicity as Christine Nilsson had when she used to sing “Old Folks at Home” or “Way down upon the Swanee River.” *Noblesse oblige*, and the best art is that which spends itself, not in mere vocal gymnastics, but in giving back to us the emotions which we all feel,

glorified by the expression which we all cannot give. As the great painter identified himself to strangers by drawing, free-handed but perfectly, the simple circle, so the finest choir can at once prove its skill and do its work upon the heart by singing perfectly the simplest music.

My thought about church music is summed up in the one word "sincerity." Whether we sing ourselves or whether we employ better voices to sing for us, let our music be, so far as possible, the genuine expression of genuine feelings.

All Souls' Unitarian Church,

ROXBURY.



THE PARISH BOOK.

1889-90.



MOUNT PLEASANT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

DEDICATED AUGUST, 1846. SOLD JULY 23, 1889.

ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

HISTORY.

ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH is the legal successor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society. This had its beginning in a meeting held at the house of Enoch Bartlett, Feb. 3, 1845. On the 6th of May the proposed subscription of \$15,000 was reported taken in shares of \$100 each, and a Building Committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Winslow Lewis, Walter Farnsworth, Lincoln Fearing, J. S. Sleeper, and A. D. Williams. On July 26, 1846, the new church, at the corner of Dudley and Greenville Streets, was announced as completed, at a cost of \$16,000 for land and building, and was dedicated in August. The society was incorporated Sept. 10, 1846.

The first minister, Rev. William R. Alger, was ordained Sept. 8, 1847, Rev. S. K. Lothrop giving the sermon. There were then thirty families in the parish. He resigned Dec. 15, 1854, and was succeeded by the Rev. Alfred P. Putnam, who was ordained Dec. 19, 1855, and resigned May 22, 1864; by the Rev. Charles J. Bowen, who was installed Sept. 10, 1865, and died April 10, 1870; by the Rev. Carlos C. Carpenter, who was installed Dec. 1, 1870, and resigned Oct. 19, 1879; and by the Rev. William H. Lyon, who began as acting pastor Sept. 17, 1880, and whose formal installation took place Nov. 20, 1881. The chapel was built in 1858, and occupied September 7, the contract price being \$1,661. It was enlarged in 1871, at a cost of \$2,900, including the pastor's study. The organ was bought early in 1865 for \$4,000. In 1874, the church was

extensively repaired and changed, at very heavy expense, the amount of which cannot now be ascertained. The officers of the society, so far as can be ascertained, have been: Chairmen of Standing Committee, J. N. Daniell, T. H. Bell, J. L. Brigham, C. L. Damrell; Treasurers, J. E. Russell, Leonard Ware, J. M. B. Reynolds, C. L. Damrell, H. H. Souther, W. H. Ellison, W. H. Varney, W. C. Hunneman. Especial mention should be made of the long service of Mr. Charles E. Grant, who was elected secretary of the subscribers May 6, 1845, and was clerk until May 12, 1884, Walter S. Frost succeeding him.

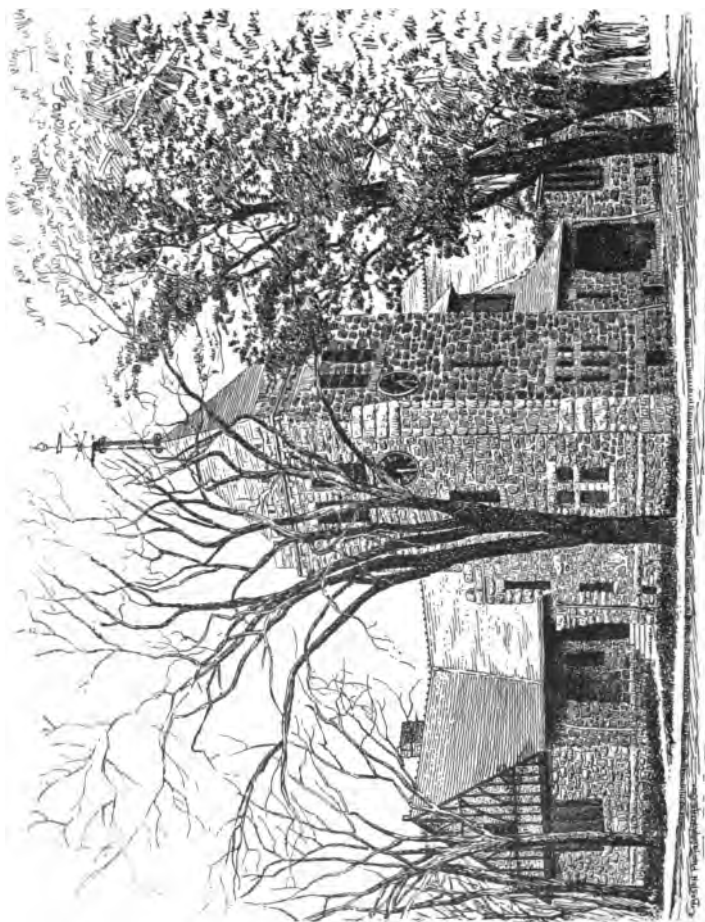
The condition of the society, though rising sometimes into prosperity, cannot be said to have been on the whole free from struggle. It was often in debt, liberating itself only by generous and earnest effort. In 1880, its mortgages amounted to \$10,000; but in October, 1883, \$5,500 of this was paid. But the rapid change in the character of the neighborhood, following that of the whole South End, leading to the rapid removal of its members and an increasing annual deficit, gave warning that some vigorous remedy must be applied.

On Nov. 11, 1886, at a meeting of the owners and renters of pews held in the chapel, the minister broached for the first time the proposal to build a new church in a new locality, and, upon a map drawn upon a blackboard, pointed out the desirability of the corner of Warren Street and Elm Hill Avenue. The meeting was evidently in favor of a change; but no action was taken. An association of men was formed later, to raise money to buy a lot, Messrs. Damrell, Loring, and M. E. Ware being made trustees. At a meeting of this association, November 28, the present location was fixed upon. On Easter Sunday, April 1, 1888, it was found that about \$2,200 was still lacking to complete the purchase of the land, and an offering was made at once which amounted to nearly \$3,500, about \$10,000 having been previously raised by subscription. This sealed the success of the plan; and the old church property was sold on July 20 for \$18,000. Four days later ground was broken for the new church. The corner-stone was laid Octo-

ber 29, addresses being made by Rev. Messrs. E. E. Hale, D.D., De Normandie, the minister, and Mr. C. K. Nichols, Chairman of the Building Committee.

Service was held during the succeeding church year in Fauntleroy Hall, where congregation and Sunday-school grew rapidly; and, while the former members generously contributed their pew-rents as before, the new added substantial contributions by the envelope system. The new Parish House was occupied for worship Sept. 15, 1889, and the church was dedicated October 6 by minister and congregation in responsive reading, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. C. G. Ames, H. N. Brown, J. De Normandie, C. R. Eliot, E. E. Hale, D.D., B. Herford, and M. J. Savage, while Mr. C. K. Nichols, Chairman of the Building Committee, delivered the keys to Mr. C. L. Damrell, Chairman of the Standing Committee of All Souls' Unitarian Church. To this corporation, formed Feb. 11, 1889, almost entirely out of the members of the old society, the property of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society had been transferred October 5, on condition that it "carefully preserve in its archives all records and documents relating to the past history of this Mount Pleasant Congregational Church which shall come into its possession or be placed in its custody, and shall, so far as possible, consider that the history of this Mount Pleasant Congregational Church is continued in the new organization."

The Standing Committee of the Mount Pleasant Society at the time of the transfer were C. L. Damrell, Chairman, H. S. Bean, W. A. Couthouy, C. W. Eaton, W. H. Ellison, Anna S. Foster, W. H. Kilby, H. H. Souther, W. H. Varney, W. C. Hunneman, Treasurer, W. S. Frost, Clerk.



ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

DEDICATED OCT. 6, 1889.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The Building Committee were C. K. Nichols, Chairman, H. S. Bean, Secretary, Anna S. Foster, H. A. Root, H. H. Souther, M. E. Ware. Architect, J. Williams Beal.

The buildings consist of the church proper and a Parish House by its side, both facing on Warren Street. The church is of the English rural type of architecture, low and rambling, as suits the fine elms and the free space about it. The material is Roxbury conglomerate, trimmed with Quincy granite and roofed with red and blue slate. The interior is finished in cypress.

A detailed description of the church is unnecessary; but mention should be made of the memorial windows, in which the church is unusually rich. There are at present nine in all.

In the centre of the chancel is a window to the memory of the Rev. Charles James Bowen (1827-1870), minister of the Mount Pleasant Church, 1865-1870, given by many friends and parishioners. It contains a figure of Jesus teaching, with the motto over it, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another" (John xiii. 3, 5). The preparation of this window, as well as of the two on either side of it, was placed in the charge of Mrs. Asa H. Rhoades and her daughters, Misses Georgiana and Mary. By them the contributions were gathered and the unexpected services of Mr. John Lafarge, of New York, were secured; and it is to them that the beauty of the chancel in this respect is due, while a standard of excellence was set to which other windows have aspired.

On the right of the Bowen window is one containing a figure of Saint John, with the inscription below, "In loving memory of Walter Farnsworth, 1798-1881, and his wife, Elizabeth Loring, 1804-1878, by their daughter, Mary Elizabeth Meredith,"

and, above, the sentence of the Te Deum, "Make them to be numbered with thy saints in glory everlasting."

On the left is a window containing a figure of Saint Paul, inscribed below, "In affectionate memory of Leonard Ware, 1805-1888, and his wife, Sarah Ann Minns, 1816-1884, by their children," and, above, the text (2 Tim. iv. 7), "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The windows on the extreme right and left of the chancel are of very rich colored glass, and are given by the church in memory respectively of Joseph L. Brigham, for many years chairman of the Standing Committee of the Mount Pleasant Society and ever its firm friend, who died November, 1888, and of J. N. Daniell, long a deacon of the church and superintendent of the Sunday-school, who died in 1874. Tablets are to be placed beneath the windows, with proper inscriptions.

In the left or eastern transept are three windows, also by Lafarge. On the left is a figure of Saint Cecilia, inscribed, "To the memory of George Edward Foster, by his wife and children." In the centre stands Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, inscribed, "In affectionate remembrance of Caroline A. Johnson, born 1830, died 1884, by her daughter, Sarah E. Loring"; and at the right is Mary, typical of "Faith," dedicated, "In loving memory of William Cooper Hunneman, 2d, by his wife Frances, and of their children, William C., Charlotte H., and Charles." (William Cooper Hunneman, 1801-1846, William C., 1830-1869, Charlotte, 1840-1862, Charles, 1848-1865.)

In the right aisle stands a window by Macdonald, of Boston, containing a figure of Jesus teaching a little child, inscribed, "In memory of Lewis G. Pray and wife by Theodore H. Bell and daughters."

To the donors of these windows, so beautiful in themselves and so rich in the sacred memories which they transmit, the church is deeply indebted.

The pulpit is a memorial of the Dearborn Street Baptist Church, which, having occupied our buildings in the summer

of 1887, gave one hundred dollars to be used as a memorial in the new church.

The chairs and communion table in the chancel were procured with money given by children, both directly and by entertainments.

A baptismal font is to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Newhall in memory of their little daughter Miriam.

- In the Parish Hall is a beautiful cabinet organ, the gift of which is explained by a silver plate upon it, inscribed, "Presented to All Souls' Unitarian Church, formerly the Mount Pleasant Unitarian Church, by Mrs. J. H. Meredith, in memory of her only son, Harry Meredith, to whom this organ belonged, October, 1889."

Grateful mention should also be made of the Howard clock and the bell by McShane of Baltimore, which were bought by a contribution from neighbors of the new church, collected by Messrs. Bean and Souther, and by the proceeds of a coffee-party also given by neighbors in Fauntleroy Hall. The clock has two faces, and the bell bears the inscription,—

"Ring out the false, ring in the true,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

On Sunday, Dec. 22, 1889, an eagle lectern, carved by Kirchmeyer from cypress wood, under the direction of the Misses Rhoades, was placed in the chancel. It was procured with money remaining from the generous contributions for the Bowen window, and bears the inscription upon its base, "In Memoriam. Rev. Charles James Bowen."

There were brought from the old church the pulpit, now standing in the Parish Hall, the piano, the two clocks, the portraits of Mr. Bowen, Mr. Daniell, and the present minister, the communion table, now in the study, and the organ, largely renovated and improved.

This account of the new church should not be closed without thanks to the generous friends who have aided us with their contributions. Nor can the church be too grateful to the

Building Committee for their unstinted care and labor, to an extent impossible for others to understand, in carrying out the design accepted into all its details and through all its many difficulties.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO LAND FUND.

Ladies' Sewing Society (including \$500 bequest of Mrs. Pray),	\$1,373.00
W. H. Lyon (including proceeds of lectures in various places),	1,292.19
Legacy of Mrs. L. G. Pray,	1,000.00
Mrs. J. H. Meredith,	1,000.00
M. Everett Ware,	750.00
Dime Scheme (Mrs. W. C. Appleton),	569.15
Mrs. Anna S. Foster,	350.00
H. A. Root,	300.00
Mrs. D. J. Foster,	250.00
C. K. Nichols,	225.00
Young Ladies' Sewing Society,	210.00
A. H. Sumner, C. L. Damrell, Isaac Fenno, Miss Anna C. Lowell, H. S. Bean, each \$200,	1,000.00
T. H. Bell, A. Howard, W. A. Couthouy, W. H. Kilby, W. H. Ellison, H. C. Sears, W. J. Bride, D. Loring, Jr., \$150 each,	1,200.00
"Kate Greenaway Party," through Mrs. L. R. Taylor,	128.00
Dearborn Street Baptist Society, D. N. Richards, Mrs. S. E. Loring, A. P. Clifford, Samuel Little, B. W. Appleton, R. G. Molineux, O. N. Jones, R. C. Humphreys, Mrs. M. P. Mansur, \$100 each,	1,000.00
Mrs. L. F. Tripp, Mrs. John Chandler, Mrs. F. J. G. Hunneman, J. H. Norton, \$75 each,	300.00
The Misses Harrington, C. G. Wells, \$70 each,	140.00
Miss M. C. Bell, Mrs. G. E. Henry, W. C. Hunneman, G. E. Crawley, G. B. Faunce, N. G. Snelling, Mrs. J. E. Billings, H. H. Souther, Miss Lucy Brigham, Miss P. Whitman, J. M. Upton, Dr. P. O'M. Edson, J. V. N. Stults, Mrs. W. H. Daniels, Mrs.	
<i>Amount carried forward,</i>	\$11,087.34

<i>Amount brought forward,</i>	\$11,087.34
W. P. Bolles, L. F. Morse, Mrs. S. Pettee, H. Humphrey, B. F. Griggs, R. B. Williams, William Gray, Misses Wiley, Rev. J. De Normandie, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crosby, G. H. Norcross, Miss Laura Norcross, R. S. Mackintosh, \$50 each,	1,350.00
Entertainment Committee,	44.25
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Curtis,	40.00
• Miss Helen Foster, Miss Carrie L. Fowle, W. S. Frost, \$35,	105.00
J. R. Carret,	30.00
Mrs. H. S. Bean, Master Sewell Mansur, Miss Malvina Mansur, Miss F. Hunneman, Miss E. A. Hunneman, Mrs. N. G. Snelling, Mrs. J. L. Brigham, Mrs. W. Gray, the choir, J. M. Scott, Mrs. W. C. Appleton, and the Misses Murdoch, C. W. Eaton, Misses Carret, W. M. Bunting, Misses Morrill, Mrs. S. G. Brooks, N. O. Whitcomb, W. W. Waugh, R. B. Fairbairn, J. W. Newell, G. Rogers, C. W. Trainer, Rev. A. Woodbury, F. D. Butrick, C. J. Hayden, C. Wright, Mrs. J. B. Plummer, W. M. Cameron, Mrs. H. Sibley, B. S. Turner, Miss H. M. Blanchard, \$25 each,	775.00
G. P. K. Walker,	20.98
J. H. Nason, Dr. J. Seaverns, Miss G. A. Adams, H. S. Philbrick, \$20 each,	80.00
Children's entertainment, through Misses Murdoch,	17.00
Misses Eliot, Miss L. A. Nevers, J. A. Downs, Miss E. Homer, J. Q. Kilby, Miss L. C. Clark, \$15 each,	90.00
Sunday-school,	12.25
Misses G. and L. Alley, L. Taylor, L. Palmer (Fair),	11.00
Mrs. B. S. Farrington, Mrs. M. S. Philbrick, Miss A. L. Sylvester, Miss Leland, W. H. Varney, J. H. Brooks, Mrs. J. M. Wilcutt, Mrs. C. A. Thacher, Miss A. C. Kimball, Mrs. J. K. Berry, Miss J. Mosher, Miss S. Knott, Mrs. Schlegelmilch, L. S. Schlegelmilch, \$10 each,	140.00
W. R. Bean, Miss S. H. Bean, Mrs. J. H. Callender, C.	
<i>Amount carried forward,</i>	\$13,802.82

<i>Amount brought forward,</i>	\$13,802.82
Litchfield, Miss Baker, Miss Boyden, Miss L. Clapp, Miss A. M. Hudson, Miss E. E. Boies, "Widow's mite," Mrs. R. A. Parker, \$5 each,	55.00
Miss A. E. Smith, \$2, Miss M. C. Wells and Mrs. Cordeiro, \$1 each,	4.00
Collection in church,	36.00
Total,	<u>\$13,897.82</u>

ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Organization, 1889-90.

Minister.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

(Residence, 7 Hotel Dunbar, corner of Dudley and Washington Streets.
At Church Study usually mornings and Tuesday afternoon and evening.)

STANDING COMMITTEE.

Chairman, Charles L. Damrell.

Clerk, Walter S. Frost, 2389 Washington Street, Room 1.

Treasurer, William C. Hunneman, 227 State Street, Boston.

For One Year: Henry S. Bean, Josephine F. Carret, Horatio H Souther.

For Two Years: Anna S. Foster, Charles K. Nichols, Henry A. Root.

For Three Years: Mary E. Meredith, George F. W. Richmond, William H. Varney.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

On Pulpit and Services: Messrs. Damrell and Bean, Mrs. Meredith.

On House and Grounds: Messrs. Nichols and Root.

On Music: Mr. Souther, Mrs. Foster, Miss Carret.

On Accounts: Messrs. Varney and Richmond.

COMMITTEES OF THE CHURCH.

On Good Works.

Theodore H. Bell.

Mrs. M. S. Philbrick.

Mrs. Charles Newhall.

Mrs. R. H. Clouston.

Mr. C. W. Eaton.

Mr. G. F. W. Richmond.

On Hospitality.

Miss Carrie S. Fowle.	Mr. J. F. Gage.
Mrs. R. M. Kendall.	Mr. Charles H. Goodwin.
Miss Annie L. Newhall.	Mr. F. D. Butrick.
Mrs. John W. Dole.	Mr. C. G. Wells.
Mrs. F. Amsden.	

On Decorations.

Mrs. J. H. Meredith.	Miss Mary L. Rhoades.
Mrs. David Loring, Jr.	Miss Georgiana F. Rhoades.
Mr. Edward C. Pierce.	

On Entertainments.

Miss Catherine A. Gage.	Mr. Frank F. Tripp.
Miss Helen Murdoch.	Mr. G. A. Hutchinson.
Miss Cora K. Pierce.	Mr. George W. Curtis.
Mr. John L. Pearsall.	

On Sunday School.

Miss Eleanor E. Boies.	Miss Grace S. Varney.
Mr. C. G. Wells.	

Ushers.

Frank F. Tripp.	George Hayden.
George A. Clonston.	George A. Hutchinson.
J. A. Downs.	C. G. Wells.

Choir.

Mr. M. B. Cummings, <i>Organist</i> .*
Mrs. A. B. Flint, <i>Soprano</i> .
Miss Josie E. Greenwood, <i>Alto</i> .
<i>Tenor</i> .
Mr. E. M. Farnsworth, <i>Bass</i> .

Sexton, C. B. Gilbert, 24 Munroe Street.

* Miss Louisa M. Libby, after serving seventeen years as organist, not only with musical skill, but with rare religious sympathy, has been compelled by ill health to resign; but she carries the grateful remembrance and appreciation of the church with her.

MEETINGS.

Worship: Sundays, 10.45 A.M., 7.30 P.M.

Communion Service: First Sundays in November, January, March, May, July, after morning service.

Sunday-school: 12.05 P.M.; on communion Sundays, 9.30 A.M.

Standing Committee: Second Sunday of each month.

Sewing Circle: Mondays, at 2.30 P.M.

I. H. N.: Alternate Friday evenings, 7.30.

Women's Auxiliary: Second and fourth Wednesdays, at 3.00 P.M.

Teachers' Meeting: Thursdays, 3.45 P.M.

Bible Class: Thursday, 4.15 P.M.

MEMBERS.

EXTRACT FROM THE BY-LAWS OF ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

ARTICLE I. Every subscriber to the agreement to form the Corporation, and every person of the age of eighteen years or more, who shall sign these By-laws within six months from the first day of June, 1889, and thereafter every attendant at public worship in All Souls' Unitarian Church of the age of eighteen years or more, who has paid a pew-rent or rent for a seat in the building in which this church shall worship for the six months preceding, and who signs these By-laws, and any member of such attendant's family or other person of the age of eighteen years or more who occupies a seat paid for by such attendant, and is recommended by him and signs these By-laws, shall become a member of the Corporation and entitled to vote in all its affairs. A written resignation sent to the Clerk (or neglect to pay rent for a space of six months) shall terminate membership.

(As opportunity had not been given to all to sign the By-laws when this list was made out, it includes all who are qualified to sign.)

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Adams, Georgiana	127 Auburn st., (Cambridgeport.)
Addison, Richard	Georgia st.
Addison, Mrs. Richard	" "
Allen, Mrs. Charles H.	5 New Seaver st., Dor.
Allen, Frederick W.	21 Elm Hill ave.
Allen, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "
Amidon, Charles K.	Carlisle st.
Amidon, Mrs. Charles K.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Amsden, Henry F.	51 Elm Hill ave.
Amsden, Mrs. Henry F.	" "
Anderson, Mrs. Jean	32 Waumbeck st.
Appleton, Mrs. Wm. C.	62 Clifford st.
Backup, Helen L.	30 Circuit st.
Baier, Louis	903 Albany st.
Baier, Mrs. Louis	" "
Bailey, Mrs. Sara K.	Seaver st.
Batchelder, William J.	72 Dennis st.
Batchelder, Mrs. W. J.	" "
Batchelder, Charles G.	" "
Bean, Henry S.	44 Woodbine st.
Bean, Mrs. Henry S.	" "
Beatley, Mrs. Catharine	11 Wabon st.
Beck, Lewis H.	Hotel Mayflower, Burgess st., Dor.
Bell, Theodore H.	13 Bowdoin st., Dor.
Bell, Miss Mary C.	" " "
Blanchard, Miss Hannah M.	122 Eustis st.
Boies, Miss Eleanor E.	15 Rockville pk.
Bolles, Dr. Wm. P.	The Warren, 2.
Bolles, Mrs. Wm. P.	" "
Bossom, Mrs. Henry	53 Blue Hill ave.
Boyden, Miss Ida L.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Bragg, Alonzo W.	58 Clifford st.
Bragg, Mrs. Alonzo W.	" "
Bragg, Miss Helen A.	1 Carlisle st.
Bride, Wm. J.	Seaver st.
Bride, Mrs.	" "
Brigham, Tylor	16 Glenarm st., Dor.
Brigham, Mrs. Tylor	" " "
Brigham, Miss Lucy F.	72 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Brooks, George W.	5 Wyoming st.
Brooks, Mrs. George W.	" "
Brooks, I. Hobart	291 Dudley st.
Brooks, James I.	Blue Hill ave., cor. Seaver st., Dor.
Brooks, Mrs. James I.	" " "
Brooks, Square G.	51 Quincy st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Brooks, Mrs. Square G.	51 Quincy st.
Bunting, Wm. M.	64 Crawford st.
Bunting, Mrs. Wm. M.	" "
Butrick, Frank D.	33 Glenarm st., Dor.
Butrick, Mrs. Frank D.	" "
Cameron, Walter M.	5 Sargent st., Dor.
Cameron, Mrs. Walter M.	" "
Carret, James R.	7 Hotel Dunbar.
Carret, Miss Josephine F.	" "
Carret, Miss Georgiana M.	" "
Carruth, Frank H.	24 Wyoming st.
Carruth, Mrs. Frank H.	" "
Carter, Wm. B.	18 Savin st.
Carter, Mrs. Wm. B.	" "
Chamberlin, Mrs.	93 Warren st.
Chamberlin, Miss Isabel	" "
Cheney, Gardner S.	3 Carlisle st.
Cheney, Mrs. Gardner S.	" "
Clapp, Miss Lydia C.	7 Perrin st.
Clark, Miss Louise C.	5 Rockville pk.
Clendenin, Miss Ellen P.	101 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Clouston, Robert H.	56 Crawford st.
Clouston, Mrs. Robert H.	" "
Clouston, George A.	" "
Cox, Peter L.	8 Wenonah st.
Cox, Mrs. Peter L.	" "
Crawford, Dr. Sarah M.	144 Dudley st.
Crosby, Asa S.	1 Carlisle st.
Crosby, Mrs. Asa S.	" "
Crosby, Porter C.	" "
Crosby, Annie N.	" "
Cummings, M. B.	57 Clifton st., Dor.
Cummings, Mrs. M. B.	" "
Curtis, George W.	54 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Curtis, Mrs. George W.	" "
Damrell, Chas. L.	283 Washington st.
Daniels, Wm. H.	2 Sunderland st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Daniels, Mrs. Wm. H.	2 Sunderland st.
Day, Mrs. A. F.	319 Warren st.
Day, Miss Cora E.	" "
Day, Henry A.	331 Warren st.
Day, Mrs. Henry A.	" "
Dean, Fred. M.	6 Forest st.
Dean, Miss Lilian F.	" "
Dole, Frank B.	12 Gaston st.
Dole, Mrs. Frank B.	" "
Dole, John W.	6 Carlisle st.
Dole, Mrs. John W.	" "
Downs, Mrs. Geo. W.	40 Cliff st.
Eaton, Chas. W.	14 Circuit st.
Eaton, Mrs. Chas. W.	" "
Eaton, Miss Ethel A. B.	" "
Eaton, Miss Sarah E. C.	32 Akron st.
Eliot, Nathaniel G.	Fairland st.
Eliot, Miss Mary L.	" "
Eliot, Miss Emily B.	" "
Ellison, Wm. H.	Norfolk House.
Emmons, James N. W.	30 Wenonah st.
Emmons, Mrs. James N. W.	" "
Engle, Robert S.	Elm Hill ave.
Engle, Samuel	" "
Engle, Mrs. Samuel	" "
Everett, Catherine D.	Townsend st.
Everett, Evelina E. C.	" "
Farrington, Mrs. Lucy M.	117 Warren st.
Flagg, Miss Ellen M.	4 Carlisle st.
Fobes, Miss Sarah A.	100 Harvard st., Dorchester.
Folsom, P. W.	3 Akron st.
Folsom, Mrs. P. W.	" "
Folsom, Miss Ida O.	" "
Foster, Mrs. Anna S.	72 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Foster, Mrs. David J.	27 Whiting st.
Fowle, Miss Caroline L.	6 Forest st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Frost, Walter S.	27 Copeland st.
Frost, Mrs. Walter S.	" "
Fuller, Mrs. George W.	18 Circuit st.
Gage, J. F.	29 Wenonah st.
Gage, Mrs. J. F.	" "
Gage, Miss Katharine A.	" "
Gill, Abbot D.	99 Walnut ave.
Gill, Mrs. Abbot D.	" "
Golden, Mrs. C.	Walnut ave.
Goodwin, Chas. H.	71 Dale st.
Goodwin, Mrs. Chas. H.	" "
Gray, Mrs. Wm. H.	108 Blue Hill ave.
Gray, Miss Ellen	" "
Gray, Edward N.	" "
Griggs, B. F.	25 Fountain st.
Harrington, Miss Martha L.	760 Dudley st., Dor.
Harrington, Miss Isabella D.	" " "
Hayden, Charles J.	493 Warren st.
Hayden, Mrs. Charles J.	" "
Hayden, Charles M.	" "
Healey, Mrs. Angie W.	11 Wyoming st.
Holmes, N. B.	2 Hotel Adelphi.
Holmes, Mrs. N. B.	" "
Houston, Jas. A.	Maple st.
Houston, Mrs. Jas. A.	" "
Houston, Ernest	" "
Houston, William C.	" "
Howard, Albert	12 Brook ave.
Howard, Mrs. Albert	" "
Howe, F. E.	25 Savin st.
Howe, Mrs. F. E.	" "
Hudson, Mrs. Abby M.	291 Dudley st.
Hudson, Miss Agnes B.	" "
Hunneman, S. H.	7 Perrin st.
Hunneman, Mrs. Frances J. G.	11 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Hunneman, Miss Frances H.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Hunneman, Miss Elizabeth A.	11 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Hunneman, William C.	" "
Hurd, Frederick E.	89 Elm Hill ave.
Hutchinson, George A.	14 Wales st., Dor.
Jacobs, Joshua	Hotel Vera.
Jacobs, Mrs. Joshua	" "
Jordan, Jediah P.	20 Greenville st.
Jordan, Mrs. Jediah P.	" "
Jordan, Robert A.	" "
Jordan, William M.	" "
Kelly, H. L.	11 Bowdoin st., Dor.
Kelly, Mrs. H. L.	" " "
Kendall, R. M.	61 Crawford st.
Kendall, Mrs. R. M.	" "
Kendrick, Miss L. M.	237 Dudley st.
Kilby, W. H.	239 Warren st.
Kilby, Mrs. W. H.	" "
Knox, Mrs. James	The Mayflower, Burgess st., Dor.
Lamb, B. F.	23 Waumbeck st.
Lamb, Mrs. B. F.	" "
Lamb, Miss Fannie G.	" "
Lamb, Willie F.	" "
Lampee, Mrs. Harriet A.	32 Akron st.
Lampee, Miss Harriet E.	" "
Leavitt, Frank M.	34 Akron st.
Leavitt, Miss Nellie W.	" "
Leland, Miss Abby E.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Loring, David, Jr.	68 Elm Hill ave.
Loring, Mrs. David, Jr.	" "
Lovett, Joshua	504 Warren st.
Lovett, Mrs. Joshua	" "
Lovett, Albert J.	" "
McInnes, Wm. M.	2 Howland st.
McIntosh, Mrs. Lochlan G.	The Warren, 34.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Meredith, Joseph H.	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Meredith, Mrs. Joseph H. . . .	" " "
Merrit, Nehemiah T.	28 Wheatland ave., Dor.
Merrit, Mrs. Nehemiah T. . . .	" " "
Merrit, Miss Mary A.	" " "
Molineux, Robert G.	5 Wabon st.
Molineux, Mrs. Robert G. . . .	" "
Morgan, Albert O.	92 Maple st.
Morgan, Mrs. Albert O.	" "
Morrill, Miss Josephine R. . . .	61 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Morrill, Miss Isabel W.	" "
Morse, L. Foster	8 Carlisle st.
Morse, Mrs. L. Foster	" "
Morse, Miss Grace E.	" "
Morse, Miss Annie C.	" "
Mosher, Miss Julia E.	53 Blue Hill ave.
Munroe, Charles F.	167 Warren st.
Munroe, Mrs. Charles F.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Betty	62 Clifford st.
Murdoch, Miss Madge G.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Helen M.	" "
Nash, Mrs. Henry	2 Sunderland st.
Nason, James E.	1 Rockland st.
Nason, Mrs. James E.	" "
Nason, Miss May I.	" "
Nevers, Miss Lucy A.	36 Quincy st.
Newhall, Cheever	25 Wales st., Dor.
Newhall, Charles	25 Wales st., Dor.
Newhall, Mrs. Charles	" " "
Newhall, Miss M. Louise	22 Wales st., Dor.
Newhall, Miss Annie M.	" " "
Nichols, Charles K.	40 Clifford st.
Nichols, Mrs. Charles K.	" "
Nichols, Miss Lucy L.	" "
Nichols, Miss Clara F.	" "
Norton, John H.	28 Whiting st.
Norton, Mrs. John H.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Page, Miss Ellen E.	32 Akron st.
Page, Wm. I.	" "
Palmer, Joseph N.	29 Alaska st.
Parker, G. F.	578 Warren st.
Parker, Mrs. G. F.	" "
Parker, Thomas	436 Warren st.
Parker, Mrs. Thomas	" "
Pearsall, John L.	11 Waumbeck st.
Pearsall, Mrs. John L.	" "
Pearsall, Miss Kittie L.	" "
Pearse, Mrs. John B.	317 Walnut ave.
Pettee, Mrs. Seth	116 Cottage st., Dor.
Pettee, Miss Amy E.	" " "
Philbrick, Mrs. J. H.	62 Crawford st.
Philbrick, Henry S.	" "
Pierce, Edward C.	19 Clifford st.
Pierce, Mrs. Edward C.	" "
Pierce, Cora K.	" "
Pierce, John N.	4 Wyoming st.
Pierce, Mrs. John N.	" "
Pierce, W. H.	Elm Hill ave.
Pierce, Mrs. W. H.	" "
Pitman, Alexander C.	25 West Cottage st.
Pitman, Mrs. Alexander C.	" " "
Plummer, Mrs. J. B.	98 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Polsey, George A.	Wenonah st.
Polsey, Mrs. George A.	" "
Polsey, Mrs. A. L.	" "
Polsey, John F.	10 Waumbeck st.
Polsey, Mrs. John F.	" "
Rhoades, Mrs. Charlotte E.	21 Winthrop st.
Rhoades, Miss Georgiana F.	" "
Rhoades, Miss Mary Lovering	" "
Richmond, George F. W.	9 Whiting st.
Richmond, Mrs. George F. W.	" "
Ridler, Charles E.	210 Harvard st., Dor.
Ridler, Mrs. Charles E.	" " "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Bidler, Frank M.	210 Harvard st., Dor.
Ripley, Mrs. C. T.	83 Howard ave., Dor.
Ritchie, Eliot	3 Wyoming st.
Ritchie, Mrs. Eliot	" "
Rodman, George E.	7 Wyoming st.
Root, Henry A.	32 Wellington st.
Root, Mrs. Henry A.	" "
Rowe, Mrs. Almon T.	9 Waumbeck st.
Rowe, Miss Cora M.	" "
Rowe, Solomon S.	466 Warren st.
Rowe, Mrs. Solomon S.	" "
Rowe, Miss Martha M.	" "
Rowe, Miss Pauline	" "
Rugg, Frederick W.	39 Woodbine st.
Rugg, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "
Samson, Edward H.	92 Maple st.
Samson, Mrs. Edward H.	" "
Savage, Mrs. Adeline	18 Savin st.
Schlegelmilch, Mrs. Leopold L.	32 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Schlegelmilch, Miss Louise E.	" "
Sears, Henry C.	18 Circuit st.
Sears, Mrs. Henry C.	" "
Sewall, George P.	290 Columbia st., Dor.
Sewall, Mrs. George P.	" "
Sloan, Mrs. William H. H.	2 Cook st., Dor.
Sloan, Miss Maud A.	" " "
Sloan, Miss Bertha	" " "
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth H.	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Smith, C. A.	Sanborn ave., Dor.
Smith, Mrs. C. A.	" " "
Snelling, Mrs. W.	" " "
Snelling, Miss Amy	" " "
Snelling, Nathaniel G.	28 Alaska st.
Snelling, Mrs. Nathaniel G.	" "
Snow, Frank B.	Lawrence ave., Dor.
Souther, Horatio H.	57 Waverley st.
Souther, Miss Maria J.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Stephens, Howard M.	89 Elm Hill ave.
Stephens, Mrs. Howard M. . . .	" " "
Stevens, Dr. D. B.	444 Warren st.
Stevens, Mrs.	" "
Sturgis, Mrs. Susie H.	Hotel Adelphi.
Sturgis, Miss Fannie H.	" "
Sumner, Alfred H.	Norfolk House:
Sylvester, George B.	14 Rockville park.
Sylvester, Miss Addie L.	" "
Taylor, Miss Mary C.	29 Winthrop st.
Thayer, Carroll A.	Hotel Vera, 7.
Thayer, Mrs. Carroll A.	" "
Thayer, William M.	4 Carlisle st.
Thayer, Mrs. William M.	" "
Thomas, Winfield S.	16 Circuit st.
Thomas, Mrs. Winfield S.	" "
Thurber, Mrs. Samuel	13 Westminster ave.
Thurber, Miss Helen	" "
Trainer, Charles W.	21 Crawford st.
Trainer, Mrs. Charles W.	" "
Trainer, Miss Annie M.	" "
Trainer, Miss Isabel B.	" "
Trainer, Arthur C.	" "
Tripp, Mrs. Lucina F.	27 Whiting st.
Tripp, Miss Marion C.	" "
Tripp, Frank F.	" "
Turner, Benjamin S.	16 Wyoming st.
Turner, Mrs. Benjamin S.	" "
Upton, James M.	287 Warren st.
Upton, Mrs. James M.	" "
Upton, Miss Lillie	" "
Varney, William H.	12 Copeland st.
Varney, Mrs. William H.	" "
Varney, Miss Grace	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Waite, Mrs. Wm. A.	331 Warren st.
Ware, Miss Harriot	29 Alaska st.
Welles, Miss Mary C.	14 Perrin st.
Wells, Charles G.	2809 Washington st.
Wells, Mrs. Charles G.	" "
Wells, Miss Emily F.	" "
Wheeler, Miss May	69 Walnut ave.
Whitcomb, Benjamin D.	34 Maple st.
Whitcomb, E. Noyes	44 Maple st.
Whitcomb, Mrs. E. Noyes	" "
Whitcomb, Miss May	" "
Whitcomb, Miss Nellie C.	Seaver st.
Whitcomb, Miss Isabelle	28 Wheatland ave., Dor.
Whitcomb, Mrs. W. Fred.	273 Columbia st., Dor.
White, Miss Charlotte A.	N. E. Con. of Music, W. Newton st.
Whiting, Herbert M.	300 Columbia st., Dor.
Whiting, Mrs. Herbert M.	" " "
Whitman, Mrs. Bernard	95 Lawrence ave., Dor.
Whitman, Miss Pamela	30 Dearborn st.
Whitmore, James C.	47 Clifford st.
Whitmore, Mrs. James C.	" "
Wilder, Mrs. Gilbert G.	567 Warren st.
Wiley, Miss Hannah C.	62 Crawford st.
Willcutt, Mrs. J. M.	296 Washington st., Dor.
Wright, Chandler	21 Virginia st., Dor.
Wright, Mrs. Chandler	" " "
Wyman, Louis J.	14 Savin st.
Wyman, Mrs. Louis J.	" "
Young, Wm. H. H.	516 Warren st.
Young, Mrs. Wm. H. H.	" "
Young, Harry H.	" "

REPORT OF THE MINISTER.

The past year has been the most eventful one in the history of the society, excepting the first. To give up a position held for over forty years, to go into a hall in the midst of a region almost entirely unknown and unknowing (there were but twelve families above Quincy Street in the old congregation), and to build a church at heavy cost with little encouragement from its neighbors, are movements of no small importance, and, in fact, of no small risk. Those who were not connected with the society under the old order of things, and indeed those who were, but were not concerned in its management, cannot appreciate now through how critical a period the society has passed, or how remarkable, as well as happy, is the change.

There are now connected with the society, as nearly as I can ascertain, 212 families, of whom 35 are connected through the Sunday-school, and have no other church relations. To these might be added 30 or 40 other people who have applied for seats in the church, but cannot be accommodated. Of the 177 families renting seats, only 85 were with us in the old church when we left it (but these are nearly all there were), 32 joined in Fauntleroy Hall, and 60 in the new church, making 92 new families in all. The Sunday-school has grown from about 40 at the beginning of last year to 165. Few churches can show such a growth, and as few can say that they have to turn so many away. We are sorry for this latter fact; but having given, earned, and begged all we could, and borrowed all we dared, to build the church as it is, we decline to accept the responsibility for what we could not do.

The work of the society for the past year has been as pleasant as it has been prosperous. Our good fortune in securing so convenient and so well managed a hall near the new church

cannot be too strongly stated. The services were attended by congregations larger than those of recent years in the old church, and generally more than filling the hall. The congregational singing and responsive readings were ideal in their heartiness; and the sociability and simplicity of the worship in general will be long remembered. Meantime, in spite of the attention required for the building of the new church, the usual activities, social and charitable, went on without break or exception, the Sewing Society holding its meetings in private houses, the Communion Service being observed at the usual times and with additions of new members, and the usual collections being taken. Our tract distribution or "church-door mission" has continued, there having been (including those now in place) 6,550 tracts used in five years.

The church now enters upon a new era in its history, and with a prosperity which justifies happy hopes. But it entails new responsibilities also. A church that has not only every pew, but every seat rented, must ask itself what it can do for the world outside its own doors. My expectation is that it will address itself at once to such charitable and denominational work as it can do; that, though it cannot be hospitable to a large extent in the morning service, it will open its doors on Sunday evenings freely to whoever may wish to enter and worship, so far as there seems to be any need in that direction; that it will continue its hearty and earnest congregational worship, whatever duties it may lay upon minister and choir; and that individually its members will do readily whatever work may be asked of them. I commend especially the enlargement of the Sunday-school to their care. The region has many children not yet so connected, and many are continually moving in. Let them not fail to interest all those in their neighborhood or acquaintance. We ought to have 200 in our school before the year ends. I trust, too, that the social meetings of the church may be well attended, and that all will remember that sociability is two-sided, and that most of us are mutually unacquainted and must meet each other half-way.

As to my own work the past year, I find that I have preached 44 times to you (besides giving a Christmas and an Easter story) and 11 times elsewhere, delivered 24 addresses, assisted at 2 installations, and given 33 lectures, most of them for the benefit of the new church. I have made 628 calls upon parishioners, officiated at 5 weddings and 18 funerals, christened 6 children, and received 13 adults into the church. I have served, also, as President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, Secretary of the Ministers' Institute and of "The Society for Promoting Theological Education."

I thank the Building Committee for allotting to me so fine a room for a study, the Ladies' Sewing Society for the carpet, for the curtains to the book-shelves and those to the windows, individual ladies for very beautiful ornaments and furniture, and the many who presented me with a remarkably fine gown of black silk, a revolving chair, and a most hospitable tea-kettle. In the study are also many earlier marks of the kindness which has attended my ministry here.

It has been my custom to call upon all families attending my church at least twice a year, and once upon all connected through the Sunday-school or other branches. These calls, added to the many on account of special business, sickness, etc., amounted last year to 628. The church has now more than doubled, and I shall not be able to see individual members as often as I could wish; but I shall do so as often as I can, for it is to my gain and pleasure to know personally those whom I have to address Sundays in the mass. But I desire consideration of the difficulties in the way, and of the fact that I am at the study in the church every Tuesday afternoon and evening to receive callers, while upon matters of business I can be found there usually in the forenoon. This year the work of organizing and consolidating the increased and increasing church in all its branches must absorb more strength than hereafter; but every year opens new work to be done, which diminishes the time which used to be spent in social calling.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The transfer of property from the old to the new organization took place during the completion of the new edifice. The funds transferred amounted to \$2,357.61 (mainly building funds), and individual accounts in course of collection for pews-rents, \$236.83. There had been paid at that date \$18,343.03 on account of construction, and \$10,000 had been raised on mortgage.

As the financial year of the church began with the transfer, Oct. 5, 1889, there cannot be a very full report; but possibly a few comparative memoranda may be of interest. Our old church property was sold July 20, 1888. At that time we had sittings leased in seventy-four pews, amounting to \$3,464.69 for year to May 1, 1889, or \$866.17 per quarter. From May 1 to October 1, five months, the rental fell off to about \$658 per quarter, or about 25 per cent. This was almost entirely offset by the very gratifying results of the weekly contributions, mainly from our new constituency, which began when we came together in Fauntleroy Hall in October, 1888, amounting in that month to \$14.50, and running as high as \$82.65 in March of 1889, the total amount received from this source to date being \$786.45.

The new church has ninety pews, with a seating capacity of 450. The choice of sittings was offered at auction Monday evening, Oct. 21, 1889, Mr. F. H. Nazro acting as auctioneer. The result was the sale of 382 seats at a premium of \$1,712. Subsequently, the odd seats left were disposed of, so that now all seats are taken at a rental of \$6,808 per annum.

The expenses of the society for the coming year are estimated at about \$6,000, including insurance for five years and interest. This is about \$1,200 more than in the old church, and will give us a fair margin for contingencies.

W. C. HUNNEMAN, *Treasurer.*

THE CHURCH.

"The Mount Pleasant Congregational Church" was organized Sept. 14, 1847, with forty-two members, of whom but one, Mrs. F. J. G. Hunneman, remains. James Russell and Josiah N. Daniell were elected deacons, and remained in office until 1851 and 1874 respectively. On Oct. 2, 1847, the church received a set of communion plate from the First Religious Society of Roxbury, with the words, "Let it be a bond of union between the churches." Nov. 5, 1847, it received a silver baptismal font from the Eliot Congregational Church, in grateful memory of the use of our church while its own was under repair. Henry White was deacon from 1851 to 1855. The Communion Service is held on the first Sundays of November, January, March, May, and July, at the close of the morning service.

STATEMENT OF FAITH AND PURPOSE.

(Adopted May, 1871.)

We, whose names are undersigned, unite together in the following faith and purpose:—

We believe in God, the Father Almighty, the maker of Heaven and Earth, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

We acknowledge and receive the New Testament as a sufficient rule of faith and practice; and, so believing, we covenant with each other to live in Christian Fellowship and Charity, with a sincere desire to promote each other's welfare, and do the work of a Christian Life.

DEACONS.

Theodore H. Bell (1856)

Charles L. Damrell (1881)

MEMBERS.

Adams, Georgiana
 Bell, Theo. H.
 Bell, Mary C.
 Bell, Emma A.
 Backup, John
 Berry, Ellen M.
 Baker, Caroline A. W.
 Blanchard, Hannah M.
 Butrick, Frank De Latour
 Butrick, Fannie Amelia
 Bean, Henry S.
 Bean, Annie E.
 Bolles, Martha B.
 Boies, Eleanor E.
 Clark, Louise C.
 Carret, Josephine F.
 Carret, Georgiana M.
 Crawford, Sarah L.
 Curtis, Hannah L.
 Damrell, Charles L.
 Day, Cora E.
 Eaton, Ethel Alice Brown
 Everett, Catherine D.
 Everett, E. E. C.
 Everett, E. B.
 Forbes, Sarah A.
 Foster, Anna S.
 Foster, Charlotte
 Fowle, Carrie L.
 Farrington, L. Maria
 Frost, Walter S.
 Frost, Salome A.
 Griggs, B. F.
 Golden, Elizabeth

Hunneman, Frances J. G.
 Hunneman, Frances H.
 Hunneman, William C.
 Harrington, Isabella L.
 Harrington, Martha S.
 Hudson, Abby Mason
 Hudson, Agnes Brooks
 Leland, Abby E.
 Libby, Louisa M.
 Meredith, Mary E.
 Morrill, Isabel W.
 Murdoch, Elizabeth
 Murdoch, Margarita Gimball
 Murdoch, Helen Messinger
 Mosher, Julia E.
 Nevers, Lucy A.
 Nichols, Chas. K.
 Nichols, Julia F.
 Nichols, Lucy Lombard
 Nichols, Clara Fredericka
 Pettee, Amy E.
 Philbrick, Henry Stewart
 Philbrick, Mary Stewart
 Plummer, Ella L. W.
 Rhoades, Charlotte E.
 Rhoades, Mary L.
 Rhoades, Georgiana Fiske
 Richmond, G. F. W.
 Richmond, Sarah
 Somes, Althea
 Souther, Horatio H.
 Souther, M. J.
 Sylvester, Adeline L.
 Sumner, Alfred H.

Sharp, Elizabeth Gertrude
 Taylor, Mary C.
 Varney, Annie K.
 Varney, Grace Silsbee
 Whitman, Pamela
 Wiley, Mary W.

Wiley, H. C.
 Wells, Jane C.
 Ware, Harriot
 Wells, Emily F.
 Wells, Chas. G., Jr.

THE SERVICE OF CONSECRATION, OR BAPTISM.

(For those not christened or baptized in infancy.)

Minister. "Standing before God and in the presence of this church, you wish to consecrate yourself to a more earnest and spiritual life, and you intend, God helping you, to strive after that life so far as lieth in you?"

Answer. "I do."

Minister. "M. N., I therefore baptize you in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen."

THE SERVICE OF UNION.

(For those who have been baptized, and wish to unite with the church.)

Minister. "You do, in this solemn presence, give yourself up to the true God in Jesus Christ, and you promise to walk with God, and with this church of his in his holy ordinances, and to yield your obedience to every truth of his which has been or shall be made known to you, the Lord assisting you by his spirit and grace?"

Answer. "I do."

Minister. "We, then, the church of Christ in this place, do receive you into our fellowship, and we promise to walk toward you and to watch over you, as a member of this church, endeavoring your spiritual edification in Christ Jesus."

THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

(The Church rises.)

Minister (taking each by the right hand). "In the name of the Mount Pleasant Church, I welcome you into our fellowship and promise you our help. Amen."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

This was begun Oct. 3, 1847, with 50 pupils and 10 teachers, J. N. Daniell being Superintendent, and remaining so for many years. His successors were Mr. John Kneeland (Nov. 28, 1858 — March 3, 1872) and Mr. M. Everett Ware (April 23, 1872 — Oct. 15, 1889).

The school has had a very prosperous year. Beginning with about 40 pupils, it numbers at time of writing 165 in all. Its contributions have increased in nearly the same ratio. It opened in Fauntleroy Hall Sept. 23, 1888, closing June 30, 1889, and reopening in the new Parish House September 22. On Christmas Sunday, December 23, it united with the congregation in a special service, with carols and an original story by the minister; and on Easter Sunday, April 21, it had a special service of its own, with an address by Mrs. Bernard Whitman and an original story by the minister. On January 1 a New Year party was given it, each scholar inviting a friend, which received generous help from the Ladies' Sewing Circle, through Miss Carret's efforts. To the same society it is indebted for repairs on the piano. Its gratitude is due, also, to Mrs. J. H. Meredith for the fine organ elsewhere mentioned, and to many friends for books given to the library. But, while thus receiving, it has also given (as may be seen in the Treasurer's report) to the Children's Mission, besides setting apart some of its funds toward the renovation of the library. The text-books used have been, for the main school, Mr. Hall's "First Lessons in the Bible," the part relating to the Old Testament, Miss Boies using once a month Dr. Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief," and the Primary Department Mrs. Wilson's series of cards, with general lessons from the principal, Miss

Varney. A general lesson on the Old Testament, consisting of 100 questions and answers, was carried on by the minister. Teachers' meetings have been held monthly. The service book has been the new Hymnal of the Sunday School Society.

The library is to be renovated and enlarged. The school renders thanks to the retiring librarians, Miss Fowle and Mrs. Tripp, who have served it many years and very efficiently.

OFFICERS, 1889-90.

Superintendent, Rev. W. H. Lyon.

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles G. Wells.

Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, J. Arthur Downs.

Librarians, Misses Josephine and Isabel Morrill.

Organist, Miss Clara F. Nichols.

Violinists, Miss Maria Nichols, Miss Grace Whitmore, Herbert C Collar.

Ushers, George Hayden, Howard Norton, Robert Molineux.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

YEAR ENDING OCT. 1, 1889.

GENERAL FUND.

1888.		1888.	
Oct. 1. Balance cash on hand	\$24.70	Oct. 6. Printing and postage	\$3.21
Dec. 23. Cont. to Christ. Fest.	26.64	Oct. 17. Secretary's book.....	.60
1889.		1889.	
Apr. 1. Cont. by a friend for		Jan. Ex. of Christ. Fest...	26.64
Building Fund.....	100.00	Apr. 1. To Ch. B'ld'g. Fund..	100.00
June 13. Borrowed of Library		July 7. U. S. S. Soc. mdse....	6.39
Fund	22.50	July 7. " " donation	25.00
		Bowditch, plants for	
		Children's Sunday..	12.00
		Oct. 1. Balance cash on hand	0.00
	<u>\$173.84</u>		<u>\$173.84</u>

LIBRARY FUND.

1889.		1889.	
June 18. Proceeds I.H.N. Ent.	\$52.00	July 13. Lent to S.S.Gen. Fund	\$22.50
V't'd from S.S. Cont.	17.19	Oct. 1. Balance cash on hand	46.69
	<u>\$69.19</u>		<u>\$69.19</u>

CONTRIBUTION FUND.

Cont. of Scholars for 1898-99..	\$37.19	1899.	
" " Easter, '99	13.02	May 17. To Children's Mission	\$33.02
		June. To Library Fund.....	17.19
	<u>\$50.21</u>		<u>\$50.21</u>

Since the new year opened, \$129 has been contributed by the church, and \$210.95 has been received from Miss Clara F. Nichols as proceeds of an entertainment conducted by her.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. G. WELLS, *Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

CLASS No. 1.

Teacher, Boies, Miss Eleanor E.

Andrews, Isabel	Kendall, Blanche
Amsden, Frank	McIntosh, Russell
Batchelder, Jean	Melchert, Mattie
Bean, Susan	Molineux, Robert
Beck, Lewis	Nichols, Marie T.
Brooks, Florence	Norton, Howard
Brooks, Grace	Parker, Susan
Cox, Gertrude	Philbrick, Maud
Day, Harry	Richmond, Fred.
Dole, Alice	Sewall, Atherton
Downs, Arthur	Sloane, Amy
Forbes, Grace	Ullmer, Louise
Golden, Anna	Wheeler, May
Hayden, George	Whitcomb, Edith
Holloway, Susan	Whitcomb, Ethel
Holloway, William J.	Whitman, Arthur
Hooper, Foster	Wolcott, Lilian

CLASS No. 2.

Teacher, Carret, Miss J. F.

Alley, Gertrude	Curtis, Elsie V.
Bartlett, Lillian W.	Dadmun, May Belle G.

Golden, Lizzie
 Hooton, Marion
 Kinney, Lenore W.
 Litchfield, Edith D.

Sewall, Mabel A.
 Shapleigh, Flora E.
 Wolcott, Nettie
 Whitcomb, Gertrude F.

CLASS No. 3.

Teacher, Ware, Miss Harriot

Alexander, William
 Amidon, Edw.
 Baxter, Carl
 Bean, Walter R.
 Betteley, Austin

Cameron, Angus
 Dean, Trevor A.
 Litchfield, Paul W.
 Wesson, Leonard

CLASS No. 4.

Teacher, White, Miss C. A.

Belcher, Edw.
 Brooks, Clifford

Cox, William
 Samson, Carl

CLASS No. 5.

Teacher, Backup, Miss Helen L.

Backup, Clifford
 Bartlett, Charles
 Clouston, Bertie

Hale, Gordon
 Healey, Harry
 Samson, Edw.

CLASS No. 6.

Teacher, Day, Miss Cora E.

Addison, R. H.
 Baxter, Lawrence
 Brooks, Milton A.
 Day, C. E.
 Holmes, Chas.

Jordan, Porter
 Newhall, C. A.
 Smith, Fred.
 Wright, Arthur

CLASS No. 7.

Teacher, Kendrick, Miss L. M.

Alley, Lillian
 Andrews, Alice
 Bean, Madoline
 Butrick, Annie D.

Downs, Lillian S.
 Foster, Helen
 Lamb, Pearl E.
 Whitmore, Grace

CLASS No. 8.

*Teacher, Healey, Mrs. A. W.*Belcher, Olive
Gill, EstherGleason, Alice
Knox, Ethel

CLASS No. 9.

*Teacher, Bragg, Miss Helen*Curley, Mabel
Snow, MarieTaylor, Leslie
Wilder, Louise

CLASS No. 10.

*Teacher, Pettee, Miss A. E.*Bartlett, Ralph
Eaton, Harworth
Kinney, PercyNewhall, Frank
Ripley, Walter
Wilder, Fred.**PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.**

CLASS No. 1.

*Teacher, Somes, Mrs. Althea*Arnold, Vivien
Burgess, Florence
Cameron, Annie
Cook, Alice
Darey, MarionFoster, Mand
Howe, Mattie
Kinney, Jessie
Loring, Alice

CLASS No. 2.

*Teacher, Trainer, Miss I. B.*Betteley, Edna
Edgerly, Edith
Hay, Marion
Holloway, Grace
Molineux, AlicePolsey, Mabel
Reckers, Elsie
Samson, Ella
Wyman, Etta

CLASS No. 3.

*Teacher, Varney, Miss Grace*Arnold, Eugene
Dole, Frank
Gleason, Kiles
Hooper, LindseyMcArthur, Arthur
Whitcomb, Harold
Whorf, Clarence

CLASS No. 4.

Teacher, Pierce, Miss Cora

Darey, Rebecca	McArthur, Donald
Gleason, George N.	Polsey, Addie
Goodwin, Arthur	Polsey, Lulu
Grant, Frank	Stevens, Laura
Holloway, Clarence H.	Waugh, Wallace
Lamb, George	Waugh, Amy

CLASS No. 5.

Teacher, Emmons, Mrs.

Batchelder, Bertha	Kelley, Anna
Bunting, Florence	Kinney, Harold
Bunting, Morton	Polsey, Marion
Carruth, Chester	Snow, Frank J.
Carter, Tonie	Somes, Dana
Clouston, Ethel	Stevens, Paul
Jaeckel, Theodore	Waugh, Irving

THE LADIES' SEWING CIRCLE.

The Sewing Circle was organized at a meeting held at Mr. Alger's house not long after his ordination, probably near the end of 1847. Mrs. Alger was its first president, succeeded by Mrs. J. N. Daniell, Mrs. Charles E. Grant, Mrs. A. B. Hall, Mrs. L. B. Comins, Mrs. J. K. Sleeper, Miss Lucy A. Nevers, Mrs. W. A. Couthouy, Mrs. J. H. Philbrick, and perhaps others whose names cannot be ascertained, owing to the destruction of the earlier records. Mrs. Anna Farnsworth was the first secretary, succeeded by many others, of whom Miss Pamela Whitman deserves especial mention on account of her long service.

The meetings were usually held in the houses of members, the gentlemen coming in for tea. Later, the teas were omitted; and in 1884, a parlor having been fitted up in the chapel, the meetings were held there.

The circle has been an extremely active, successful, and helpful organization. Besides charitable work, such as that done for the Massachusetts Infant Asylum and Aunt Gwynne's Home, it has given most abundantly toward the expenses of the church. In nine years it has held eight fairs, netting \$5,015.72, has earned in other ways \$1,476.25, and received in legacies \$750 (Mr. Pray \$200, Mrs. Pray \$500, and Miss Louisa Smith \$50). Out of this it has paid to the church, for repairs, debt, interest, building fund, etc., \$6,143.46, proving itself a helpmeet indeed.

OFFICERS, 1890.

President, Mrs. W. H. Daniels.

Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel Thurber.

Secretary, Miss L. M. Kendrick.

Treasurer, Miss G. M. Carret.

Executive Committee, Miss J. F. Carret, Mrs. G. W. Curtis, Miss Carrie Fowle, Mrs. Charles Newhall, Mrs. J. B. Pearse, Mrs. C. E. Ridler.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1888	\$43.66	Paid toward Sunday-school Festival.....	\$2.39
Interest in Bank.....	4.13	Paid for material for charity work.....	5.00
Assessments	98.00	Paid on account of Parish Supper.....	26.92
Extra assessments on account of Parish Supper	15.00	Paid for repairing Sunday-school piano.....	50.00
Donation	2.00	Paid on account of tables at Fair.....	78.63
Proceeds of Strawberry Festival	30.00	Expenses incident to Fair	297.68
Gross receipts of Fair held Nov. 6 and 7, 1889.....	1,765.51	Paid for church furnishings.....	1,201.13
		Paid for velours for curtains.....	24.53
		Paid for set of crockery..	106.01
		Loaned Committee on Good Works.....	10.00
		Paid on account of Parish Party	11.25
		Paid for Japanese napkins	1.40
		Paid for towels.....	1.50
			<u>\$1,816.44</u>
		Bal. on hand Jan. 1, 1890	141.86
	<u>\$1,958.30</u>		<u>\$1,958.30</u>

G. M. CARRET, *Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

Mrs. Wm. C. Appleton	Mrs. W. B. Carter
Mrs. J. B. Backup	Miss L. C. Clark
Mrs. Henry S. Bean	Mrs. R. H. Clouston
Mrs. Henry Bossom	Mrs. P. L. Cox
Mrs. A. W. Bragg	Mrs. G. W. Curtis
Mrs. J. I. Brooks	Mrs. W. H. Daniels
Mrs. S. G. Brooks	Mrs. G. W. Downs
Mrs. W. M. Cameron	Miss M. L. Eliot
Miss J. F. Carret	Miss E. C. Everett
Miss G. M. Carret	Miss Carrie Fowle

Miss M. Harrington
Miss I. D. Harrington
Mrs. Albert Howard
Miss Hunneman
Miss L. M. Kendrick
Miss A. E. Leland
Mrs. R. G. Molineux
Miss Elizabeth Murdoch
Miss H. M. Murdoch
Miss Lucy Nevers
Mrs. Charles Newhall
Miss Annie Newhall
Mrs. C. K. Nichols
Mrs. J. H. Norton
Mrs. J. L. Pearsall
Mrs. J. B. Pearse
Miss Amy Pettee
Mrs. J. H. Philbrick
Mrs. A. H. Rhoades

Miss G. F. Rhoades
Miss M. L. Rhoades
Mrs. E. M. Richmond
Mrs. C. E. Ridler
Mrs. H. A. Root
Mrs. Henry C. Sears
Miss Sloan
Miss A. G. Smith
Mrs. S. Thurber
Miss Thurber
Miss Harriot Ware
Mrs. W. F. Whitcomb
Mrs. Pamela Whitman
Mrs. J. C. Whitmore
Miss H. C. Wiley
Miss M. Wiley
Mrs. Chandler Wright
Mrs. L. J. Wyman

THE I. H. N. (*In His Name*) CLUB.

A meeting of the older girls connected with the Sunday-school at the home of their teacher, Miss E. E. Boies, in October, 1888, to talk over what they could do to help others, resulted in the organization of the "In His Name" society, which includes the older boys in the school, as well as girls. The real purpose of the society is to teach its members the spirit of helpfulness, and that much may be done for the happiness and comfort of others, in many ways aside from giving money; also to interest them in the work of the church and Sunday-school. Meetings are held on alternate Friday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30 P.M. During the past year they were held at the houses of the members. This year they are held at the Parish House.

The first hour is devoted to business and such general exercises as have been previously decided upon, the last hour to social enjoyment. Every boy or girl in the Sunday-school over fourteen years of age is eligible to membership. Membership fees are fifty cents a year. During the past year the club has given money to several needy persons, supplied some children with clothes, sent a box of books to the Unitarian Sunday-school at Littleton, N.H., Christmas cards to a school in Indian Territory, money toward support of Roxbury Diet Kitchen, and fifty-two dollars toward buying new books for the Sunday-school library. The club sang four Sunday afternoons at the Roxbury Home for Aged Women, two Sundays at the Home for Aged Couples, and one Sunday evening at the Working Girls' Home. Several of the girls have made frequent calls on the old ladies in the Home, reading and chatting with them.

Half of the money raised this year is to be given toward the

support of the Roxbury District Nurse and half toward church work.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

YEAR ENDING OCT. 1, 1889.

RECEIVED.		PAID.	
Membership fees.....	\$3.50	Various Christmas presents..	\$6.30
Sunday contributions.....	17.18	Luxuries for sick people.....	3.00
Fines.....	1.20	Secretary's book.....	.30
For badge (from Mr. Lyon)...	.25	Monthly magazine (<i>Lend a</i>	
Proceeds of entertainment...	62.00	<i>Hand</i>)20
		Dresses and linings.....	6.44
		Flowers.....	1.00
		Roxbury nurse.....	9.89
		Rental of Fauntleroy Hall....	10.00
		Treasurer of Sunday-school..	52.00
	<u>\$89.13</u>		<u>\$89.13</u>

E. & O. E.

J. ARTHUR DOWNS, *Treasurer.*

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1889.

OFFICERS.

President, Miss E. E. Boies.

Secretary, Susan H. Bean.

Vice-President, George W. Hayden.

Treasurer, Arthur J. Downs.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Rev. W. H. Lyon.

Miss Amy Pettee.

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Amsden, Frank
Beck, Lewis H.
Brooks, Florence
Brooks, Grace
Bean, Susan
Boies, E. E.
Cox, Gertrude
Dole, Alice
Downs, Arthur J.
Hayden, George W.
Melchert, Mattie E.
Molineux, Robert M.

Nichols, Mamie
Norton, Howard
Philbrick, Maud
Richmond, Fred.
Sewall, Atherton
Ware, Bertha A.
Wolcott, Lilian A.
Wolcott, Nettie
Wheeler, May E.
Whitman, Sarah
Whitman, Arthur
Whitcomb, Ethel

ALL SOULS' BRANCH OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CONFERENCE.

Organized Dec. 3, 1889.

President, Mrs. Bernard Whitman.

Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Kilby.

Secretary, Miss Amy E. Pettee.

Treasurer, Miss Mary Eliot.

Other Directors, Mrs. Anna S. Foster, Mrs. W. H. Daniels, Miss I. D. Harrington.

BY-LAWS OF THE WOMEN'S AUXILIARY CONFERENCE.

1. Any woman shall be a member of this Branch of the Women's Auxiliary Conference who signs the By-laws, or who has signed the agreement to form this Branch, and who pays the annual assessment.

2. The officers of this Branch shall be elected at each annual meeting, and shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and three others, who shall together form the Board of Directors.

3. The regular meetings of this Branch shall be held on the first and third Wednesday afternoons of each month, at three o'clock, and the annual meeting on the afternoon of the last Wednesday in October of each year.

4. These By-laws may be amended at any regular meeting by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, on motion made at least one month before, and the amendment stated in the notice of the meeting.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.

Organized Feb. 25, 1890.

BY-LAWS.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION 1. This Club shall be called "The Young People's Club of All Souls' Unitarian Church of Roxbury."

SECT. 2. Any person, fourteen years of age or over, connected with this church, or any other person approved by the Directors, shall be eligible to membership in this Club, and shall become a member by signing these By-laws and paying fifty cents to the Treasurer.

ARTICLE II.

The officers of the Club shall be seven Directors, consisting of President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and three other members shall be chosen by ballot at the annual meeting, and shall serve until their successors are elected.

ARTICLE III.

The meetings of this Club shall be held on the last Tuesday of each month from October to April inclusive, and the October meeting shall be the annual meeting.

ARTICLE IV.

The Board of Directors shall have general charge of the affairs of the Club, and power to appoint committees.

ARTICLE V.

Eleven members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE VI.

These By-laws may be amended at any regular meeting by two-thirds vote of those present and voting.

OFFICERS.

President, Frank M. Leavitt.

Vice-President, Miss Clara F. Nichols.

Secretary, Miss Cora K. Pierce.

Treasurer, Frank F. Tripp.

Directors, { Charles E. Ridler.
Joseph N. Palmer.
Miss Lillian Upton.

LIFE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Lyon, W. H. (1881)

Bell, Theo. H.

Damrell, Charles L.

Kilby, W. H.

Meredith, Mrs. J. H.

Nevers, Miss Lucy A.

Sumner, A. H.

Varney, W. H.

Foster, Mrs. Anna S. (1887)

Nichols, C. K. (1888)

LIFE MEMBERS OF UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Lyon, W. H.

Wells, C. G.

Clark, Miss L. C.

Fowle, Miss Carrie

Pettee, Miss Amy C.

Harrington, Miss I. D. (1887)

Morrill, Miss I. D. (1887)

Tripp, Mrs. L. F. (1889)

Varney, Miss Grace (1889)

All Souls' Unitarian Church
ROXBURY.



THE PARISH BOOK.
1881-82

ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Organization for 1891-92.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

President, Charles L. Damrell.

Clerk, Walter S. Frost, 2389 Washington Street, Room 1.

Treasurer, Frank D. Butrick, P.O. Box 5287, Boston.

For One Year: Mary E. Meredith, G. F. W. Richmond, W. C. Hunneman.

For Two Years: Minnie C. Whitman, Albert O. Morgan, George B. Stevens.

For Three Years: Katharine A. Gage, C. W. Eaton, G. W. Curtis.

SUB-COMMITTEES.

On Pulpit and Services: Mr. Damrell, Mr. Stevens, and Mrs. Meredith.

On House and Grounds: Messrs. Eaton and Curtis.

On Music: Mr. Morgan, Mr. Hunneman, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Gage.

On Accounts: Messrs. Hunneman and Richmond.

Minister.

WILLIAM H. LYON, 10 Sunderland Street.

("At home" Tuesday afternoon and evening.)

Deacons.

Theodore H. Bell.

Charles L. Damrell.

COMMITTEES OF THE CHURCH.

On Good Works.

T. H. Bell.	C. H. Goodwin.
C. W. Eaton.	Mrs. J. H. Philbrick.
Mrs. R. H. Clouston.	

On Collections.

A. H. Sumner.	B. F. Griggs.	J. M. Upton.
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On Flowers.

Mrs. Julius F. Gage.	Mrs. W. E. Skillings.
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On Sunday School.

C. G. Wells.	Miss E. E. Boies.	Miss Grace Varney.
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On Hospitality.

C. K. Nichols.	Mrs. J. W. Dole.
Mrs. S. G. Brooks.	H. S. Bean.
Miss J. F. Carret.	Mrs. W. H. Daniels.
J. M. Upton.	Miss E. E. Boies.
F. D. Butrick.	

Delegate to the Suffolk Conference.

Theodore H. Bell.

Ushers.

F. F. Tripp.	G. A. Clouston.
F. M. Ridler.	J. A. Downs.

Choir.

M. B. Cummings, *Organist and Director.*
Soprano.

Josie E. Greenwood, *Alto.*

James Maccabe, *Tenor.*

E. M. Farnsworth, *Bass.*

Sexton, C. B. Gilbert, 20 Munroe Street.

THE CONGREGATION.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Adams, Georgiana	127 Auburn st., Cambridgeport.
Addison, Richard	Georgia st.
Addison, Mrs. Richard	" "
Allen, Frederick W.	91 Howland st.
Allen, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "
Amidon, Charles K.	5 Carlisle st.
Amidon, Mrs. Charles K.	" "
Amsden, Henry F.	51 Elm Hill ave.
Amsden, Mrs. Henry F.	" "
Appleton, Mrs. Wm. C.	62 Clifford st.
Austin, W. H. M.	20 Victoria st., Dorchester.
Austin, Mrs. W. H. M.	" " "
Backup, Helen L.	30 Circuit st.
Bacon, Mrs. C. F.	45 Crawford st.
Baier, Louis	903 Albany st.
Baier, Mrs. Louis	" "
Bailey, Mrs. Sara K.	Seaver st.
Baker, James L.	7 Howland st.
Baker, Mrs. James L.	" "
Batchelder, William J.	72 Dennis st.
Batchelder, Mrs. W. J.	" "
Batchelder, Charles G.	" "
Bates, Miss S. K.	26 Alaska st.
Baxter, Miss Emma F.	9 Ware st., Dorchester.
Bean, Henry S.	44 Woodbine st.
Bean, Mrs. Henry S.	" "
Beatley, Mrs. Catharine	11 Wabon st.
Bell, Theodore H.	Clark Road, Brookline.
Bell, Miss Mary C.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Blanchard, Miss Hannah M.	122 Eustis st.
Boies, Miss Eleanor E.	15 Rockville pk.
Bolles, Dr. Wm. P.	Harriswood Terrace, Harold st.
Bolles, Mrs. Wm. P.	" " " "
Boyden, Miss Ida L.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Bride, Wm. J.	Seaver st.
Bride, Mrs.	" "
Brigham, Cyrus	75 Crawford st.
Brigham, Mrs. Cyrus	" "
Brigham, Tyler	16 Glenarm st., Dorchester.
Brigham, Mrs. Tyler	" " "
Brigham, Miss Lucy F.	Marion st., Brookline.
Brooks, I. Hobart	291 Dudley st.
Brooks, James I.	Seaver st., cor. Humboldt ave.
Brooks, Mrs. James I.	" " " "
Brooks, Square G.	51 Quincy st.
Brooks, Mrs. Square G.	" "
Burlen, M. W.	27 Waumbeck st.
Burlen, Mrs. M. W.	" "
Butrick, Frank D.	33 Glenarm st., Dorchester.
Butrick, Mrs. Frank D.	" " "
Cameron, Walter M.	5 Sargent st., Dorchester.
Cameron, Mrs. Walter M.	" " "
Carret, James R.	10 Sunderland st.
Carret, Miss Josephine F.	" "
Carret, Miss Georgiana M.	" "
Carret, Charles T.	20 Circuit st.
Carret, Mrs. Charles T.	" "
Carruth, Frank H.	24 Wyoming st.
Carruth, Mrs. Frank H.	" "
Carter, William B.	16 Waumbeck st.
Carter, Mrs. William B.	" "
Chamberlin, Mrs.	33 Wellington st., Boston.
Chamberlin, Miss Isabel	" " "
Chapin, Miss Anna M.	52 Crawford st.
Chapin, Austin B. H.	" "
Chapin, Miss Hattie E.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Cheney, Gardner S.	3 Carlisle st.
Cheney, Mrs. Gardner S.	" "
Churchill, Mrs. W. W.	45 Crawford st.
Clapp, Miss Lydia C.	7 Perrin st.
Clark, Miss Louise C.	5 Rockville pk.
Clendenin, Miss Ellen P.	401 Norfolk st., Dorchester.
Clouston, Robert H.	56 Crawford st.
Clouston, Mrs. Robert H.	" "
Clouston, George A.	" "
Crawford, Dr. Sarah M.	144 Dudley st.
Crosby, Asa S.	242 Warren st.
Crosby, Mrs. Asa S.	" "
Crosby, F. Porter	" "
Crosby, Miss Annie N.	" "
Cummings, M. B.	57 Clifton st., Dorchester.
Cummings, Mrs. M. B.	" " "
Curley, Mrs. M. H.	Bowdoin ave., Dorchester.
Curtis, G. H.	85 Harvard ave., Dorchester.
Curtis, Mrs. G. H.	" " "
Curtis, George W.	54 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Curtis, Mrs. George W.	" "
Curtis, Nelson	1 Carlisle st.
Curtis, Mrs. Nelson	" "
Damrell, Chas. L.	283 Washington st.
Daniels, Wm. H.	2 Sunderland st.
Daniels, Mrs. Wm. H.	" "
Davenport, Reuben W.	6 Aspen st.
Davenport, Mrs. Reuben W.	" "
Day, Mrs. A. F.	319 Warren st.
Day, Miss Cora E.	" "
Day, Henry A.	Hotel Hayward, Holborn st.
Day, Mrs. Henry A.	" " " "
Dean, Fred. M.	6 Forest st.
Dean, Miss Lilian F.	" "
Dole, Frank B.	12 Gaston st.
Dole, Mrs. Frank B.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Dole, John W.	6 Carlisle st.
Dole, Mrs. John W.	" "
Downs, Mrs. Geo. W.	40 Cliff st.
Downs, J. Arthur	" "
Eaton, Chas. W.	14 Circuit st.
Eaton, Mrs. Chas. W.	" "
Eaton, Miss Ethel A. B.	" "
Eaton, Miss Sarah E. C.	32 Akron st.
Eliot, Nathaniel G.	Fairland st.
Eliot, Miss Mary L.	" "
Eliot, Miss Emily B.	" "
Elliot, Henry	282 Washington st., Dorchester.
Elliot, Mrs. Henry	" " "
Elliot, Miss Bertha	" " "
Elliot, Miss Emma G.	" " "
Elliot, Ernest H.	" " "
Ellison, Wm. H.	Norfolk House.
Emmons, James N. W.	30 Wenonah st.
Emmons, Mrs. James N. W.	" "
Engle, Robert S.	Elm Hill ave.
Engle, Samuel	" "
Engle, Mrs. Samuel	" "
Everett, Miss Catherine D.	Townsend st.
Everett, Miss Evelina E. C.	" "
Flagg, Miss Ellen M.	4 Carlisle st.
Fobes, Miss Sarah A.	100 Harvard st, Dorchester.
Folsom, P. W.	3 Akron st.
Folsom, Mrs. P. W.	" "
Folsom, Miss Ida O.	" "
Foster, Mrs. Anna S.	Marion st., Brookline.
Foster, Mrs. David J.	27 Whiting st.
Fowle, Mrs. Seth C.	9 Crawford st.
Fowle, Miss Caroline L.	6 Forest st.
Fowle, Miss Helen	60 Waverley st.
Fowle, Miss Alice	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Frost, Walter S.	27 Copeland st.
Frost, Mrs. Walter S.	" "
Fuller, George W.	18 Circuit st.
Fuller, Mrs. George W.	" "
Gage, Julius F.	29 Wenonah st.
Gage, Mrs. Julius F.	" "
Gage, Miss Katharine A.	" "
Gardner, Miss Sarah	The Dartmouth.
Gardner, Miss Lucretia	" "
Gardner, Laurence	2 Kensington pk.
Gardner, Mrs. Laurence	" "
Gill, Abbot D.	99 Walnut ave.
Gill, Mrs. Abbot D.	" "
Golden, Mrs. C.	68 Maywood st.
Goodwin, Chas. H.	71 Dale st.
Goodwin, Mrs. Chas. H.	" "
Grant, E. B.	17 Waumbeck st.
Gray, Mrs. Wm. H.	108 Blue Hill ave.
Gray, Miss Ellen	" "
Gray, Edward N.	" "
Green, Robert A.	295 Warren st.
Griggs, B. F.	25 Fountain st.
Hackett, Jean A.	298 Washington st., Dorchester.
Harrington, Miss Martha L.	760 Dudley st., Dorchester.
Harrington, Miss Isabella D.	" " "
Hayden, Charles J.	493 Warren st.
Hayden, Mrs. Charles J.	" "
Hayden, Charles M.	" "
Healey, Mrs. Angie W.	11 Wyoming st.
Henry, George E.	Clark Road, Brookline.
Henry, Mrs. George E.	" " "
Hobbs, Miss A. M.	570 Warren st.
Holmes, N. B.	2 Hotel Adelphi.
Holmes, Mrs. N. B.	" "
Hooper, Foster M.	Georgia st.
Hooper, Mrs. Foster M.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Houston, Jas. A.	Maple st.
Houston, Mrs. Jas. A.	" "
Houston, Ernest	" "
Houston, William C.	" "
Howard, Albert	12 Brook ave.
Howard, Mrs. Albert	" "
Howard, Fred. L.	25 Crawford st.
Howard, Mrs. Fred. L.	" "
Howe, F. E.	25 Savin st.
Howe, Mrs. F. E.	" "
Hudson, Mrs. Abby M.	291 Dudley st.
Hudson, Miss Agnes B.	" "
Hunneman, Mrs. Frances J. G.	11 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Hunneman, Miss Frances H.	" "
Hunneman, William C.	5 Colchester st., Brookline.
Hunneman, Mrs. William C.	" " "
Hutchinson, George A.	14 Wales st., Dorchester.
Jenkins, Charles	33 Wenonah st.
Jenkins, Mrs. Charles	" "
Jones, Miss	Glenarm st., Dorchester.
Jordan, Jediah P.	20 Greenville st.
Jordan, Mrs. Jediah P.	" "
Jordan, Robert A.	" "
Jordan, William M.	" "
Lamb, B. F.	23 Waumbeck st.
Lamb, Mrs. B. F.	" "
Lamb, Miss Fannie G.	" "
Lamb, Willie F.	" "
Lambert, Miss A. F.	15 Waumbeck st.
Lampee, Mrs. Harriet A.	32 Akron st.
Lampee, Miss Harriet E.	" "
Lane, Edward B.	Austin Farm, West Roxbury.
Lane, Mrs. Edward B.	" " " "
Leavitt, Frank M.	14 Myrtle st., Jamaica Plain.
Leavitt, Mrs. Frank M.	" " " "
Leavitt, Miss Nellie W.	34 Akron st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Leland, Miss Abby E.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Lewis, Miss Kate R.	14 Schuyler st.
Lewis, Miss Helen H.	" "
Litchfield, Charles M.	94 Harvard ave., Dorchester.
Litchfield, Mrs. Charles M.	" " "
Loring, David, Jr.	68 Elm Hill ave.
Loring, Mrs. David, Jr.	" "
Lovett, Joshua	504 Warren st.
Lovett, Mrs. Joshua	" "
Lovett, Albert J.	24 Howland st.
Lovett, Mrs. Albert J.	" "
McInnes, Wm. M.	2 Howland st.
McIntosh, Mrs. Lochlan G.	87 Howland st.
McNaught, W. W.	186 Harvard st., Dorchester.
McNaught, Mrs. W. W.	" " "
Melcher, Mrs. M F.	16 Gaston st.
Meredith, Mrs. Joseph H.	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Merritt, Nehemiah T.	28 Wheatland ave., Dorchester.
Merritt, Mrs. Nehemiah T.	" " "
Mills, John A.	4 Hotel Park, Dale st.
Mills, Mrs. John A.	" " " "
Mitchell, Miss Emma C.	3 Carlisle st.
Molineux, Robert G.	5 Wabon st.
Molineux, Mrs Robert G.	" "
Morgan, Albert O.	92 Maple st.
Morgan, Mrs. Albert O.	" "
Morrill, Miss Josephine R.	61 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Morrill, Miss Isabel W.	" "
Morse, L. Foster	8 Carlisle st.
Morse, Mrs. L. Foster	" "
Morse, Miss Grace E.	" "
Morse, Miss Annie C.	" "
Munroe, Charles F.	167 Warren st. ♦
Munroe, Mrs. Charles F.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Betty	62 Clifford st.
Murdoch, Miss Madge G.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Helen M.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Nash, Mrs. Henry	2 Sunderland st.
Nason, James E.	20 Montrose st.
Nason, Mrs. James E.	" "
Nason, Miss May I.	" "
Nesmith, Mrs. E. M.	Hotel Evarts, Folsom st., Dorch's't'r.
Nevers, Miss Lucy A.	36 Quincy st.
Newhall, Cheever	25 Wales st., Dorchester.
Newhall, Charles	" " "
Newhall, Mrs. Charles	" " "
Newhall, Miss M. Louise	22 Wales st., Dorchester.
Newhall, Miss Annie M.	" " "
Nichols, Charles K.	40 Clifford st.
Nichols, Mrs. Charles K.	" "
Nichols, Miss Lucy L.	" "
Nichols, Miss Clara F.	" "
Norton, John H.	28 Whiting st.
Norton, Mrs. John H.	" "
Page, Miss Ellen E.	32 Akron st.
Page, Wm. I.	" "
Palmer, Mrs. Albert	The Warren.
Palmer, Joseph N.	" "
Palmer, Wilson N.	" "
Parker, Thomas	436 Warren st.
Parker, Mrs. Thomas	" "
Pearsall, John L.	11 Waumbeck st.
Pearsall, Mrs. John L.	" "
Pearse, John B.	317 Walnut ave.
Pearse, Mrs. John B.	" "
Perkins, H. G.	39 Hartford st., Dorchester
Pettee, Mrs. Seth	116 Cottage st., Dorchester.
Pettee, Miss Amy E.	" " "
Philbrick, Mrs. J. H.	62 Crawford st.
Philbrick, Henry S.	" "
Pierce, Edward C.	19 Clifford st.
Pierce, Mrs. Edward C.	" "
Pierce, Cora K.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Pierce, John N.	4 Wyoming st.
Pierce, Mrs. John N.	" "
Pierce, Mrs. W. H.	Elm Hill ave.
Polsey, George A.	Holborn st.
Polsey, Mrs. George A.	" "
Polsey, Mrs. A. L.	" "
Polsey, John F.	10 Waumbeck st.
Polsey, Mrs. John F.	" "
Rand, C. A.	285 Warren st.
Rand, Mrs. C. A.	" "
Reed, William G.	The Warren.
Reed, Mrs. William G.	" "
Rhoades, Mrs. Charlotte E.	21 Winthrop st.
Rhoades, Miss Georgiana F.	" "
Rhoades, Miss Mary Lovering	" "
Richmond, George F. W.	9 Whiting st.
Richmond, Mrs. George F. W.	" "
Ridler, Charles E.	210 Harvard st., Dorchester.
Ridler, Mrs. Charles E.	" "
Ridler, Frank M.	" " "
Ridlon, Frank	48 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Ridlon, Mrs. Frank	" " "
Ripley, Mrs. C. T.	Cor. Danube and Dewey sts., Dor.
Ritchie, Eliot	3 Wyoming st.
Ritchie, Mrs. Eliot	" "
Rodman, George E.	7 Wyoming st.
Rolfe, C. E.	314 Washington st., Dorchester.
Rolfe, Mrs. C. E.	" " "
Root, Henry A.	Winthrop, Mass.
Root, Mrs. Henry A.	" "
Rowe, Mrs. Almon T.	9 Waumbeck st.
Rowe, Miss Cora M.	" "
Rowe, Solomon S.	466 Warren st.
Rowe, Mrs. Solomon S.	" "
Rowe, Miss Pauline	" "
Rugg, Frederick W.	39 Woodbine st.
Rugg, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Samson, Edward H.	92 Maple st.
Samson, Mrs. Edward H.	" "
Savage, Mrs. Adeline	18 Savin st.
Schlegelmilch, Mrs. Leopold L.	32 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Schlegelmilch, Miss Louise E.	" "
Sears, Henry C.	18 Circuit st.
Sewall, George P.	290 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Sewall, Mrs. George P.	" " "
Skillings, W. E.	50 Crawford st.
Skillings, Mrs. W. E.	" "
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth H.	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Smith, C. A.	Sanborn ave., Dorchester.
Smith, Mrs. C. A.	" " "
Smith, Miss Emma I.	" " "
Snelling, Nathaniel G.	28 Alaska st.
Snelling, Mrs. Nathaniel G.	" "
Snow, Frank B.	54 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Snow, Mrs. Frank B.	" " "
Souther, Horatio H.	57 Waverley st.
Souther, Miss Maria J.	" "
Stevens, Miss Maude	Bowdoin ave., Dorchester.
Stevens, Dr. G. B.	444 Warren st.
Stevens, Mrs. G. B.	" "
Sturgis, Mrs. Susie H.	Hotel Adelphi.
Sturgis, Miss Fannie H.	" "
Sumner, Alfred H.	Norfolk House.
Sylvester, George B.	14 Rockville pk.
Sylvester, Miss Addie L.	" "
Taylor, Miss Mary C.	29 Winthrop st.
Thayer, William M.	4 Carlisle st.
Thayer, Mrs. William M.	" "
Thurber, Mrs. Samuel	13 Westminster ave.
Thurber, Miss Helen	" "
Torrey, Mark A.	48 Hartford st., Dorchester.
Torrey, Mrs. Mark A.	" " "
Trainer, Mrs. William	21 Crawford st.
Trainer, Charles W.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Trainer, Miss Annie M. . . .	21 Crawford st.
Trainer, Miss Isabel B. . . .	" "
Tripp, Mrs. Lucina F. . . .	27 Whiting st.
Tripp, Miss Marion C. . . .	" "
Tripp, Frank F. . . .	" "
Turner, Benjamin S. . . .	16 Wyoming st.
Turner, Mrs. Benjamin S. . . .	" "
Upton, James M. . . .	287 Warren st.
Upton, Mrs. James M. . . .	" "
Upton, Miss Lillian	" "
Varney, Miss Grace	12 Copeland st.
Waite, Mrs. Wm. A. . . .	Hotel Hayward, Holborn st.
Ware, Miss Harriot	
Welles, Miss Mary C. . . .	14 Perrin st.
Wells, Mrs. Charles G. . . .	2809 Washington st.
Wells, Charles G. . . .	" "
Wells, Miss Emily F. . . .	" "
Whitcomb, E. Noyes	44 Maple st.
Whitcomb, Mrs. E. Noyes . . .	" "
Whitcomb, Miss May	" "
Whitcomb, Miss Nellie C. . . .	Seaver st.
Whitcomb, Miss Isabelle . . .	28 Wheatland ave., Dorchester.
Whitcomb, Mrs. W. Fred. . . .	273 Columbia st., Dorchester.
White, Miss Charlotte A. . . .	204 Warren st.
Whiting, Herbert M. . . .	300 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Whiting, Mrs. Herbert M. . . .	" " "
Whitman, Mrs. Bernard	95 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Whitman, Miss Pamela	30 Dearborn st.
Whitman, F. N. . . .	15 Rockville pk.
Whitman, Mrs. F. N. . . .	" "
Wiley, Miss Hannah C. . . .	19 Wendell st., Cambridge.
Willcutt, Mrs. J. M. . . .	296 Washington st., Dorchester.
Wright, Chandler	21 Virginia st., Dorchester.
Wright, Mrs. Chandler	" " "
Young, Wm. H. H. . . .	516 Warren st.
Young, Mrs. Wm. H. H. . . .	" "
Young, Harry H. . . .	" "

REPORT OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE.

The Standing Committee have the pleasure to report as follows. The financial success which attended the first year's history of All Souls' Church has been continued, as will be seen by the excellent report of the Treasurer, while the benevolent work done by the several organizations formed within the church has been enlarged and made of great usefulness. The only regret of the committee is that the seating capacity of the church does not admit the accommodation of all who would like to become members of the Parish. At each Sunday service strangers have been welcomed and seats provided through the kindness and courtesy of the ushers, to whom we extend our thanks for the good service rendered. The committee would recommend to the society generally to continue the plan pursued last year, of giving notice to the ushers whenever seats are to be vacant on any Sunday.

The income from pew rentals has been sufficient to pay all the current expenses of the year, besides several extraordinary ones, leaving a small balance in the treasury. Contributions have been made to the American Unitarian Association and the Montana Industrial School. The I. H. N. Club has rendered valuable assistance by taking charge of the floral decorations in the church. The excellent manner in which they have performed this service has been greatly appreciated, and to them our gratitude is due.

In presenting this brief report, the committee congratulate the members of the church on the interest which has been manifested and the harmony that has prevailed.

Expressing our indebtedness to our pastor for all that he has

accomplished by his pastoral ministrations and services for the welfare of the Church,

For the committee,

CHAS. L. DAMRELL, *Chairman.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

Your Committee on House and Grounds, who are about retiring from office, beg leave to report. Said committee feel that they have attended to the duties incumbent upon them to the best of their ability, and that the present condition of the building, both inside and out, and the contents of same, would tend to show that they have not been *very* negligent of their duty.

During the past year the church has been inwardly decorated by a handsome memorial window in the Elm Hill transept, placed there by Mr. Henry B. Williams, in memory of his wife. This window is considered by competent judges to be a work of art that will compare very favorably with other works of the same description.

A large bronze cross, of beautiful design, will be placed on the wall to the right of the chancel, in the very near future, by Mrs. J. H. Meredith, in memory of her husband. We are informed that the design originated with Miss M. L. Rhoades, and was carried out under her directions by Mr. J. H. Buck, of Yorkshire, Eng.

Richly embroidered covers for communion table and pulpit have been presented by Mrs. G. W. Fuller, in memory of her mother, Mrs. Sears. A Grecian vase, with a band of lilies engraved and monogram in silver, in high relief, has been presented by Mr. R. B. Fairbairn, in memory of his wife. An embroidered white communion cloth in linen, with Florentine lace, has been presented by the Misses Rhoades, in memory of their father. A rich book-mark, with ivory registers, has been

placed in the Bible by Mrs. J. B. Pearse, as an Easter gift to the church.

In closing this report, your committee would consider themselves derelict in their duty, did they fail to refer in terms of appreciation to the valuable assistance rendered them by Mr. Gilbert, the sexton, who has been always ready to carry out any ideas or suggestions, not only of your committee, but of any members of this society who have had occasion to call on him in their many meetings, fairs, etc., and to say that to his diligent care of the church and contents is largely due the good condition of the same.

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. K. NICHOLS, } *Committee on*
H. A. ROOT, } *House and Grounds.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The total receipts from all sources during the year ending Sept. 30, 1891, were \$7,418.95, of which \$6.563 was received from rental of pews. Of the balance, \$441.29 was the amount of collections, \$18.46 interest on deposits, \$56.07 from Entertainment Committee, \$25 from the All Souls' Branch Alliance, sundry other sources \$40.53, and from the sale of furniture (old church) \$274.63.

The payments during the year amount to \$7,313.86, and were as follows: pastor, \$3,000; sexton, \$500; music, \$1,601.77; interest on mortgage notes, \$784.25; insurance, \$42; general expenses, \$541.05; and for legal services in connection with old church, \$160. The amount received from the All Souls' Branch Alliance, and the net amount received on account of the old church, were used in the reduction of the church debt. There was expended in permanent improvements during the year \$103.87, which is not included in the item of general expenses

above mentioned. The amounts received from collections have been paid over to the proper parties. Balance on hand, \$135.28.

It is to be hoped that arrangements may soon be completed to provide for the payment of the church debt, thereby saving to the society each year about \$785, which could be used to far better advantage. The seats continue to be all rented, and, as before, some applications remain unsatisfied.

F. D. BUTRICK, *Treasurer.*

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON GOOD WORKS.

The report cannot be made very interesting, as our work is limited, there being for the past year only one case, in charge of Mrs. Philbrick. Our funds are derived from the balance of last year (\$26.92) and the proceeds of the Beecher lectures (\$25). From these there has been paid out \$46.95, leaving a balance of \$4.97. To enlarge our work, we must ask for a much greater contribution; for, if we go outside of All Souls' Church, much can be spent for the good of many worthy objects.

CHARLES W. EATON, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

REPORT OF THE MINISTER.

Of the forty-three morning services during the past year, I have conducted thirty-nine, exchanging with Messrs. Lawrance, Dole, Bradlee, and De Normandie. On fair Sunday evenings a series of lectures was given upon "The Story of Protestantism in America." There have been also five communion services, and three meetings of the congregation with the Sunday-school, at Christmas, Easter, and anniversary. I have acted as superintendent of the Sunday-school, and outside of the church have given eighteen lectures and addresses.

In pastoral work I have conducted six funerals, nine weddings, and two christenings, and have made four hundred and eighty-five calls. It is my custom, as it is my pleasure, to visit each household represented in the congregation at least once a year, and each one connected with the Sunday-school as often, if possible. To these visits must be added more than as many on account of sickness, trouble, or parish work. More than this cannot be done in a parish of this size without neglect of the other sides of the minister's work, including the charitable and denominational labors to which churches are usually glad to lend their minister, to say nothing of those private duties and interests to which he is entitled, like other men. If there are any so eccentric as to wish to see me oftener, they will find me at home Tuesdays.

There are now represented in the congregation one hundred and eighty-two families, whose homes range from the eastern side of Dorchester to Cambridge and Newton Highlands, and from Marlborough Street in Boston to Wheatland Avenue in Dorchester. To these may be added sixty-five other families connected only with the Sunday-school. In spite of the

changes incident to the life of a city church and the loss by removal of some valuable old families, the seats continue to be all rented, and (which is still better) the church grows in harmony and in energy. During the first two years the lack of acquaintance among families so suddenly brought together seemed to demand an unusual attention to social life, but the time for this emphasis has passed. Those who have neglected or repelled the invitations and advances of the church must be allowed to have their own way, while the church strives more earnestly to do its duty as a working Christian body. How much has already been done may be seen in the reports of the various organizations and in the summary at the close of this book. As more catch the spirit which animates those who have done this, the work will increase, blessing both giver and receiver.

WILLIAM H. LYON, *Minister.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

OFFICERS.

Superintendent, William H. Lyon.

Secretary and Treasurer, Charles G. Wells.

Assistant Secretary, J. Arthur Downs.

Librarians, Misses Isabel W. and Josephine R. Morrill.

Pianist, Miss Clara F. Nichols.

Ushers, George W. Hayden, Howard Norton, Robert M. Molineux.

TEACHERS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Miss Eleanor E. Boies.

MIDDLE DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Charles G. Wells.

Miss Lillian Upton.

Mr. Joseph N. Palmer.

Miss Grace E. Morse.

Mr. Henry G. Perkins.

Miss Maud Stevens.

Miss Josephine F. Carret.

Miss Agnes B. Hudson.

Miss Charlotte A. White.

Miss Lucretia Gardner.

Miss Harriot Ware.

Miss Amy E. Pettee.

Miss Helen L. Backup.

Miss E. C. Mitchell.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Miss Grace Varney, *Principal*.

Mrs. W. G. Reed.

Miss Sarah A. Fobes.

Miss Cora K. Pierce.

Miss Annie C. Morse.

Miss Kate R. Lewis.

RESERVE CORPS.

Mr. Henry S. Philbrick.

Miss Cora E. Day.

Miss L. C. Clarke.

Miss Mary C. Taylor.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT.

The *total membership* has been 200, 176 pupils, 17 teachers, and 7 officers. The largest attendance was 150, and the average 123. This shows a large floating element and some carelessness in the parents. But every child of suitable age connected with the congregation (with four justifiable exceptions) is in the school, besides children from 65 outside families.

The *collections* on Sunday have averaged \$2.88, the largest being \$3.74. Large offerings were also made at the three special services, aided by the congregation. *All* of this money goes to charity, *not a cent to current expenses*, these being paid by the annual church contribution. The school has given this year over \$280 in charity, the details to be seen in the Treasurer's report.

Lessons.—In the Senior Department, Dr. Clarke's Unitarianism and Mr. Savage's Catechism; in the Middle, the Book of Acts, from lessons prepared by the Superintendent; in the Primary, Bible stories told by the teachers in turn.

New Apparatus.—A fine set of Schnorr's engravings of Bible scenes, bequeathed by the late Miss Harriet Ware Hall, of Boston, and handsomely mounted by the Hon. J. P. Jordan; a beautiful silk bauner, bought with money given by Mrs. J. A. Coburn; two dozen small chairs for the Primary Department; a new wall-map of the Lands of the Bible; a carpet on the stairs to dull the noise of many little feet, for which gift our thanks are given to the House Committee; and a new set of hymnals, "The Carol."

Library.—643 volumes; largest number given out on any Sunday 75, average 45, and 3 missing.

Birthday Fund.—Each member brings on the Sunday following his birthday as many cents as he is years old. The proceeds go toward pictures, busts, etc., for the Sunday-school room.

Suggestions.—1. See that your children are punctual and reg-

- ular. 2. See that they learn the slight lessons given out to them. 3. Encourage them to give out of their own money. 4. Tell your new neighbor that his children are welcome here.

WILLIAM H. LYON, *Superintendent.*

REPORT OF THE TREASURER.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
On hand June 20, 1890. General fund.....	\$161.25	Stationery, printing, etc....	\$66.20
Received during year. General fund.....	114.62	Text-books.....	9 80
Weekly contribution of Sunday-school.....	102.11	Library books.....	38.25
Anniversary contribution..	111.29	Hymn-books.....	37.34
Christmas contribution....	61.70	Apparatus.....	19.00
Easter.....	82.23	Festivals.....	51.04
Birthday fund.....	1.11	Sunday School Society.....	25.00
		Charities:	
		Country Week.....	\$36.53
		Roxbury Vacation School	38.35
		Working Girls' Vacation.....	10.00
		Children's Aid Soc.	10.00
		South End Vacation School.....	13.30
		Tuskegee.....	50.00
		Children's Mission.	100.00
		I. H. N. charities... ..	24.74
			282.92
		Balance June 20, 1891:	
		General fund.....	44.05
		Charity fund.....	59.60
		Birthday fund.....	1.11
			104.76
			\$634.31
	\$634.31		

CHAS. G. WELLS, *Treasurer.*

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

OFFICERS, 1891-92.

President, Mrs. Charles Newhall.

Vice-President, Mrs. C. E. Ridler.

Secretary, Miss A. M. Newhall.

Treasurer, Miss G. M. Carret.

Executive Committee, Miss J. F. Carret, Mrs. W. B. Carter, Mrs. W. H. Daniels, Mrs. J. L. Pearsall, Mrs. J. B. Pearse, Mrs. L. Gardner.

This is the name under which the Ladies' Sewing Circle is now to be known, the change having been made at the meeting of Nov. 2, 1891.

The benevolent work of the society for the past year has comprised making some sixty garments for the infant children in "Aunt Gwynne's" Temporary Home for the Destitute, 46 and 48 Worcester Street; a number of sheets, pillow-cases, and undergarments for Miss Burnap's Free Home for Aged Women, 19 Common Street; furnishing a Maternity Basket and keeping it ready to loan; aiding the Alliance in sending barrels of china and other useful articles to the Montana Indian School, besides giving to some private needs.

Within the church the Parish Parlor has been furnished, and part of the sum assumed as the society's share of the church debt has been paid.

For the coming year work for Aunt Gwynne's Home will be continued, together with any other work of the kind which may seem advisable. The social side of the society is to be increased by a tea upon the first Monday of every month, to which the members invite gentlemen.

A cordial invitation is extended to every woman connected with the church or Sunday-school to become a member of this society. Come, first, to join in the work for the destitute children and others who need you; and, secondly, to know and be known by those who are ready to give you a welcome.

ANNIE M. NEWHALL, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURES.	
Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1890	\$50.00	Materials for charity work.	\$27.06
Dividend to Oct. 15, 1890 ...	1.59	Paid on account of Sale,	
Assessments	40.00	Dec. 5, 1890.....	24.69
Proceeds of Tea and Sale		Paid for tablecloths for	
held Dec. 5, 1890.....	163.98	parish use.....	16.83
From Fortnightly Club for		Other incidental expenses..	12.20
use of parlor.....	25.00	Gift.....	30.00
Proceeds of Dr. Emerson's		For curtains and fixtures	
Talks.....	99.25	for dining-room.....	5.32
Receipts from Theatricals,		Paid for clock for parlor	
March 10, 1891.....	131.00	with Fortnightly Club	
Donation toward Parish		money.....	25.00
Party.....	1.30	Paid toward expense of	
		Parish Party.....	6.67
		Gave Women's Alliance	
		toward freight on barrels	
		to Montana.....	2.00
		Paid on account of Theat-	
		ricals, March 10, 1891. ...	47.55
		Paid for furniture for par-	
		lor with proceeds of Dr.	
		Emerson's Talks.....	99.25
		Express on furniture.....	2.15
			<u>\$298.72</u>
		Balance on hand Oct. 5, 1891	213.40
	<u>\$512.12</u>		<u>\$512.12</u>

GEORGIANA M. CARRET, *Treasurer.*

THE ALL SOULS' BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL
ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER
LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

OFFICERS, 1891-92.

President, Mrs. Bernard Whitman.
Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. P. Bolles.
Secretary, Miss Amy E. Pettee.
Treasurer, Miss Mary L. Eliot.
Other Directors, Miss I. D. Harrington, Mrs. Anna S. Foster, Mrs. J. H. Meredith.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY.

Purpose.—To bring our women into closer fellowship, with the aim of promoting the spiritual life of the church, spreading the knowledge of Unitarian belief, and strengthening the denomination.

Meetings.—The second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, devoted in turn to study and business. At the former, Dr. Clarke's "Manual of Unitarian Belief" has been discussed, some papers read, and a lecture on Dr. Clarke given by Mr. Lyon. On the Sundays between New Year and Lent a series of afternoon meetings were held, called "Neighborhood Conference Meetings," which were well attended, in spite of stormy weather.

Work.—Five of Mr. Lyon's sermons were published and sent out by the Post-office Mission, their value as denominational literature being at once recognized by other missions also. Besides 2,105 copies of these, 1,692 American Unitarian Association tracts have been distributed, about 200 of them to correspondents in different parts of the country. Three barrels of goods were sent to the Montana School, the Ladies' Sewing Circle, whose kind co-operation with us on many occasions we acknowledge, contributing a lot of white dishes and

\$2.00 toward paying the freight. Twice each month a roll of music, literature, etc., has been sent to the teachers, and interesting correspondence has been kept up. A contribution has been made to the church debt and to the church at Marshfield.

AMY E. PETTEE, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
Balance on hand Oct. 29, 1890	\$37.50	Treasurer of the National Alliance.....	\$15.00
Membership fees.....	43.00	Grace Chapel, Marshfield....	25 00
Donations.....	56.75	All Souls' Church debt.....	25.00
Lectures of Mrs. Whitman and Dr. Hale.....	120.00	Montana School for Indians	22.31
Sale of "Sermons to All Souls".....	21.50	Printing, electrotypes, postage, and stationery.....	105.01
Interest.....	1.58	Incidental expenses	55.54
			<u>\$247.86</u>
		Balance on hand Oct. 28, 1891	32.27
	<u>\$280.13</u>		<u>\$280.13</u>

MARY L. ELIOT, *Treasurer.*

THE IN HIS NAME CLUB.

OFFICERS, 1891-92.

President, Miss E. E. Boies.

Vice-President, Lewis H. Beck.

Secretary, Edith Phelan.

Treasurer, J. Arthur Downs.

Executive Committee, Chairman, Arthur F. Whitman, Robert M. Molineux, Florence R. Brooks, M. Ethel Whitcomb, William H. Holloway.

THE STORY OF THE YEAR.

Meetings.— Alternate Friday evenings in the church parlor.

Work.— One half of the club's money has been given to the support of a District Nurse in Roxbury. Flower Mission (374 bouquets, besides jellies, fruits, etc.) on Saturday mornings, from May to November, to the Consumptives' Home and other institutions. Many of the members have visited the inmates of the home to talk with them and do whatever good opened. The tuition of a colored girl at a Southern school has been paid, a family in Harrison Avenue regularly visited and aided, a worthy young man helped, and a dramatic entertainment given at the Insane Asylum at Austin Farm.

The club has also taken the work of the Committee on Decorations, providing flowers for the chancel on Sundays, and sending 56 bouquets to the sick of the church. The total amount expended has been \$92.80, of which \$24.25 was for Christmas and about \$20 for Easter.

The club is indebted for lectures and talks to Mr. Cox, Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Mr. Whitman, of Cambridge, and Mr. Lyon.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

FOR YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER, 1891.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
Cash on hand Sept. 1, 1890..	\$29.50	Poor family	\$28.26
Membership fees	14.50	Poor girls	8.70
Sunday contributions	25.74	Poor old lady	5.00
Proceeds of lectures	50.05	Milk for boy	3.22
Proceeds of entertainment.	80.02	Roxbury nurse	90.00
		Express on books to Ala-	
		bama	2.50
		Subscription to <i>Lend a</i>	
		<i>Hand</i>	1.00
		School fee for Negro girl...	8.00
		Flowers	5.00
		L. M. Alcott fund	2.00
		Sundries	14.59
		Cash on hand	31.54
	<u>\$199.81</u>		<u>\$199.81</u>
Cash on hand	\$21.54		
Sept. 1, 1891.			

J. A. DOWNS, *Treasurer.*

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB.

OFFICERS, 1891-92.

President, Robert A. Jordan.

Vice-President, Miss C. M. Crawford.

Secretary, Miss A. B. Hudson.

Treasurer, W. W. McInness.

Other Directors, H. G. Perkins, Miss C. K. Pierce, C. G. Wells.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Meetings have been held monthly from October to May inclusive. The average membership is about fifty. The meetings have been partly social, devoted to making the members better acquainted with each other, and partly devoted to the study of Boston charities. The club is much indebted to Mrs. James T. Field, Miss Elizabeth Putnam, and Mr. Fowler for the interesting addresses which they made at these meetings.

The proceeds of membership fees, entertainments, and the theatricals held in Union Hall were given to the Roxbury Home for Aged Women and Children, thereby conferring life-memberships in that corporation upon Mrs. Couthouy, Mrs. Tripp, and Mr. Lyon. The club also gave an entertainment to the boys of the South End Industrial School.

A more graphic account of the work of the club is furnished by the Treasurer's report.

F. M. RIDLER, *Secretary*.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

FRANK F. TRIPP, *Treasurer*, in account with YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB
OF ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH, ROXBURY.

<i>Dr.</i>		<i>Cr</i>	
To Balance Roxbury Institution for Saving.....	\$30.00	By Entertaining Club at regular meetings.....	\$27.11
Balance on hand.....	3 50	Furnishing Room, Roxbury Home for Children and Aged Women	50.00
Total assessments from 53 members	53.00	Donated to Home for Children and Aged Women.....	150.00
Single admissions to regular meetings	1.00	Entertainment Roxbury Industrial School.....	10.00
Proceeds from German..	2.65	Club Outing	25.20
Proceeds from Musicales	43.65	Printing, Stationery, and Postage Stamps	10.10
Proceeds from Union Hall Theatricals.....	172.45	Balance to new account	49.84
Assessm'ts from outing	16.00		
	<u>\$322.25</u>		<u>\$322.25</u>

ALL SOULS' CLUB.

Organized Dec. 11, 1891.

President, Charles K. Nichols.

Vice-Presidents, Albert O. Morgan, Horatio H. Souther, James A. Houston.

Secretary and Treasurer, Henry S. Bean, 47 Kilby St., Boston.

SUMMARY OF EXPENDITURES.

	<i>Charities.</i>	<i>Expenses.</i>	<i>Balances.</i>
Church	\$145.16	\$6,690.56	\$135.28
Sunday-school	291.18	221.63	104.76
Committee on Good Works.....	46.95		4 97
Women's Society.....	32.00	266.72	213.40
Alliance	167.31	80.54	32.27
I. H. N.....	153.68	14.59	31.54
Young People's Club.....	210.00	62.41	49.84
Gift.....	40.00		
Decoration Committee.....		92.80	
	<u>\$1,086.28</u>	<u>\$7,429.25</u>	<u>\$572.06</u>
		1,086 28	
Total Expenditures.....		\$8,515.53	

**The Parish Book of
All Souls' Unitarian Church,
Roxbury, Mass.
1893-94.**

ALL SOULS' UNITARIAN CHURCH.

ORGANIZATION FOR 1893-94.

STANDING COMMITTEE.

Chairman.

CHARLES L. DAMRELL.

Clerk.

WALTER S. FROST, 2389 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM 1.

Treasurer.

FRANK D. BUTRICK, P.O. BOX 5287, BOSTON.

Members for One Year.

KATHARINE A. GAGE.

CHARLES W. EATON.

GEORGE W. CURTIS.

Members for Two Years.

MRS. CHARLES NEWHALL.

JAMES A. HOUSTON.

JAMES M. UPTON.

Members for Three Years.

JOSEPHINE F. CARRET.

HENRY S. BEAN.

CHARLES K. NICHOLS.

SUB-COMMITTEES.*On Pulpit and Services.*

Messrs. DAMRELL AND NICHOLS, Mrs. NEWHALL, Miss CARRET.

On House and Grounds.

Messrs. EATON, CURTIS, AND UPTON.

On Music.

Messrs. NICHOLS, BEAN, AND HOUSTON, AND Miss GAGE.

On Accounts.

Messrs. UPTON AND EATON.

MINISTER.

WILLIAM H. LYON, 519 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

DEACONS.

THEODORE H. BELL.

CHARLES L. DAMRELL.

COMMITTEES OF THE SOCIETY.*On Good Works.*

THEODORE H. BELL.

Mrs. J. H. PHILBRICK.

CHARLES H. GOODWIN.

Mrs. R. W. DAVENPORT.

CHARLES W. EATON.

On Hospitality.

CHARLES K. NICHOLS.

Miss J. F. CARRET.

FRANK D. BUTRICK.

Mrs. M. R. RIPLEY.

JAMES M. UPTON.

Mrs. W. H. DANIELS.

HENRY S. BEAN.

Mrs. G. W. CURTIS.

Mrs. F. M. LEAVITT.

On Collections.

ALFRED H. SUMNER.

THEODORE H. BELL.

B. F. GRIGGS.

JAMES M. UPTON.

On Sunday-school.

FREDERIC B. HALL.

MISS GRACE S. VARNEY.

MISS ANNA M. CHAPIN.

On Decorations.

MISS ALICE F. DOLE.

MISS SUSAN H. BEAN.

MISS MAUDE F. N. PHILBRICK.

DELEGATE TO SUFFOLK CONFERENCE.

THEODORE H. BELL.

USHERS.

FRANK M. RIDLER.

FRANK F. TRIPP.

GEORGE A. CLOUSTON.

J. ARTHUR DOWNS.

ARTHUR F. WHITMAN.

THE CHOIR.M. B. CUMMINGS, 57 CLIFTON STREET, DORCHESTER, *Organist and Director.*MRS. HELEN YOUNG, HOTEL GLENDON, COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, *Soprano.*MRS. F. W. WOODCOCK, 43 ROCKLAND STREET, *Alto.*ELIOT HUBBARD, 206 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, *Tenor.*FRANK R. SIRCOMB, 18 MAGNOLIA STREET, *Bass.***SEXTON.**

C. B. GILBERT, 20 MUNROE STREET.

ORGANIZATIONS.

THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

MISS JOSEPHINE F. CARRET, *President.*

MISS LUCY A. NEVERS, *Vice-President.*

MRS. MARY R. RIPLEY, *Secretary.*

MISS GEORGINA M. CARRET, *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

MRS. G. W. DOWNS.

MRS. LOUIS BAIER.

MRS. J. E. EATON.

MISS G. M. BROWN.

MRS. W. A. FRENCH.

MRS. F. M. KEEZER.

THE ALL SOULS' BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER LIBERAL CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN, *President.*

MRS. WILLIAM P. BOLLES, *Vice-President.*

MISS EMMA C. MITCHELL, *Secretary.*

MISS HELEN H. LEWIS, *Treasurer.*

Other Directors.

MRS. J. H. MEREDITH.

MISS L. A. NEVERS.

MRS. J. H. PHILBRICK.

MISS E. E. BOIES, *Chairman of Committee on Post-office Mission.*

MISS E. C. MITCHELL, *Chairman of Committee on Cheerful Letter Exchange.*
Chairman of Committee on Montana School.

THE I. H. N. CLUB.

FREDERIC B. HALL, *President.*
 GEORGE W. HAYDEN, *Vice-President.*
 CHARLES F. BACON, *Vice-President.*
 MARTHA E. MELCHERT, *Secretary.*
 ROBERT M. MOLINEUX, *Treasurer.*

Other Members of Executive Committee.

MAUDE F. N. PHILBRICK.
 MARY E. WHEELER.

THE ALL SOULS LEND A HAND CLUB

MISS PEARLE LAMB, *President.*
 MISS FLORENCE STEVENS, *Secretary.*
 MISS FLORENCE FOSTER, *Treasurer.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

FREDERIC B. HALL, *Superintendent.*
 HENRY S. BEAN, *Assistant Superintendent.*
 GEORGE W. HAYDEN, *Secretary.*
 ROBERT M. MOLINEUX, *Assistant Secretary.*
 J. ARTHUR DOWNS, *Treasurer.*
 MISS ALICE F. DOLE, *Pianist.*
 MISS ISABEL W. MORRILL, MISS JOSEPHINE R. MORRILL, *Librarians.*

Teachers.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM H. LYON. FRED. L. HOWARD.

MIDDLE DEPARTMENT.

CHARLES K. NICHOLS.	MISS LUCRETIA M. GARDNER.
CRAWFORD D. PLACE.	MISS LUCY L. BROWN.
FRANK M. LEAVITT.	MISS AMY E. PETTEE.
MISS JOSEPHINE F. CARRET.	MISS MARY E. WHEELER.
MRS. REUBEN W. DAVENPORT.	MISS GRACE E. MORSE.
MISS ANNA M. CHAPIN.	MISS EMMA C. MITCHELL.
MISS AGNES B. HUDSON.	MISS CORA K. PIERCE.
MISS ELISE H. CARRET.	

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

MISS GRACE S. VARNEY, <i>Principal</i> .	MISS SUSAN H. BEAN.
MRS. HORACE D. ARNOLD.	MISS ANNIE C. MORSE.
MISS S. K. BATES.	MRS. WILLIAM G. REED.

ALTERNATES.

MISS ELEANOR E. BOIES.	MISS MARY C. TAYLOR.
MISS L. C. CLARK.	MR. HENRY C. PHILBRICK.
MISS MARTHA E. MELCHERT.	

THE CONGREGATION.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Addison, Richard	42 Georgia st.
Addison, Mrs. Richard	" "
Alden, William	34 Savin st.
Allen, Frederick W.	91 Howland st.
Allen, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "
Amidon, Charles K.	2 Carlisle st.
Amidon, Mrs. Charles K.	" "
Amidon, Edward H. K.	" "
Appleton, Mrs. Wm. C.	62 Clifford st.
Atherton, E. H.	82 Ruthven st.
Atherton, Mrs. E. H.	" "
Arnold, Mrs. Anna E.	175 Warren st.
Arnold, Dr. Horace D.	" "
Arnold, Mrs. Horace D.	" "
Arnold, John B.	" "
Arnold, Miss Josephine H.	" "
Arnold, Miss Anna C.	" "
Arnold, Charles H.	40 Wenonah st.
Arnold, Mrs. Charles H.	" "
Austin, W. H. M.	20 Victoria st., Dorchester.
Austin, Mrs. W. H. M.	" " "
Backup, Miss Helen L.	30 Circuit st.
Backup, James B.	53 West Cottage st.
Backup, Mrs. James B.	" "
Bacon, Mrs. C. F.	45 Crawford st.
Baier, Louis	903 Albany st.
Baier, Mrs. Louis	" "
Bailey, Mrs. Sara K.	Seaver st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Baker, James L.	7 Howland st.
Baker, Mrs. James L.	" "
Baker, Miss L. Alba	" "
Baker, Miss Lida M.	" "
Baldwin, William F.	308 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Baldwin, Mrs. William F.	" " "
Baldwin, Norton	" " "
Batchelder, William J.	38 Woodville st.
Batchelder, Charles G.	" "
Batchelder, Miss Jean S.	" "
Bates, Miss S. K.	26 Alaska st.
Baxter, Miss Emma F.	9 Ware st., Dorchester.
Bean, Henry S.	44 Woodbine st.
Bean, Mrs. Henry S.	" "
Bean, Miss Susan H.	" "
Beatley, Mrs. Catharine	11 Wabon st.
Beck, Lewis H.	Norfolk st., Mattapan.
Bell, Theodore H.	Clark Road, Brookline.
Bell, Miss Mary C.	" " "
Blanchard, Miss Hannah M.	122 Eustis st.
Boies, Miss Eleanor E.	15 Rockville pk.
Bolles, Dr. Wm. P.	466 Warren st.
Bolles, Mrs. Wm. P.	" "
Boyden, Miss Ida L.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Bride, Wm. J.	Seaver st.
Brigham, Cyrus	75 Crawford st.
Brigham, Mrs. Cyrus	" "
Brigham, Robert O.	" "
Brigham, Tyler	16 Glenarm st., Dorchester.
Brigham, Mrs. Tyler	" " "
Brigham, Miss Lucy F.	33 Marion st., Brookline.
Brooks, I. Hobart	291 Dudley st.
Brooks, James I.	Seaver st., cor. Humboldt ave.
Brooks, Mrs. James I.	" " " "
Brooks, Miss Florence R.	" " " "
Brooks, Miss Grace L.	" " " "
Brooks, Square G.	51 Quincy st.
Brooks, Mrs. Square G.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Brown, J. C. J.	625 Warren st.
Brown, Mrs. J. C. J.	" "
Brown, Miss Georgiana M.	" "
Brown, Miss Lucy L.	" "
Burlen, M. W.	27 Waumbeck st.
Burlen, Mrs. M. W.	" "
Burlen, W. H.	258 Beacon st., Boston.
Burlen, Mrs. W. H.	" " "
Butrick, Frank D.	33 Glenarm st., Dorchester.
Butrick, Mrs. Frank D.	" " "
Cameron, Walter M.	5 Sargent st., Dorchester.
Cameron, Mrs. Walter	" " "
Carret, James R.	10 Sunderland st.
Carret, Miss Josephine F.	" "
Carret, Miss Georgiana M.	" "
Carret, Charles T.	121 Dale st.
Carret, Mrs. Charles T.	" "
Carret, Miss Elise H.	" "
Carret, Miss Edna P.	" "
Chamberlin, Mrs. Mary A.	33 Wellington st., Boston.
Chamberlin, Miss M. Isabel	" " "
Chapin, Austin B. H.	52 Crawford st.
Chapin, Miss Anna M.	" "
Chapin, Miss Hattie E.	" "
Cheney, Gardner S.	3 Carlisle st.
Cheney, Mrs. Gardner S.	" "
Churchill, W. W.	45 Crawford st.
Churchill, Mrs. W. W.	" "
Clapp, Miss Lydia C.	40 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Clark, Miss Louise C.	5 Rockville pk.
Clendenin, Miss Ellen P.	401 Norfolk st., Dorchester.
Clouston, Robert H.	56 Crawford st.
Clouston, George A.	" "
Clouston, Mrs. George A.	" "
Coggeshall, Charles P.	15 Waumbeck st.
Coggeshall, Mrs. Charles P.	" "
Crawford, Dr. Sarah M.	144 Dudley st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Crawford, Miss Caroline M.	144 Dudley st.
Crawford, Charles O.	" "
Crosby, Asa S.	242 Warren st.
Crosby, Mrs. Asa S.	" "
Crosby, F. Porter	" "
Crosby, Miss Annie N.	" "
Cummings, Milo B.	57 Clifton st., Dorchester.
Cummings, Mrs. Milo B.	" " "
Curley, M. H.	4 Bowdoin ave., Dorchester.
Curley, Mrs. M. H.	" " "
Curtis, G. H.	85 Howard ave., Dorchester.
Curtis, Mrs. G. H.	" " "
Curtis, George W.	54 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Curtis, Mrs. George W.	" " "
Curtis, Nelson	1 Carlisle st.
Curtis, Mrs. Nelson	" "
Cutler, Dr. J. Tucker	633 Warren st.
Damrell, Chas. L.	283 Washington st., Boston.
Daniels, Wm. H.	2 Sunderland st.
Daniels, Mrs. Wm. H.	" "
Davenport, Reuben W.	6 Aspen st.
Davenport, Mrs. Reuben W.	" "
Dean, George W.	246 Warren st.
Dean, Mrs. George W.	" "
Dean, Fred. M.	" "
Dean, Miss Lilian F.	" "
Dole, Frank B.	Norfolk House.
Dole, Mrs. Frank B.	" "
Dole, Miss Alice F.	" "
Dole, John W.	6 Carlisle st.
Dole, Mrs. John W.	" "
Downs, Mrs. Geo. W.	40 Cliff st.
Downs, J. Arthur	" "
Eaton, Charles W.	14 Circuit st.
Eaton, Mrs. Charles W.	" "
Eaton, Miss Ethel A. B.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Eaton, Miss Sarah E. C.	14 Akron st.
Eaton, Miss Georgie R.	" "
Eliot, Nathaniel G.	15 Fairland st.
Eliot, Miss Mary L.	" "
Eliot, Miss Emily B.	" "
Ellison, William H.	Norfolk House.
Emmons, James N. W.	4 Holborn Terrace.
Emmons, Mrs. James N. W.	" "
Eskridge, Richard S.	Harvard Law School, Cambridge.
Everett, Miss Catherine D.	252 Townsend st.
Everett, Miss Evelina E. C.	" "
Everett, Edward	29 Waumbeck st.
Everett, Mrs. Edward	" "
Ferguson, John, Jr.	34 Akron st.
Ferguson, Miss Margaret McK.	" "
Fobes, Miss Sarah A.	100 Harvard st., Dorchester.
Fobes, Willard H.	" " "
Folsom, Mrs. P. W.	3 Akron st.
Folsom, Miss Ida O.	" "
Foster, Mrs. Anna S.	33 Marion st., Brookline.
Foster, Mrs. David J.	27 Whiting st.
Foster, Frank B.	47 Sargent st., Dorchester.
Foster, Mrs. Frank B.	" " "
Fowle, Miss Helen A.	60 Waverley st.
Fowle, Miss Alice W.	" "
French, Wilfred A.	42 Holborn st.
French, Mrs. Wilfred A.	" "
French, Zachary T.	10 Wabon st.
French, Mrs. Zachary T.	" "
Frost, Walter S.	27 Copeland st.
Frost, Mrs. Walter S.	" "
Fuller, George W.	18 Circuit st.
Fuller, Mrs. George W.	" "
Gage, Julius F.	29 Wenonah st.
Gage, Mrs. Julius F.	" "
Gage, Miss Katharine A.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Gardner, Miss Sarah E.	2 Cleveland st.
Gardner, Miss Lucretia M.	" "
Gardner, Laurence	2 Kensington pk.
Gardner, Mrs. Laurence	" "
Gilbert, Miss M. Gertrude	20 Munroe st.
Gill, Abbot D.	99 Walnut ave.
Gill, Mrs. Abbot D.	" "
Golding, Mrs. C.	5 Quincy st.
Goodwin, Charles H.	71 Dale st.
Goodwin, Mrs. Charles H.	" "
Grant, Ernest B.	17 Waumbeck st.
Grant, Mrs. Ernest B.	" "
Griggs, B. F.	25 Fountain st.
Hall, Frederic B.	28 Fountain st.
Hall, Mrs. Frederic B.	" "
Ham, William A.	273 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Ham, Mrs. William A.	" " "
Ham, Albion P.	" " "
Ham, Miss Flora M.	" " "
Ham, Miss Lucy W.	" " "
Ham, William J.	" " "
Harrington, Miss Martha L.	20 Monadnock st., Dorchester.
Harrington, Miss Isabella D.	" " "
Hart, Maurice	94 Homestead st.
Hart, Mrs. Maurice	" "
Hart, M. Walter	" "
Hatch, Charles J.	38 Wales st., Dorchester.
Hatch, Mrs. Charles J.	" " "
Hayden, Charles J.	493 Warren st.
Hayden, Mrs. Charles J.	" "
Hayden, Charles M.	" "
Hayden, George W.	" "
Healey, Mrs. Angie W.	11 Wyoming st.
Henry, George E.	Clark Road, Brookline.
Henry, Mrs. George E.	" " "
Holloway, William H.	26 Waumbeck st.
Holloway, Mrs. William H.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Holloway, Miss Elizabeth F.	26 Waumbeck st.
Holloway, Miss Susan P.	" "
Holloway, William J.	" "
Hooper, Foster M.	65 Georgia st.
Hooper, Mrs. Foster M.	" "
Hooper, Foster	" "
Houston, James A.	47 Maple st.
Houston, Mrs. James A.	" "
Houston, Ernest	" "
Houston, William C.	" "
Howard, Mrs. Albert	12 Brook ave.
Howard, Fred. L.	25 Crawford st.
Howard, Mrs. Fred. L.	" "
Howe, Frank E.	25 Savin st.
Howe, Mrs. Frank E.	" "
Howe, Miss Alice G.	" "
Hubbard, Eliot	206 Beacon st., Boston.
Hudson, Mrs. Abby M.	291 Dudley st.
Hudson, Miss Agnes B.	" "
Hunneman, Mrs. Frances J. G.	11 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Hunneman, Miss Frances H.	" "
Hunneman, Miss Elizabeth A.	" "
Hunneman, William C.	5 Colchester st., Brookline.
Hunneman, Mrs. William C.	" " "
Jenkins, Charles	33 Wenonah st.
Jenkins, Mrs. Charles	" "
Jones, Mrs. John E.	12 Seaver st., Dorchester.
Jones, Miss Bessie Clapp	" " "
Jordan, Jediah P.	20 Greenville st.
Jordan, Mrs. Jediah P.	" "
Jordan, Robert A.	" "
Jordan, William M.	" "
Keezer, Frank M.	60 Bowdoin ave., Dorchester.
Keezer, Mrs. Frank M.	" " "
Lamb, B. F.	23 Waumbeck st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Lamb, Mrs. B. F.	23 Waumbeck st.
Lamb, Miss Fannie G.	" "
Lamb, William F.	" "
Lambert, Mrs. Elizabeth	15 Waumbeck st.
Lampee, Mrs. Harriet A.	14 Akron st.
Lampee, Miss Harriet E.	" "
Lane, Dr. Edward B.	Austin Farm, West Roxbury.
Lane, Mrs. Edward B.	" " " "
Leavitt, Frank M.	8 Akron st.
Leavitt, Mrs. Frank M.	" "
Leavitt, Mitchell	34 Akron st.
Leavitt, Mrs. Mitchell	" "
Leavitt, Miss Nellie W.	" "
Leighton, George E.	489 Warren st.
Leighton, Mrs. George E.	" "
Leland, Miss Abby E.	The Dartmouth, 10.
Lewis, Miss Kate R.	14 Schuyler st.
Lewis, Miss Helen H.	" "
Litchfield, Charles M.	94 Howard ave., Dorchester.
Litchfield, Mrs. Charles M. . . .	" " "
Livermore, Homer F.	Morse st., Dorchester.
Livermore, Mrs. Homer F.	" " "
Loring, David, Jr.	68 Elm Hill ave.
Loring, Mrs. David, Jr.	" "
Lovett, Joshua	504 Warren st.
Lovett, Mrs. Joshua	" "
Lovett, Albert J.	24 Howland st.
Lovett, Mrs. Albert J.	" "
Lyon, Mrs. Benjamin	Hotel Park, Dale st.
Lyon, Mrs. William H.	519 Beacon st., Boston.
McInnes, William M.	2 Howland st.
McIntosh, Lochlan G.	87 Howland st.
McIntosh, Mrs. Lochlan G.	" "
McIntosh, Russel	" "
Melcher, Mrs. M. F.	16 Gaston st.
Melcher, Miss Helen E.	" "
Melchert, Miss Martha A.	40 Clifford st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Meredith, Mrs. Joseph H. . . .	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Mills, John A.	4 Hotel Park, Dale st.
Mills, Mrs. John A.	" " " "
Mitchell, Miss Emma C. . . .	3 Carlisle st.
Molineux, Robert G.	5 Wabon st.
Molineux, Mrs. Robert G. . . .	" "
Molineux, Robert M.	" "
Morgan, Albert O.	92 Maple st.
Morgan, Mrs. Albert O.	" "
Morrill, Miss Josephine R. . . .	61 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Morrill, Miss Isabel W.	" "
Morse, L. Foster	225 Humboldt ave.
Morse, Mrs. L. Foster	" "
Morse, Miss Grace E.	" "
Morse, Miss Annie C.	" "
Munroe, Charles F.	167 Warren st.
Munroe, Mrs. Charles F.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Elizabeth	62 Clifford st.
Murdoch, Miss Helen M.	" "
Murdoch, Miss Margarita G. . . .	" "
Murdoch, Mrs. Joseph	195 Walnut ave.
Murdoch, Miss Maria N.	" "
Nash, Mrs. Henry	2 Sunderland st.
Nason, James E.	20 Montrose st.
Nason, Mrs. James E.	" "
Nason, Miss May I.	" "
Nevers, Miss Lucy A.	14 Perrin st.
Newhall, Cheever	25 Wales st., Dorchester.
Newhall, Charles	" " "
Newhall, Mrs. Charles	" " "
Newhall, Miss M. Louise	22 Wales st., Dorchester.
Newhall, Miss Annie M.	" " "
Nichols, Charles K.	40 Clifford st.
Nichols, Mrs. Charles K.	" "
Nichols, Miss Lucy L.	" "
Nichols, Miss Marie	" "
Norton, John H.	28 Whiting st.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Norton, Mrs. John H.	28 Whiting st.
Norton, Howard	" "
Palmer, Mrs. Albert	Norfolk House.
Palmer, Joseph N.	" "
Palmer, Wilson N.	" "
Parker, Thomas	436 Warren st.
Parker, Mrs. Thomas	" "
Payson, Walter M.	} Hotel Alison, West Cottage st., Dorchester.
Payson, Mrs. Walter M.	
Pearsall, John L.	11 Waumbeck st.
Pearsall, Mrs. John L.	" "
Pearse, John B.	317 Walnut ave.
Pearse, Mrs. John B.	" "
Perkins, H. G.	39 Hartford st., Dorchester.
Pettee, Mrs. Seth	116 Cottage st., Dorchester.
Pettee, Miss Amy E.	" " "
Philbrick, J. H.	62 Crawford st.
Philbrick, Mrs. J. H.	" "
Philbrick, Miss Maude F. N.	" "
Philbrick, Henry S.	" "
Pierce, Edward C.	19 Clifford st.
Pierce, Mrs. Edward C.	" "
Pierce, Cora K.	" "
Pierce, Edward S.	" "
Pierce, W. H.	21 Elm Hill ave.
Pierce, Mrs. W. H.	" " "
Pierce, W. W.	" " "
Place, Crawford D.	45 Clifford st.
Place, Mrs. Crawford D.	" "
Place, Ralph W.	" "
Polsey, George A.	71 Howland st.
Polsey, Mrs. George A.	" "
Polsey, Mrs. A. L.	" "
Polsey, John F.	10 Waumbeck st.
Polsey, Mrs. John F.	" "
Priest, John T.	100 Homestead st.
Priest, Mrs. John T.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Rand, C. A.	285 Warren st.
Rand, Mrs. C. A.	" "
Reed, William G.	23 Alaska st.
Reed, Mrs. William G.	" "
Rhoades, Mrs. Charlotte E.	21 Winthrop st.
Rhoades, Miss Georgiana F.	" "
Rhoades, Miss Mary Lovering	" "
Rich, Edgar J.	10 Sunderland st.
Rich, Mrs. Edgar J.	" "
Richardson, A. W.	5 Haynes Park.
Richardson, Mrs. A. W.	" "
Richmond, George F. W.	9 Whiting st.
Richmond, Mrs. George F. W.	" "
Richmond, Fred. E.	" "
Ridler, Charles E.	210 Harvard st., Dorchester.
Ridler, Mrs. Charles E.	" " "
Ridler, Frank M.	" " "
Ridlon, Frank	48 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Ridlon, Mrs. Frank	" " "
Ridlon, Miss Belle	" " "
Ripley, C. T.	9 Algonquin st., Dorchester.
Ripley, Mrs. C. T.	" " "
Root, Henry A.	United States Hotel, Boston.
Root, Mrs. Henry A.	" " " "
Rose, Miss Josephine	20 Munroe st.
Rowe, Almon T.	9 Waumbeck st.
Rowe, Mrs. Almon T.	" "
Rowe, Solomon S.	486 Warren st.
Rowe, Mrs. Solomon S.	" "
Rowe, Miss Pauline	" "
Rugg, Frederick W.	39 Woodbine st.
Rugg, Mrs. Frederick W.	" "
Samson, Edward H.	92 Maple st.
Samson, Mrs. Edward H.	" "
Samson, Carl	" "
Schlegelmilch, Leopold L.	32 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Schlegelmilch, Mrs. Leopold L.	" "

<i>Names.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Schlegelmilch, Miss Louise E.	32 Mt. Pleasant ave.
Schlegelmilch, Miss Emma L.	" "
Sears, Henry C.	18 Circuit st.
Sewall, George P.	290 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Sewall, Mrs. George P.	" " "
Sewall, Atherton	" " "
Sewall, Miss Mabel A.	" " "
Shapleigh, S. M.	495 Warren st.
Shapleigh, Mrs. S. M.	" "
Shapleigh, Miss Flora E.	" "
Shepard, Mrs. Sarah M.	210 Harvard st, Dorchester.
Sircomb, Frank R.	18 Magnolia st., Dorchester.
Smith, Miss A. E.	Hotel Putnam.
Smith, Mrs. C. A.	West Park st., Dorchester.
Smith, Miss Emma J.	" " "
Smith, Miss Mattie A.	" " "
Smith, Mrs. Elizabeth H.	242 Marlborough st., Boston.
Snelling, Nathaniel G.	28 Alaska st.
Snelling, Mrs. Nathaniel G.	" "
Snelling, Winthrop G.	" "
Snelling, Mrs. Winthrop G.	" "
Snow, Frank B.	54 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Snow, Mrs. Frank B.	" " "
Somes, Mrs. Byron	Edgewood st.
Souther, Horatio H.	57 Waverley st.
Souther, Miss Maria J.	" "
Sparhawk, Augustus	325 Warren st.
Sparhawk, Mrs. Augustus	" "
Stevens, Miss Gertrude Maude	8 Bowdoin ave., Dorchester.
Stevens, Dr. G. B.	444 Warren st.
Stevens, Mrs. G. B.	" "
Strong, Mrs. C. P.	258 Beacon st., Boston.
Sturgis, Caleb L.	Hotel Adelphi.
Sturgis, Mrs. Caleb L.	" "
Sumner, Alfred H.	Norfolk House.
Sylvester, George B.	14 Rockville pk.
Sylvester, Miss Adeline L.	" "

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Taylor, Miss Bessie H.	14 Schuyler st
Taylor, Miss Mary C.	29 Winthrop st.
Thurber, Samuel	13 Westminster ave.
Thurber, Mrs. Samuel	" "
Thurber, Miss Helen	" "
Trainer, William	21 Crawford st.
Trainer, Mrs. William	" "
Trainer, Miss Annie M.	" "
Trainer, Arthur C.	" "
Trainer, Miss Helen M.	" "
Trainer, Miss Isabel B.	" "
Trainer, Charles W.	19 Blagden st., Boston.
Tripp, Mrs. Lucina F.	27 Whiting st.
Tripp, Miss Marion C.	" "
Tripp, Frank F.	" "
True, John P.	144 Dudley st.
True, Mrs. John P.	" "
Turner, Benjamin S.	16 Wyoming st.
Turner, Mrs. Benjamin S.	" "
Upton, James M.	287 Warren st.
Upton, Mrs. James M.	" "
Varney, Miss Grace S.	Sanborn ave., Dorchester.
Varney, George D.	" " "
Wells, Mrs. Charles G.	2809 Washington st.
Wells, Charles G.	" "
Wells, Miss Emily F.	" "
Wells, Miss Caroline M.	14 Perrin st.
Wells, Miss Sarah E.	" "
Wheeler, Miss Mary E.	6 Aspen st.
Whitcomb, E. Noyes	44 Maple st.
Whitcomb, Mrs. E. Noyes	" "
Whitcomb, Miss May	" "
Whitcomb, Miss M. Ethel	" "
Whitcomb, Miss Nellie C.	Seaver st.
Whitcomb, Mrs. W. Fred.	337 Washington st., Dorchester.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Residence.</i>
Whitcomb, Miss Edith W. . . .	337 Washington st., Dorchester.
White, Miss Charlotte A. . . .	16 Woodbine st.
Whiting, Herbert M.	300 Columbia st., Dorchester.
Whiting, Mrs. Herbert M. . . .	" " "
Whitman, Mrs. Bernard	95 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Whitman, Arthur F.	" " "
Whitman, Miss Sarah N.	" " "
Whitman, Miss Pamela	30 Dearborn st.
Whitman, F. N.	15 Rockville pk.
Whitman, Mrs. F. N.	" "
Wiggin, Albert H.	15 Wabon st.
Wiggin, Mrs. Albert H.	" "
Wilcox, William J.	26 Alaska st.
Wilcox, Mrs. William J.	" "
Wilcox, Miss Mabel M.	" "
Wilde, George F.	98 Homestead st.
Wilde, Miss Stella L.	" "
Willcutt, Mrs. J. M.	296 Washington st., Dorchester.
Williams, Miss Adelia C. . . .	445 Warren st.
Williams, Henry R.	38 Lawrence ave., Dorchester.
Williams, Mrs. Henry R.	" " "
Wood, Mrs. Mary S.	38 Wales st., Dorchester.
Woodcock, F. W.	43 Rockland st.
Woodcock, Mrs. F. W.	" "
Wright, Chandler	21 Virginia st., Dorchester.
Wright, Mrs. Chandler	" " "
Young, Mrs. Helen	Hotel Glendon, Columbus ave.
Young, William H. H.	516 Warren st. [Boston.
Young, Mrs. William H. H. . .	" "



A ROXBURY PARISH

A Farewell Sermon

BY

WILLIAM H. LYON

PRINTED FOR THE CONGREGATION

A ROXBURY PARISH.*

I propose to tell, as briefly as possible, the story of a bright and brave church, especially that part of the story which has come within my personal experience.

All Souls Unitarian Church is the legal successor of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society, which began informally in a meeting held at the house of Mr. Enoch Bartlett, Feb. 3, 1845, and was incorporated Sept. 10, 1846. Its new church was built at the corner of Dudley and Greenville Streets, and was dedicated in August of the latter year. Of the original pew-holders only one, Mrs. F. J. G. Hunneman, is still with us. Its ministers have been William R. Alger (1847-54), Alfred P. Putnam (1855-64), Charles J. Bowen (1865-70), Carlos C. Carpenter (1870-79), and myself (1880-96). The society had a very varied career, often in debt, but struggling out again by heroic and self-sacrificing efforts. Its situation was largely the cause of this. It had been built to meet the wants of a comparatively new district. It stood between two of the oldest churches in the land, both of whom were then rich, socially influential, and numerically large. In the unconscious competition which all institutions have to

*A sermon delivered in All Souls Unitarian Church, Roxbury, April 26, 1896, and revised for publication at the request of parishioners, by the minister, William H. Lyon. It is printed only for the congregation past and present.

undergo it was heavily handicapped. In 1880, owing to various unfortunate circumstances, it reached its lowest ebb. A recent editorial article in a Boston newspaper did not overstate the situation when it said that it "was badly disintegrated, and had apparently no future." It was \$10,000 in debt, and had only thirty-four families and eleven single persons in its congregation, with a pew-rental amounting to a little over \$2,500. Its Sunday-school closed the previous year with a superintendent, one teacher, and thirteen pupils. The little congregation was, however, undaunted, and began at once to retrieve its fortunes. At first it seemed to be on the road back to prosperity. In four years the number of persons renting pews or seats had almost doubled, and the rents had risen nearly sixty per cent. The Sunday-school numbered 121; and in October, 1883, \$5,500 was paid upon the debt.

The drift of the population away from Mount Pleasant was, however, increasing very fast. Of the congregation of 1880 one-half had changed its residence by 1883, and a quarter had left Roxbury. It became more and more clear with each new year that the society could not even hold its own if it remained in that locality. A floating debt began to accumulate. On Nov. 11, 1886, therefore, a meeting was held, at which the minister urged removal to the present site, which he indicated on a map drawn upon a blackboard. So began a most heroic and successful attempt to save the dying church. Had richer and more historic churches been as brave and determined, we should have more of them in existence to-day.

An association of men was formed to raise money to buy a lot, Messrs. Damrell, Loring, and M. E. Ware being made trustees. At a meeting of this association, November 28, the present location was fixed upon. On Easter Sunday, April 1, 1888, it was found that about \$2,200 was still lacking to complete the purchase of the land; and an offering was made at once, which amounted to nearly \$3,500, about \$10,000 having been previously raised by subscription. This sealed the success of the plan; and the old church property was sold on July 20 for \$18,000. Four days later ground was broken for the new church. The corner-stone was laid October 29, addresses being made by Rev. Messrs. E. E. Hale, D.D., De Normandie, the minister, and Mr. C. K. Nichols, chairman of the Building Committee.

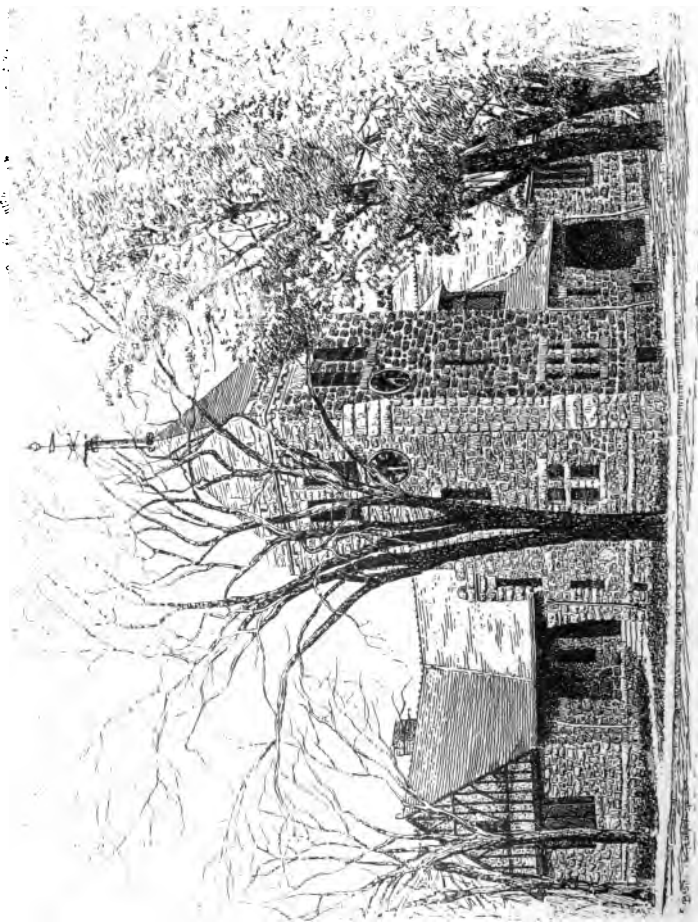
Service was held during the succeeding church year in Fauntleroy Hall, where congregation and Sunday-school grew rapidly; and, while the former members generously contributed their pew-rents as before, the new added substantial contributions by the envelope system.

The society had been almost a unit on the plan of removal; and not a single family, if I remember rightly, fell away, except by removal, during the change. Every purse was strained and every plan was tried to reach the sum required. It was a time of anxiety, but also a time of pleasant excitement. I can never forget the crowded audiences that attended the lectures which I gave for the fund in the old chapel, and which I repeated in Dorchester, Longwood, North Andover, and other places. Nor can any of us forget the happy year

of sojourn in Fauntleroy Hall. No doubt the atmosphere of hope and expectation did much for this ; but the sociable character of the meetings, the free seats, the crowd that filled them and overflowed at the door, the equality of all, gave to the services, especially the congregational singing and the responsive reading, a heartiness which was never surpassed, if it ever was equalled, in the new church.

Nevertheless, it was a year of great suspense. The society was without a home and of uncertain future. The sale of the old property had realized, after deducting debt and expenses, only a little over \$11,000. The cost of the new land and church had to be raised outright from a congregation of very small numbers and means. Debt was unavoidable. An attempt had been made to interest the inhabitants of the neighborhood in the new enterprise, but almost no encouragement had been received from them. The vacation in the summer of 1889 was therefore a time of anxiety. The fate of the enterprise hung in the balance, and no one could tell which way the balance would incline.

The new Parish House was occupied for worship Sept. 15, 1889; and the church was dedicated October 6 by minister and congregation in responsive reading, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. C. G. Ames, H. N. Brown, J. De Normandie, C. R. Eliot, E. E. Hale, D.D., B. Herford, and M. J. Savage, while Mr. C. K. Nichols, chairman of the Building Committee, delivered the keys to Mr. C. L. Damrell, chairman of the Standing Committee of All Souls Unitarian Church. To this corporation, formed Feb. 11, 1889, almost entirely out



of the members of the old society, the property of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society had been transferred October 5, on condition that it "carefully preserve in its archives all records and documents relating to the past history of this Mount Pleasant Congregational Church which shall come into its possession or be placed in its custody, and shall, so far as possible, consider that the history of this Mount Pleasant Congregational Church is continued in the new organization."

The crucial moment arrived when the pews were to be rented. It was a moment of intense interest when Mr. Nazro began to receive bids for first choice. Very soon it was plain that, at least in a pecuniary sense, the new enterprise was thoroughly successful. Enough pews were disposed of to show that all would be taken, and in a few days not a seat remained to be let. The premiums received amounted to \$1,712. Many more pews could have been disposed of if there had been any; and a most amusing fire of criticism was poured in, by those who had looked coldly on during the time of struggle and uncertainty, for our lack of foresight in not having built a larger church. Rather more kindly was the wit of the man who found fault only with the name. It should have been, he said, not "All Souls," but "All Sold." Those who had worked for this consummation, however, were not disturbed by the remarks of those who had not. The summer of their discontent had been made a glorious winter. When the old church was sold, the pew-rents amounted to \$3,464. The income of the new church was \$6,808, or nearly

double the former amount. The appropriation for music was increased \$700, \$300 was added to the minister's salary, and a feeling of great relief and gladness came into the hearts of the brave band who had achieved this victory. One shadow only rested upon this side of the matter. The congregation had done its best, but a debt of between eighteen and nineteen thousand dollars remained to be dealt with. The premiums upon the pews and the proceeds of a remarkable fair held by the Sewing Circle in November, with other receipts, reduced this to \$15,000, which had to be left to the fortunes of the future.

To those who looked more deeply there was another cause for anxiety. The sudden increase in the congregation was delightful to see. It is not often that eighty families find themselves increased at once to one hundred and eighty. But this growth brought problems and possibilities of disappointment. Was it a "boom"? and would it be followed by a serious decline? It was plain that all these new friends had not come because they were Unitarians, or were fond of the minister, or felt bound to support the church of the neighborhood, or were acquainted with each other. Were not their motives in some cases such as could not be satisfied? The old congregation were in the minority. They felt themselves strangers. They could not hope to make their new companions feel at home at once. It was hard to make them understand this, and more or less complaint as to "lack of sociability" was inevitable. Nor was it easy to organize this untrained and mutually unacquainted congregation

into a working church. This was the new problem that now presented itself, and it was a harder problem than that which had been solved. To build a *stone* church is a far easier task than to build a *living* church. Stones can be set in their places, and will stay where they are put. Not so men and women. How this part of the new enterprise was accomplished will be told later. Let me say here that the success which crowned it redounds to the glory of the new as well as of the old congregation. The workers in the one found worthy co-workers in the other.

The new building proved to be one of the most perfect as well as one of the most lovely to be found. When the memorial windows had all been placed in position, the interior, though somewhat darkened by the rich glass, was found to have few equals in beauty. The various rooms—parish house, study, parlor, and the rest—have, in my judgment, no superiors in compactness and convenience. The church is, as a whole, a *multum in parvo*. It ought to be added, too, that it was built for a very low price. In all this should be seen the untiring efforts and unremitting watchfulness of the Building Committee. To four men of this committee, especially, this society is under a deeper obligation than it knows or may remember. Mr. Charles K. Nichols, the chairman, could not have spent more time and care upon the building if it had been his own house. To Messrs. Henry S. Bean and Horatio H. Souther we owe the selection of the architect, Mr. J. Williams Beal, and the outlining with him of the ingenious plan. It was Mr. Bean who proposed, also,

the name, "All Souls," which was adopted, and who made the main plan of the new By-laws. Mr. Henry A. Root gave most valuable advice and attention from his experience as a builder, and presented the handsome fireplace of the parlor. It was Messrs. Bean and Souther, also, who collected from the neighbors of the church most of the money to buy the clock and bell, to which a committee of neighbors added the large proceeds of a coffee-party. The church will never appreciate fully the services which these four men have rendered it. Along with them should be mentioned two women, the Misses Rhoades, to whom is due the beauty of the stained-glass windows. The first window proposed, the one to Mr. Bowen, was placed in their care, and received from them, in collecting money and securing the design, a patience and a tact which deserved the success they gained. The high standard which they set in this window was followed in others, and the chief feature of the beauty of the interior of the church should be associated with their names.

Nevertheless, we must not forget those who, though taking no active part in building the church and furnishing it, contributed the money and gave the windows and other memorial gifts. Often, with great generosity and sometimes with great sacrifice, they did what they could,* and share in the credit for the beauty and usefulness of the result.

And now, before we turn over the leaf which bears the history of the old church, I hope you will pardon me if I linger a little over the men and women who

* See Appendix.

were in that church when I came, but who are not with us now. To most of you they will be mere names. To me they live in loving memory among the recollections I would not lose.

Two men came to Fall River in October of 1880 to bring me the "call" of the Mount Pleasant Society. Of these one was Mr. Joseph L. Brigham, the chairman of the Standing Committee. He was a man whom I learned to love deeply,—of simple but dignified manners; of great respect for learning, heightened by his great and exaggerated regret that he had never had a collegiate education; of a loyal spirit and a clinging affection for old associations. He was a modest man, and perhaps felt his age unduly. I can see still the pathetic dignity with which he realized that he could not finish his rather formal address to me, and turned to ask his associate to go on in his stead. He died in November, 1888. With him I should like to make mention of his son-in-law, Mr. George E. Foster, a man who was always generous to the church, fond of music, and greatly beloved by all who knew him. He died a year after I came, on the famous "Yellow Tuesday." His widow remained, till she removed from Roxbury, a devoted member of the church, for years a member of its Standing Committee, and was also one of the Building Committee for the new church. The companion of Mr. Brigham at the time I have named was Mr. William H. Kilby, ever loyal until he removed from Boston, a man whose just and conciliatory disposition the church has often missed since then.

The successor of Mr. Brigham as chairman of the

Standing Committee was Mr. Charles L. Damrell, whom you all knew and loved so well that I need only to say here that, when I first knew him, he and his aged mother lived in beautiful companionship not far from the church. She passed much of her time in repeating hymns, of which she knew a surprising number by heart, and passages from the sermons of her beloved former pastor, Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Portsmouth, N.H. Mr. Damrell, as you know, was in innocence and gentleness her child to the end, while no less a man in integrity and high principle. He remained chairman till his death, and became a deacon of the church in 1881. With him should be mentioned the senior deacon of those days, elected in 1856, Mr. Theodore H. Bell, a most loyal friend to the church, even after he had removed to another suburb; and his father-in-law, Lewis G. Pray, a well-known Unitarian, prominent in earlier days as a worker for the Sunday-schools of the denomination, the author of some volumes of poems, and commemorated by a window in this church. His widow, who died in 1887, left the church, the sewing circle, and the pastor very generous bequests. Mr. Charles E. Grant, who still lives in Acton, Mass., was the faithful clerk of the parish from the beginning until his removal in 1882, since which year his place has been ably filled by Walter S. Frost, Esq. Mr. M. Everett Ware was the superintendent of the Sunday-school when I came, and remained a most loyal helper there, and ever a generous and genial friend to the church, until his removal from Roxbury, just as this house was to be built.

One of the very first to pass away after my coming was Mr. Walter Farnsworth, a prominent citizen whom I had only begun to know, and whose lovely wife died just before I came. Their daughter erected one of the chancel windows to their memory, and later the beautiful cross over the font to commemorate her courtly and genial husband, Mr. Joseph H. Meredith, giving also the organ for the primary department of the Sunday-school in memory of their son. With Mr. Meredith I recall another hospitable and open-hearted gentleman, Mr. Asa H. Rhoades, and still another whose name I hold in perpetual remembrance as one of the sweetest and most refined natures I have ever known, Mr. William C. Appleton. Yet another stanch and sterling soul was Nathaniel G. Eliot, of more recent death. I am reminded here of the many old folk who have been with us. The oldest and the proudest of his age was the gentle W. M. Brooks, who died at ninety-eight, his serene rival being Mrs. Bride, who lived to be ninety-seven. Three others were over ninety, nine between eighty and ninety, and twenty-two between seventy and eighty. I should like to dwell upon them all. I should like to linger at the name of Leonard Ware, one of the well-known merchants of his day, and ever a loyal member of this church, who died before this house was finished, but is commemorated, with his wife, in one of our chancel windows; or to recall Miss Pamela Whitman, too old to do much in this building, but for many years the witty secretary of the Sewing Society in the other; Mrs. David J. Foster, always so bright and interested in us and in all that went on in the commu-

nity, and Mr. Sumner, whose loss is so fresh in our minds, the serene but devoted friend of this church always. I should like to recall to the minds of those who ever knew them some younger friends also. Miss Charlotte Foster and her friend Miss Caroline Fowle, both of the quietly helpful kind that make the world go without much ado; Mrs. Henry C. Sears, president of the Sewing Society when we came here, who combined energy with tact in a beautiful degree; Mrs. Johnson, always sweet and helpful, as her memorial window suggests; Mr. Henry W. Mansur, genial and frank, who died just as we were girding up our garments to mount the hill; Mr. W. H. Gray, whose quiet patience under trial and illness gave us all a lesson; Albert Howard, appropriately commemorated by our chimes; Mrs. W. G. Reed, a most sweet and helpful woman. The list stretches on beyond your patience, perhaps; but every name means much to some of us. I must add to these the names of some who are still living, but who ought to know that their labors for our sake are not forgotten. I must speak of Miss Libby, who was for so many years our organist,—one of our own family, also; and I must say, what we all feel, that never have we had better music, among all that has been so good, no more simple, sweet, and devout, than that which she used to provide for us out of the small appropriation we were able to make. I recall, also, Mr. W. H. Varney, for many years the careful treasurer of the church, when our small funds had to be patiently collected and watchfully dispensed. He was most ably succeeded by Mr. W. C. Hunneman during the trying years of our

exodus into the promised land, and then by Mr. F. D. Butrick, to whose energy, tact, and care too much praise cannot be given. We should thank also Mrs. Couthouy and Mrs. Tilton, presidents of the Sewing Society, and admirable workers in many ways, especially in those fairs which used to be so indispensable to our very life.

I am sorry not to be able to add the names of others as good and true, but time forbids. As I think of them all, they pass in slow procession through the hall of memory; and I can hardly believe that they are no longer here. I wish they were here to-day to see the new church in its beauty and its prosperity, and still more to know their successors. For, dear and useful as they were, there are men and women here to-day who have shown themselves worthy to take up the work which they had to lay down. There are just as good workers, just as loyal souls and as generous hearts, in this church as in the other. The heterogeneous and quickly gathered congregation has become a well-united and co-working organization. It is a living church. The 80 families who came here so doubtfully, yet bravely, have become 196. The Sunday-school, which opened in Fauntleroy Hall with 40 members, has mounted to 230. Its superintendent has been for most of the time the minister, relieved for a while by Mr. F. B. Hall, who later became assistant superintendent, and succeeded now by Mr. F. M. Leavitt. I know of no equally devoted or able band of teachers. The primary department, which numbers nearly 60, was organized at first by Miss Grace S. Var-

ney, and is now conducted by her most worthy successor for the past two years, Miss Annie C. Morse. The school is in charge of a committee appointed by the society, consisting of Mr. Hall, Miss Morse, and a teacher whose quiet services have incalculably forwarded its success, Miss Anna M. Chapin. It owes much to its secretaries,— C. G. Wells, J. A. Downs, and Laurence Gardner.

From the Sunday-school have sprung two clubs: the "In His Name," which was organized and for a long time conducted by Miss E. E. Boies, and the "Lend a Hand," which consists of Miss Chapin's class. The All Souls Club of men, most ably managed by the successive secretaries, Messrs. H. S. Bean, F. D. Butrick, and G. W. Curtis, and by its presidents, Messrs. Nichols, Morgan, and Butrick, has had a happy career. The Sewing Society, whose presidents have been Mrs. Philbrick, Mrs. Daniels, Mrs. Newhall, and Miss Carret, came to the new church with 41 members, and has increased them to 95, raising meantime \$5,195, of which \$2,792 has gone to the church for debt, furnishing, etc. Its name has been changed to the "Social and Benevolent Society." The Branch Alliance has been formed since we came here, and has had for presidents Mrs. Bernard Whitman and Mrs. J. H. Philbrick. During the seven years of its existence it has raised \$1,581, this year's amount being \$392, of which \$250 have been given toward the debt of the church.

It is clear from these facts that the problem which faced the society when its pews were so suddenly filled with new and unknown people has been largely

solved. Yet with the success of the church came upon me a growing restlessness, as my nearer friends have known. Many causes contributed to this, some of which lie in the past and need not now be mentioned. Two reasons were very influential. First may be named a feeling that I had done my work here, and was ready to undertake another task. I felt sure that, when this new task should be opened to me, I should go, as I am glad to find I do go, with my people's appreciation of my faithfulness to them and of whatever benefit this may have brought to them, and their "God-speed" in the new work. Many kind and earnest arguments have been urged against ~~this~~; but none that would not have been just as effective to keep me in my first parish in Maine, or to keep any of our Boston ministers in the churches which they left, often against the loving remonstrances of their congregations, to assume their present charges. What is called duty to a smaller and easier field is often mere self-indulgence, resting on one's oars, surrounded by the warm but enervating atmosphere of an indiscriminating affection. I hold that a minister should be allowed, and indeed is bound, to place himself where he can do the best work he is fitted to do, and that he must, like every other man, guide his life by his own judgment and conscience, though he may have to part from those whom he loves and who love him, or to stand the criticism of those who resent his ceasing to serve ~~their own interests.~~ *the*

The second main reason for my growing restlessness has been the continual loss of those whom I loved and

leaned upon, though as good and trusty persons have taken their places. Several of you have told me that you had hoped that I would spend my life here. It would indeed have been an honor to me to be allowed to do this, and it may be that it would have been the best use of my life. As I have been taking leave of the families whom I have known the longest, I have realized, as never before, the cumulative effect of a long pastorate by the formation and strengthening of the ties which arise from ministering to the sorrows and joys of the same persons for many years. Of the twenty-eight Unitarian ministers of Boston, only two, Dr. Hale and Mr. Dole, have been settled in their present charges longer than I have here. I would have entered into this covenant with you: *I will stay with you if you will stay with me all our lives.* This would seem a fair agreement; but it could not be made, and could not be kept on your side if it were made. In fact, the congregation's side of the matter seems hardly ever considered. The average parishioner rarely exacts from himself or his fellows the fidelity which he demands of his minister. There are loyal souls who will sacrifice much to do so, but they are far from being even the majority. The rest not only change about from the necessities of business or other compelling causes, but also for reasons far from urgent. Their minor interests, their caprices, their sensitiveness, their desire to economize, their indolence,—we all know the reasons that make so large a part of our congregations like shifting sand. The most earnest demands for the permanence of a pastorate often come

from those on whom the permanent pastorate can least rely, who are least willing to bear their part of the sacrifices which such permanence may sooner or later demand of somebody, who turns out often to be chiefly the minister.

~~But, passing by this unpleasant side of the matter, we have to face the general fact of~~ The shifting character of our modern life. ~~This~~ makes a lifelong pastorate amount mainly to fidelity to a name and a building. The old-fashioned pastorate has no longer the old-fashioned congregation to accompany it through life. A church is now like a human body. It may keep its form and even its size, but the particles which compose it are very sure to change in a few years. For instance, though our church is probably no more changeable than many others, of the congregation who "called" me in 1880, only 11 families and 6 single persons remain. Though I have the name of having been the pastor of this society for nearly sixteen years, I have really been the pastor of only 17 families and persons for that time. Of the 196 families or individuals now in the church, I have known three-fourths for less than seven years, and during that time 100 families have come and gone. Of the 177 families who filled this church six years ago October, 62 have gone. This does not mean that the congregation is smaller. On the contrary, it has twenty more names on the treasurer's book than then. But it does mean that in six years it has changed considerably over one-third. Or, to look at the matter from another point of view, several years ago I received a virtual "call," of the most

complimentary and tempting character, which I was almost universally advised to accept. But my congregation, though small, seemed to be growing. I was warmly attached to the persons who composed it; and some of them wrote me very affectionate and effective letters, urging me to stay. I am not sorry that I declined the invitation, and I refer to it only to illustrate my point. Of the 97 families whom I loved enough to make a sacrifice greater than I have ever been called upon to make since then, only 36 remain. The rest, five-eighths of the whole number, have removed, died, gone to other churches or to no church, including the writers of the very sincere letters and many others whom I loved and depended upon. Several of the families who signed the kind request that I should remain were already preparing or expecting to remove, and, in all probability, in a few years very many more of them will have left the church in which they asked me to stay with them.

These facts, which may be true of other churches, show that, while the lifelong pastorate may still have its advantages, the most beautiful argument for it, the cumulative effect of ministering to the same families for many years, is dissolved in the restless ebb and flow of our modern life. A congregation which changes over a third in six years must change much in twenty or thirty years. The young people whom the minister had hoped to accompany through their marriage, parenthood, and the cares of maturity, go away; and the pews show him from year to year, along with a certain proportion of a more stable kind, a continual coming and going of strange faces.

Evidently, the conditions under which the minister used to work have changed. The charge of disloyalty to his church or of lack of love to his people, when he changes his field, no longer necessarily applies. The parishioner should be very careful not to urge upon his pastor a permanency which he knows he cannot promise for himself. Nor should he take as a personal matter a departure which he may soon practise on his own side. In a word, unless he not only intends, but believes that he is likely to carry out his intention, to remain as long as his pastor remains, he should be careful to be just to his minister if the latter happens to go first.

The relation between this church and myself has always been a close one. No doubt others would have done the same for you, but I know of no minister who has been more thoroughly absorbed in his church than I have been in this. My happiness and almost my health have risen and fallen with its fortunes. Most of the time I have had no home interests to divide with it, and I have found many of your houses almost as my own home. I have been a most industrious parish visitor, finding rest and recreation therein, and have known well every man, woman, and child of you. When I was to be married, the idea of a large wedding was most repugnant to both of us; but I insisted upon it, in order that every family of you might be with me at that important time. As I look at our beautiful church, I am glad to remember that I proposed and pushed the enterprise which turned out so well, that I chose the site where the church stands, and that the

design and inscription of nearly every one of its windows were suggested by me. Of the pecuniary burdens which the welfare of the church has laid upon us, I have allowed no one to bear a larger part than myself. I recall now among the memories of that time that I was the largest individual contributor to the cost of the new church, and that, of the money collected from outside our own congregation, nearly three-fourths came from my personal friends, and mainly through my own efforts. I wish I could have seen the church free of debt ; but a large part of it was incurred against my protest and without my knowledge, and so far I have never felt responsible for it. I am glad that a plan is now being carried out by which the debt will before long be paid, and in which, also, we have allowed no one to surpass us. Among my happy recollections is the fact that I have five times declined invitations to more prominent and prosperous positions. Some of them were very tempting to a hard-pressed and obscure minister ; but they came at times when the church was poor and struggling, and it seemed wrong to go. I do not regret declining them ; but I have often wished that the additional salary, which would have amounted by this time to almost enough to pay your debt, could have somehow come to you.

On the other hand, let me emphasize and acknowledge the great kindness which you have shown to me. And now you have crowned it with these resolutions of farewell, containing a most touching expression of your love and good wishes for me, and your continued confidence in me. Nothing was ever said to me that I value more than the words :—

Resolved, That, in the retirement of Mr. Lyon from its service as pastor, this church meets with a loss which it feels keenly and regrets most deeply. Its acceptance of his resignation is most reluctantly given, and only after exhausting every effort to prevail upon him to reconsider his decision, which it knows to have been reached after the most careful thought, and to be based upon considerations wholly unselfish and disinterested.

I am as proud of this commendation as of either of my university degrees. It will be an inspiration for my future work. I have indeed tried to do what is right. So many things had to be considered that I can easily conceive the possibility of mistake, but of my motives I am certain. If the kind of ministry which I have had in Roxbury does not justify them, I shall not try to make words do so. The difficulty is that three-quarters of the present congregation came to this church when the battle was over. They had only to take results which had cost them nothing, and whose cost to others they cannot conceive. It may be natural for some of them to continue complacently to enjoy these results, while forgetting or even criticising those who won them. I may mention, however, that at one time, fearing that I might be unconsciously biassed by personal considerations, I drew up a plan for a council of impartial persons, who should eliminate these, and decide purely on the question of where I could do the best service to the cause of liberal Christianity. I would have accepted such a decision without hesitation. But I found that this plan could not be carried out, and I settled the matter myself on that ground. I believe that my decision is entitled to the respect which you have shown it.

In spite of your very complimentary protests, I see no reason why your prosperity should be endangered by mere change of ministers. Had you been only an audience drawn together by a popular preacher, there might be reason for fear. But I--~~am~~ ~~by no means such a preacher,~~ and you are a well-organized and closely knit church. I know of no Unitarian church so compact and zealous, so well fitted to take care of itself. You must not prove unworthy heirs of that which was won for you in circumstances that might really have been called discouraging. Whatever losses you may have from the restless habit of our modern time may be made up from those who come to live in this growing neighborhood or from those already resident here, but who are loosed from distant churches by the retirement of pastors who hold them by a personal tie.

I believe that you have never realized how strong you are, and that my going will call out your latent powers and bring elements to the front of which you are not aware. Already I see signs of this. I hope that the future leaders of this congregation will be as earnest and high-minded as the past ones have been. Yet I hope that you will soon settle my successor. He ought to be a happy man to have such a church about him. He must increase, and I must decrease; but I hope you will not too soon forget me. Remember me as one who, while he wishes he could have done far more for you, did his best; who stood by you through long years of struggle, and went away only when you had prosperity and a good name.

APPENDIX.

THE RESOLUTIONS.*

Whereas the Rev. William H. Lyon, after serving this church as its pastor faithfully and to the entire satisfaction of all its members for sixteen years, has decided to accept the call of the First Church of Brookline, Mass., and has resigned the pastorate of this church; and

Whereas this church, at a meeting held on April 11, 1896, accepted his resignation,—therefore be it

Resolved, That this church recognizes the faithful service of Mr. Lyon as its pastor and the great benefit that has come to it and its members through his ministrations.

Resolved, That, in the retirement of Mr. Lyon from its service as pastor, this church meets with a loss which it feels keenly and regrets most deeply. Its acceptance of his resignation is most reluctantly given, and only after exhausting every effort to prevail upon him to reconsider his decision, which it knows to have been reached after the most careful thought and to be based upon considerations wholly unselfish and disinterested.

Resolved, That this church offers to the First Church in Brookline, Mass., its sincere congratulations upon securing the services of a man so able and so faithful to every duty as Mr. Lyon, and to him it tenders its best wishes for his future welfare wherever duty may call him.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be entered upon the records of the church, and that attested copies be sent to Mr. Lyon and to the First Church in Brookline, Mass.

*These resolutions were placed in a beautiful album, handsomely bound. The text was in hand-made letters and illuminated by pictures in water-color and sepia of the old church and the new one, of the chancel windows and the Williams window. The whole was the work of Mr. Frederic B. Hall.

TRUSTEES OF LAND FUND.

CHARLES L. DAMRELL.

DAVID LORING, JR.

M. EVERETT WARE.

BUILDING COMMITTEE.

CHARLES K. NICHOLS.

ANNA S. FOSTER.

HENRY S. BEAN.

M. EVERETT WARE.

HORATIO H. SOUTHER.

DAVID LORING, JR.

HENRY A. ROOT.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE NEW CHURCH.

Ladies' Sewing Society (including \$500 bequest of Mrs. Pray).	\$1,373.00
W. H. Lyon (including proceeds of lectures in various places)	1,292.19
Legacy of Mrs. G. L. Pray	1,000.00
Mrs. J. H. Meredith	1,000.00
M. Everett Ware	750.00
Dime Scheme (Mrs. W. C. Appleton and Misses Murdoch)	569.15
Mrs. Anna S. Foster	350.00
H. A. Root	300.00
Mrs. D. J. Foster	250.00
C. K. Nichols	225.00
Young Ladies' Sewing Society	210.00
A. H. Sumner, C. L. Damrell, Isaac Fenno, Miss Anna C. Lowell, H. S. Bean, each \$200	1,000.00
T. H. Bell, A. Howard, W. A. Couthouy, W. H. Kilby, W. H. Ellison, H. C. Sears, W. J. Bride, D. Loring, Jr., \$150 each,	1,200.00
"Kate Greenaway Party," through Mrs. L. R. Taylor	128.00
Dearborn Street Baptist Society, D. N. Richards, Mrs. S. E. Loring, A. P. Clifford, Samuel Little, B. W. Appleton, R. G. Molineux, O. N. Jones, R. C. Humphreys, Mrs. M. P. Mansur, \$100 each,	1,000.00
Mrs. L. F. Tripp, Mrs. John Chandler, Mrs. F. J. G. Hunneman, J. H. Norton, \$75 each	300.00
The Misses Harrington, C. G. Wells, \$70 each	140.00
Miss M. C. Bell, Mrs. G. E. Henry, W. C. Hunneman, G. E. Crawley, G. B. Faunce, N. G. Snelling, Mrs. J. E. Billings, H. H. Souther, Miss Lucy Brigham, Miss P. Whitman, J. M. Upton, Dr. P. O'M. Edson, J. V. N. Stults, Mrs. W. H. Daniels, Mrs. W. P. Bolles, L. F. Morse, Mrs. S. Pettee, H. Humphrey, B. F. Griggs,	

R. B. Williams, William Gray, Misses Wiley, Rev. J. De Normandie, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Crosby, G. H. Norcross, Miss Laura Norcross, R. S. Mackintosh, \$50 each	\$1,350.00
Entertainment Committee	44.25
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Curtis	40.00
Miss Helen Foster, Miss Carrie L. Fowle, W. S. Frost, \$35 each	105.00
J. R. Carret	30.00
Mrs. H. S. Bean, Master Sewell Mansur, Miss Malvina Mansur, Miss F. Hunneman, Miss E. A. Hunneman, Miss N. G. Snelling, Mrs. J. L. Brigham, Mrs. W. Gray, the choir, J. M. Scott, Mrs. W. C. Appleton, and the Misses Murdoch, C. W. Eaton, Misses Carret, W. M. Bunting, Misses Morrill, Mrs. S. G. Brooks, N. O. Whitcomb, W. W. Waugh, R. B. Fairbairn, J. W. Newell, G. Rogers, C. W. Trainer, Rev. A. Woodbury, F. D. Butrick, C. J. Hayden, C. Wright, Mrs. J. B. Plummer, W. M. Cameron, Mrs. H. Sibley, B. S. Turner, Miss H. M. Blanchard, \$25 each	775.00
G. P. K. Walker	20.98
J. H. Nason, Dr. J. Seaverns, Miss G. A. Adams, H. S. Philbrick, \$20 each	80.00
Children's entertainment, through Miss Murdoch	17.00
Misses Eliot, Miss L. A. Nevers, J. A. Downs, Miss Homer, J. Q. Kilby, Miss L. C. Clark, \$15 each	90.00
Sunday-school	12.25
Misses G. and L. Alley, L. Taylor, L. Palmer (Fair)	11.00
Mrs. B. S. Farrington, Mrs. M. S. Philbrick, Miss A. L. Sylvester, Miss Leland, W. H. Varney, J. H. Brooks, Mrs. J. M. Wilcutt, Mrs. C. A. Thacher, Miss A. C. Kimball, Mrs. J. K. Berry, Miss J. Mosher, Miss S. Knott, Mrs. Schlegelmilch, L. S. Schlegelmilch, \$10 each,	140.00
W. R. Bean, Miss S. H. Bean, Mrs. J. H. Callender, C. Litchfield, Misses Baker, Boyden, Clapp, Hudson, and Boies, "Widow's mite," Mrs. R. A. Parker, \$5 each,	55.00
Misses Smith and Wells, Mrs. Cordeiro, \$1 each	4.00
Collection in church	36.00
Total	\$13,897.82

CHRISTENINGS.

1881.

- July 10. Frieda Gerlach Billings.
 Oct. 5. Jerry Arthur Downs.
 Lizzie Stanton Downs.
 George Downs.
 Dec. 26. Walter Brinley Ripley.

1882.

- June 25. Robert Anson Jordan.
 William Meserve Jordan.
 Porter Bolles Jordan.
 Marion Elizabeth Hooton.
 Storer Preble Ware.
 James Haworth Eaton.
 Oct. 22. Helen Smith Gray.
 Marjorie Alice Briggs.

1885.

- Jan. 4. Howard Hail Berry.
 Oct. 25. Francena Louise Noyes.
 Margery Louise Henry.

1886.

- March 24. — Yarrington.
 Oct. 10. Charlotte Woodman Ham.
 Frederic Joseph Ham.
 Margery Perrin.
 William Sumner Bolles.

1887.

- June 19. Dana Somes.
 Bertha Alice Backup.

1889.

- March 20. Mary Shackford Jordan.
 Nov. 3. Helen Batchelder Brooks.
 Lenthal Wyman.
 Ruby French Allen.
 Marion Dole.
 Arthur Everett Goodwin.
 Nov. 23. Ralph Burrill Jacobs.

1891.

- March 29. Hazel Bell Henry.
 June 21. Walter Sprague Frost.
 Harold King Berry.
 Oct. 25. Madeline Wright.
 Nov. 1. Sears Fuller.
 Margaret Wyman.

1892.

- Nov. 6. Francis Brown Berry.
 Madelyn Moore Keezer.
 Katharine Linton Gage.
 Dorothy Stanley Emmons.
 Carlton William Allen.

1893.

- May 28. William Cooper Hunneman.
 Aug. 5. Paul Dukehart Talbot.

1894.

- May 3. Amalie Caroline Mahr.
 May 15. Sherman Coffin Sawtelle.

(1894.—Continued.)

March 25. George Emery Arnold.
 Eliot Backup.
 Wellington Phillips Bartels.
 Marjorie Lyon Mills.
 Laura Gertrude Munroe.
 Marjorie Wiggin.
 June 17. George Waite Frost.
 Herbert Nichols French.

William Dennison Lyon (by
 Dr. Hale).
 Nov. 10. Mitchell Leavitt.
 1896.
 April 5. Emma Adrienne Polsey.
 Louise Ethel Polsey.
 George Arlon Polsey.
 Madeleine Peterson Polsey.
 Ruth Lyon (by Dr. Hale).

MARRIAGES.

1881.

Feb. 3. William Gray.
 Hattie E. Knox.
 April 21. Ferdinand L. Haskell.
 Minnie Cecilia Hodgman.
 Oct. 5. Francis E. Smith.
 Emily J. Nason.

1882.

June 12. William P. Bolles.
 Martha B. Sumner.
 Sept. 28. George Oakes Welch.
 Phebe M. Lyon.
 Oct. 12. Julian S. B. Heath.
 Fannie C. Wilson.

1883.

April 18. Albert L. Ireland.
 Mary Wright.

June 12. Clarence M. Goodhue.
 Sadie P. Griffin.
 Oct. 18. Edward G. Beal.
 Ellen L. Hiscock.
 Dec. 12. Henry N. Paine.
 Fannie C. Pike.

1884.

Oct. 15. Arthur J. H. Lucas.
 Carrie E. Sawyer.
 Oct. 16. Herbert P. Pratt.
 Eveline D. B. Vincent.
 Nov. 13. George C. Wright.
 Helen Bean.
 Dec. 4. Byron Somes.
 Althea W. Barry.

1885.

June 3. Charles H. Walker.
 Mary L. Huckins.

(1885.—Continued.)

- Dec. 2. William M. Salter.
Mary S. Gibbens.
Dec. 31. James Minot Ford.
Mildred S. Gay.

1886.

- April 2. William D. Jenness.
Emma Walther.
April 7. Gatien de L'Estrade.
Louise L. Bell.
Oct. 13. Jesse M. Butterfield.
Elizabeth M. Sawyer.
Oct. 28. Harold A. Dingwell.
Louise E. McKenzie.
Nov. 8. Francis C. Croy.
Ella Yarrington.

1887.

- Jan. 1. Archibald C. Wilson.
Annie K. Johnston.
Sept. 21. James E. Robinson.
Marion Cheney.

1888.

- Jan. 2. Thomas J. Southwell.
Mary E. Stevens.
April 4. John Chandler.
Lucy B. Foster.
May 17. George D. Sawyer.
Sophia V. Spindler.
June 5. Louis Baier.
Emma C. Speidel.
Sept. 7. Christopher R. Eliot.
Mary J. May.
Oct. 2. George W. Fuller.
Florence May Sears.

- Oct. 31. Frederic H. Carpenter.
Esther Cowan.
Dec. 27. Benjamin F. Dudley.
Helen M. Clarke.

1889.

- April 21. Josiah B. Stetson.
Katie I. Land.
June 3. Frank Cutler Nichols.
Carrie Whipple Parker.
July 13. William W. Hicks.
Annie E. Robinson.
Dec. 11. Arthur B. Gove.
Amanda M. Andrews.

1890.

- June 12. Arthur W. Blackmar.
Marion W. Floyd.
Oct. 16. Albert J. Lovett.
Mabel T. Loring.
Nov. 3. James Coggeshall.
Hannah Harrington.
Nov. 5. William W. McNaught.
Mary A. Merritt.
Nov. 6. Alcide T. M. d'Andria.
Katharine Smith.
Nov. 12. Charles Burleigh Carr.
Georgianna Kimball.

1891.

- Feb. 10. Thomas H. Mack.
Martha M. Rowe.
July 1. Frank M. Leavitt.
Flora P. Hatch.
Sept. 16. Herbert D. Dickey.

1892.

- Feb. 16. Arthur C. C. Hill.
Pearl E. Akerman.

(1892.—Continued.)

June 15. Charles W. Sawtelle.
Annie E. Smith.
Oct. 4. Albert H. Wiggin.
Jessie D. Hayden.
Oct. 5. John D. Shepard.
L. Maud Vinal.
Oct. 18. Charles W. Jackson.
Alma de F. Curtiss.

1893.

April 4. Wilfred A. French.
Clara F. Nichols.
April 4. Gilman S. Low.
Fannie E. Curtiss.
May 24. George A. Clouston.
Cora M. Rowe.
June 1. Shailer E. Lawton.
Mary Lillian Upton.
June 3. Charles P. Coggeshall.
Adaline F. Lambert.

Oct. 10. Walter M. Payson.
Fanny H. Sturgis.

1894.

Oct. 6. Herbert Small.
Mattie A. Smith.
Nov. 5. Walter M. Farwell.
Grace E. Morse.
Dec. 19. Charles A. Hinckley.
Alice E. Selton.

1895.

Feb. 21. John S. Clark.
Myra G. Gilbert.
Oct. 17. George L. Dodd.
Pauline I. Rowe.

1896.

March 11. Arthur W. Draper.
Louise E. Schlegelmilch.

FUNERALS.

1880.

Dec. 28. Mary Burlingame, 64.

1881.

Feb. 2. John Spencer, 60.
March 1. Walter Farnsworth, 82.
June 21. Charles Knox.

July 16. David J. Foster.
Sept. 8. George E. Foster.
Sept. 25. John H. Tinker, 26.
Oct. 6. George Downs.
Oct. 24. Mrs. J. N. Daniels.
Oct. 28. Philippe Thomas Sharpe, 50.

1882.

- Jan. 7. Benjamin Burlingame, 40.
 Jan. 10. Mary Teresa Cleaves, 45.
 April 18. Fannie E. Morrill.
 May 29. Henry D. Fowle, 65.
 June 9. William H. Davis, 68.
 June 14. Margaret Wiley, 91.
 Oct. 11. Lewis G. Pray, 89.
 Oct. 20. William Crawley, 75.
 Oct. 29. Emma Waite.
 Nov. 14. Mrs. Hyde, 62.

1883.

- Jan. 8. Mrs. Brigham, 59.
 Jan. 14. Lewis Slack, 78.
 Jan. 29. Elizabeth Damrell.
 Feb. 20. Elizabeth Holmes, 77.
 March 26. Charles C. Kneeland, 39.
 March 29. Lucy E. Wetherbee, 78.
 May 10. Elizabeth S. Smith, 78.
 July 8. Herman Strater, 1.
 Aug. 27. George B. Callender, 78.

1884.

- Jan. 8. Lottie F. Foster, 46.
 Jan. 11. Mrs. William Brooks, 82.
 Feb. 18. Mrs. Lamb.
 Feb. 21. Mrs. W. H. Johnson.
 March 29. Mrs. Eladia L. Stokell.
 April. Elisha Vinton Ashton.
 April 20. Mrs. Edwin Adams, 58.
 May 1. Joseph Murdoch, 74.
 May 19. Theophilus Burr, 68.
 July 14. Lewis H. Bell, 28.
 Dec. 18. Mrs. Leonard Ware, 68.
 Dec. 18. Mrs. Heath, 45.
 Dec. 31. Mr. Ross, 82.

1885.

- Feb. 7. Harry Meredith, 34.

- March 5. Mrs. Eleanor B. Pollard, 73.
 March 31. Mrs. Elizabeth Lyon Taylor.
 April 1. Edward Slade, 60.
 April 8. Mrs. Mary Sleeper.
 April 20. Mrs. Israel E. Decrow.
 April 22. George B. Gavitt, 74.
 April 26. Charles A. Chapin.
 May 5. Miss Cooper.
 May 15. Marjorie Knox.
 May 22. Dorothy Ham, 7.
 May 22. Mrs. Harriet Rollstone.
 July 6. Mrs. Joseph Morrill.
 July 12. Joseph G. Bell, 63.
 July 28. Asa H. Rhoades, 77.
 Sept. 11. Mrs. Catharine Nelson, 26.
 Sept. 11. Mrs. Joseph G. Bell.
 Sept. 26. Mrs. Olive Briggs, 90.
 Oct. 17. Harry Butterfield, 12.
 Dec. 13. Mrs. Temple.

1886.

- Feb. 4. Clarence P. Goodhue.
 March 24. Capt. Richard H. Yarrington, 80.
 May 4. Mrs. Sarah Frost, 86.
 May 9. Joseph Frost, 92.
 May 9. A. W. Pollard.
 May 16. Mrs. Alley.
 Sept. 18. Miss Mosher.
 Oct. 11. Mrs. Bicknell, 85.
 Dec. 1. Byron Somes, 27.
 Dec. 13. Henry W. Mansur, 47.

1887.

- Jan. 14. Benjamin Callender, 77.
 Jan. 26. Mrs. Nathaniel Sylvester, 82.
 Feb. 3. Edwin Adams.
 Mrs. L. G. Pray, 90.
 March 27. W. H. Gray, 70.

(1887.—Continued.)

- May 11. Mrs. Dickason.
 June 19. Mrs. Emmeline Tinker.
 June 27. Charles G. Wells, 69.
 Nov. Mrs. Pike.
 Nov. 22. Mrs. John T. Bush.

1888.

- Feb. 13. Elizabeth Frost.
 Feb. 15. Mrs. Harris.
 Feb. 29. Mrs. Elizabeth Bullard.
 March 26. George A. Taylor, 60.
 April 4. Mrs. Anna W. Rand, 89.
 April 11. Angier Backup.
 May 17. Bertha Alice Backup.
 Oct. 2. Mrs. Harriet Hardy, 77.
 Oct. 21. Miss Alice Morse.
 Nov. 12. Joseph L. Brigham, 84.
 Nov. 12. Fanny White, 57.
 Nov. 30. Leonard Ware, 83.
 Dec. 31. Mrs. Hazewell, 30.

1889.

- Feb. 25. Miss Meriam, 78.
 March 5. Mrs. Goodwin.
 March 18. Mrs. Burley, 82.
 March 27. Mary Shackford Jordan, 5.
 April 5. Mrs. Joseph White.
 May 16. Charles W. Couthouy, 38.
 June 30. Charles Appleton Brooks, 4.
 July 2. Gilbert G. Wilder, 36.
 July 5. William R. Baker, 43.
 Aug. 16. Mrs. Joseph L. Brigham, 81.
 Aug. 30. Mrs. George H. Morison, 38.
 Mrs. Cornelia C. Bolles, 70.
 Oct. 4. Mrs. Mary E. Souther, 77.
 Oct. 25. Mrs. Lunt.
 Dec. 11. Mrs. G. E. Hale, 51.

1890.

- Jan. 7. Joseph H. Ropes, 62.
 Jan. 9. Herman Grundel, 66.
 Jan. 26. Mrs. H. C. Sears, 50.
 Jan. 29. Mrs. Dr. Kinney, 35.
 March 19. Mrs. Henry Fobes, 50.
 March 21. George P. Reed, 76.
 April 16. Mrs. R. B. Fairbairn, 37.
 May 5. Mrs. Keziah Bride, 97.
 June 8. Mr. Tuttle.
 July 8. Mrs. Frye.
 Aug. 12. Miss Elizabeth Boyle Everett, 76.
 Sept. 8. Joseph H. Meredith, 69.
 Nov. 30. Miss Caroline Cushing.

1891.

- April 14. Mr. Griffin.
 April 28. Robert Gardner, 76.
 May 13. William H. Patten, 59.
 June 6. Fred. Keene, 30.
 Aug. 28. Mrs. Wilson, 82.
 Nov. 18. Henry Ditson, 34.
 Nov. 26. Mary Starratt, 17.
 Dec. 24. Mary Knox, 80.
 Dec. 31. William M. Brooks, 98.

1892.

- Jan. 21. Mrs. Crosby.
 Jan. 22. James F. Coburn, 67.
 Feb. 7. Mr. Adams, 80.
 April 10. Edgar W. Bixby, 46.
 April 15. Mrs. Roxanna Richmond, 69.
 Henry Elliot.
 May 20. Edwin Frost.
 May 24. Mrs. Mary A. Allen, 79.
 May 28. Miss Caroline L. Fowle, 62.
 June 13. Peter W. Folsom, 79.
 Oct. 11. L. Frank Rand, 67.

(1892.—Continued.)

- Oct 22. Elijah M. Richmond, 76.
 Oct. 25. Miss Mary Wells.
 Nov. 1. William Herriott, 58.
 Nov. 25. Miss Theresa Carret, 57.
 Nov. 26. Samuel Engle, 73.
 Dec. 1. Mrs. Phebe Hill, 77.

1893.

- Jan. 3. Albert Howard, 59.
 Jan. 15. Harry C. Gardner, 42.
 Feb. 5. Mrs. Beatrice A. Wilson, 35.
 Feb. 18. Miss Evelyn Louisa Smith, 84.
 March 17. Dr. C. P. Strong, 37.
 March 23. Mrs. W. J. Batchelder, 42.
 April 18. Joseph White, 53.
 April 29. Rhoda Clark, 45.
 May 6. Joseph B. Flagg, 77.
 June 9. Mrs. Marietta H. Clouston.
 Frederick J. Williams, 80.
 Aug. 21. Mr. Sawyer.
 Sept. 4. Miss Anna M. Kingsbury, 69.
 Mrs. Dr. Jillson.
 Mrs. Nella Brown Pond.
 Nov. 27. Joseph Morrill, 71.
 Dec. 15. Robert B. Gardner, 52.

1894.

- Feb. 8. Frederick T. Nash, 43.
 Feb. 19. Mitchell Leavitt, 75.
 Feb. 25. Cyrel R. Aldrich, 75.

- March 20. Mrs. Sarah S. Hine, 65.
 June 5. Mrs. F. A. Polsey, 35.
 June 24. Miss Bassett.
 July 1. W. W. Churchill, 75.
 July 5. Mrs. Elizabeth Lambert, 82.
 Sept. 20. Mrs. Increase Sumner Smith,
 92.
 Nov. 6. Charles E. Chapin.
 Dec. 10. Charlotte Munroe, 39.
 Dec. 26. Mrs. Clementina C. Nash, 76.

1895.

- Jan. 7. David Loring, 72.
 Jan. 16. George W. Minns.
 Jan. 31. Mrs. Martha J. Churchill, 64.
 Feb. 19. Henry M. Goodwin, 85.
 March 4. Mrs. Charles E. Grant.
 March 29. Miss Grace A. Walker, 23.
 April 3. Mrs. Charlotte Foster, 87.
 Dec. 2. Mrs. Miriam A. Smith, 70.
 Dec. 3. Mrs. Charles G. Wells, 67.
 Dec. 9. Mrs. Albert Palmer, 62.

1896.

- Jan. 2. Ruth Butterfield, 3.
 Jan. 20. Frank W. Prescott, 43.
 Feb. 21. Mrs. J. M. Upton, 68.
 March 24. Mrs. Harriet A. Stone, 56.
 March 27. Colonel E. C. Pierce, 59.
 March 31. Charles Lowe Damrell, 69.
 April 8. Alfred H. Sumner, 86.



LYON, William Henry
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